

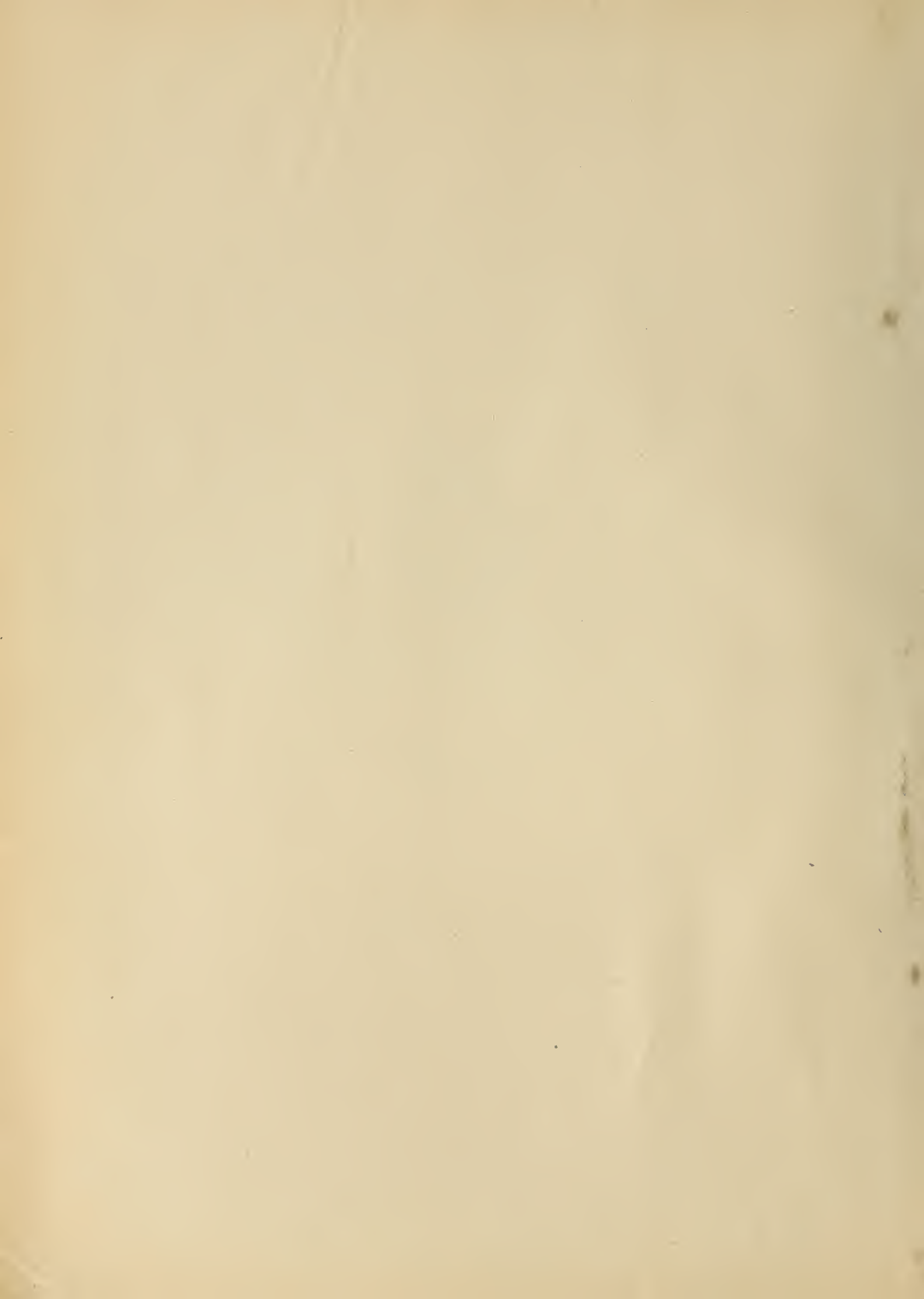


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"STILL IN THY RIGHT HAND CARRY GENTLE PEACE
TO SILENCE ENVIOUS TONGUES."

SHAKESPEARE.



MAXINE ELLIOTT.

"'Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key."

OPHELIA.



THE FORGOTTEN LINES
(Suggestion For Tableau)



MISS NINA E. GRAY.

(Neff College of Oratory.)

"FATHER, MUST I DRINK IT NOW?"

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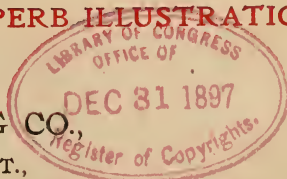
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THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES
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1900

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are many books of selections for speakers and reciters, but there is no other volume published which carries out the progressive idea embodied in this work. No other single volume covers so great a field and meets so completely the demands of all ages, conditions and occasions. An examination of the work will disclose the fact that the richness and variety of the selections are unsurpassed, and that the arrangement and plan of the work are its peculiarly original and distinctive features.

The youth of our country should be encouraged to train themselves in recitation and declamation, to avail themselves of opportunities to speak and recite in public, and to study the art and science of elocution and oratory. As a useful accomplishment and as a means to success and honor no other pursuit offers greater opportunities. The orator is always a king among men.

"I can conceive," says Cicero, "of no accomplishment more to be desired than to be able to captivate the affections, charm the understanding, and direct or restrain at pleasure the will of whole assemblies. Can aught be more desirable than to have always ready the power of speech to raise up the prostrate, to communicate happiness, to avert danger, to save a fellow-citizen from wrong, to defend the weak, to assail the profligate, and to redress our own or our country's injuries? Upon the eloquence and spirit of an accomplished speaker may often depend not only his own honor and right, but the welfare of a government—nay, of a whole race of people."

Orators and effective public speakers must always exist in the growing power of any government, and when a nation is without one or more great patriotic and unselfish orators it is in imminent danger. Greece was safe and invincible as long as Demosthenes thundered against Philip; but when he was taken away, and the mantle of his oratory descended not upon another, then the Macedonian came and the glory of ancient Athens departed. When the silvery tongue of Cicero was silenced in Rome, and no one arose to take his place, the decline of that great empire was marked and rapid until the vandals of the north made it their prey.

The United States of America with its model government was made possible by the oratory of Patrick Henry and John Adams on one side, and Pitt and Burke on the other side of the Atlantic. The ringing tones of their eloquence awoke the sleeping spirits of liberty and justice in two hemispheres.

and, under their magic spell, the arm of oppression was unnerved, while he who fought for home, country and liberty was inspired with double strength and courage.

It was the burning eloquence of Mirabeau, Vergniaud, Robespierre and Danton that lighted the fires of revolution under the wicked and crumbling throne of France, sacrificing the crown and royalty as an offering for the salvation of the people; and, having burned the barriers away, raised, like a Phoenix from its smouldering ashes, the first great Republic of Europe, and, in spite of the moral miasma—inherited from a corrupted court—with which that country was so long enveloped, the oratory of de Tocqueville, Victor Hugo and Gambetta has preserved and nurtured the spirit of liberty, and caused the French to be universally respected—with the possible exception of the Swiss—as the most individually free, prosperous and patriotic nation in the old world.

The orators of England and Ireland have always sounded the keynote in the British psalm of life. The words of warning and admonition from Burke and his colleagues, no doubt, saved the English crown from the fate of the French and averted a revolution as terrible and bloody as that which befel their neighbors.

It was the patriotic eloquence of Clay and Webster which, for more than a quarter of a century, beat back the waves of destruction which threatened our ship of state, and not until they were long in their graves, and the echoes of their voices were dying in the distance, did it become possible for the spirit of disunion to raise its head and stand erect upon the shores of America. Had these great orators—their souls afire with unselfish love for our whole country—lived, that fratricidal war which drank the blood of her sons, and widowed the homes of her daughters, and laid waste and bleached with bones and burned with fire the fair land of Columbia, might never have been.

The power of the press is great, and nothing else can fulfill its mission in civilization. It is the current historian of the world, and it is the popular educator—the trainer—of the intelligent masses of mankind. But it is an erroneous theory that the newspaper can fill the office of the orator. Cold print lacks the living fire. It cannot warm the heart, arouse the mind to intense thought and nerve the arm to energetic action as do the spoken words, welling up from a great soul, charged with life or electrified with passionate ardor, flashing from the tongue of the human orator, and falling warm and sympathetic upon the ear of the listener.

But the glories of the orator and his achievements in the past are hardly to be compared with his opportunities in the future. The nations of the earth have never needed his voice more than they shall need it in the next half

century. There has never been a greater opportunity to do good and win honor and renown than the legislative halls, the rostrum, the bar and the pulpit are now ready to lay at the feet of those worthy to wear the honors.

From a financial standpoint, be it said to the credit of advancing civilization that the musician and the orator were never so well remunerated as at the present time. Many composers and musicians have amassed great fortunes by honest work within the past twenty-five years, and there never was a time when distinguished lecturers, orators and public speakers were in such great demand or received such liberal compensation as they now do.

In answer to this growing taste and popular demand for public speakers, schools of elocution and oratory have grown up in many of our cities, and the fact is to be hailed as one of the most propitious indications for the permanence of our institutions, the liberty of our people, and the future of our nation. To aid them, and to assist those who cannot attend such schools, is the object of the publishers in issuing this volume.

Part I.—ELOCUTION—comprises a brief treatise upon the subject, giving the fundamental principles of the art, with appropriate exercises on Articulation, Inflection, Pitch and Force, Modulation, Time, Attitudes and Gestures; also Readings and Recitations with Lesson Talks.

Part II. is the LITTLE FOLKS' DEPARTMENT, containing nearly two hundred choice selections for children from five to twelve years of age, embracing recitations, dialogues, concert pieces, and selections suited to Sunday-school and all sorts of occasions.

Part III.—YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT—comprises selections, declamations, recitations and dialogues fitted especially to young people from twelve to twenty years, and adapted to use in schools, concerts, holiday, church and miscellaneous entertainments, selected with a view to stimulating, developing and instructing the growing mind. This department also contains Selections with Musical Accompaniments.

Part IV.—GREAT ORATORS AND THEIR ORATIONS—embraces nearly one hundred masterpieces of Forensic, Senatorial, Patriotic, Judicial, Temperance and Pulpit Eloquence, gathered with much research from the orations of nearly fifty of the greatest orators of Greece, Rome, France, England, Ireland and the United States, and treating the most momentous questions in the history of the nations from the days of Demosthenes to the present time. This department is illustrated by portraits, and has brief biographical sketches of the most renowned orators. It is particularly interesting and instructive to those who desire to make a comparative study of the style of public speech in different ages and different countries of the world.

Part V.—SPEECHES OF GREAT WARRIORS—embraces the most eloquent passages from the addresses and supposed speeches of famous generals and noted martial heroes, delivered in the camp, on the eve of battle, and before the public on stirring occasions. Beginning with Achilles, Hector, Alexander the Great, Darius the Persian, we come on down the ages and listen to Brutus the Roman swearing destruction to Tarquin over the dead Lucretia; Leonidas appealing to his brave three hundred before the pass of Thermopylæ; Catiline haranguing his traitorous army before the gates of Rome; Mark Antony, Hannibal, Scipio, Alfred the Great, Galgacus, Regulus, Spartacus, Henry VIII., General Wolfe, Richmond, Napoleon, Washington, Warren, Byron to the Greeks, Indian Chiefs and Modern Warriors sound in our ears the blasts of war, bringing the thrilling and historic events before the mind with a vividness scarcely less than realism itself.

Part VI.—MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS—comprises, as the title implies, a collection of choice readings, recitations, declamations, soliloquies, musical selections, debates, dialogues, amateur plays, farces and comedies. The object in this department is to represent, as far as practicable, the whole realm of literature adapted to public entertainments. It embraces patriotic, martial, religious, temperance, dramatic, descriptive, pathetic, humorous, and dialectic selections, suitable for lyceums, schools, churches and general occasions.

Part VII. teaches HOW TO ORGANIZE AND CONDUCT LITERARY SOCIETIES. contains a COMPLETE AND UP-TO-DATE MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE as taught by Cushing and others, and closes with PROGRAMMES FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Thus the work, on the whole, is constructed on a different plan from any other volume of selections. It supplies the general wants of all conditions and occasions for the different ages, from early childhood to mature manhood, in a manner which no other single volume has attempted to do, and forms what the publishers believe to be the most complete progressive speaker and reciter for general use that has yet been published.

The Illustrations have been made especially for this volume, and are designed to add not only to the ornamental beauty of the work, but to help the student in the rendering of the selections. Most of these engravings have been selected and prepared at large expense. In many instances professional elocutionists have been engaged to pose in appropriate costume for photographs from which the engravings have been reproduced.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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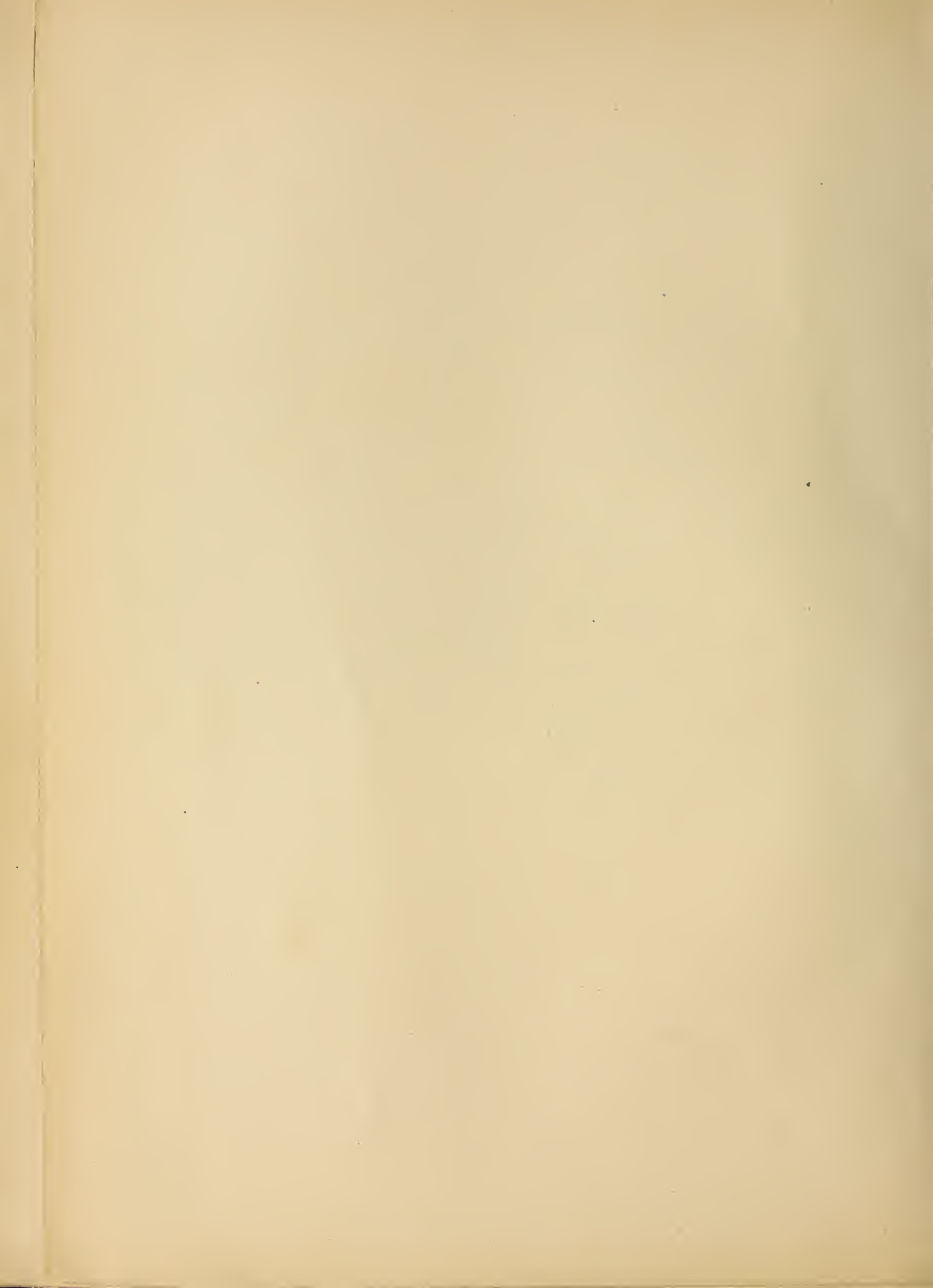
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ELOCUTION

ELOCUTION is vocal delivery. It may be said to comprise both science and art. The science embraces the principle which constitutes the basis of reading and speaking; the art consists in the practical application of these principles.

Elocution may be divided into two parts, viz.: *Vocal Gymnastics* and *Gesture*.

Vocal Gymnastics is the philosophy of the human voice, as well as the art of training the vocal organs.

Gesture is the various postures and motions employed in vocal delivery, by the body and its external members.

Vocal Gymnastics is properly subdivided into four parts: (1) Articulation; (2) Pitch; (3) Force, and (4) Time.

Articulation is the act of forming, with the organs of speech, the elements of vocal language, and *good* articulation is the *perfect* utterance of these elements.

The first step towards becoming a good elocutionist, is a *correct articulation*. "A public speaker, possessed of only a moderate voice, if he articulates correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates without judgment. The voice of the latter may indeed extend to a considerable distance, but the sound is dissipated in confusion. Of the former voice not the smallest vibration is wasted, every stroke is perceived at the utmost distance to which it reaches; and hence it has often the appearance of penetrating even farther than the voice which is much louder, but badly articulated.

In just articulation, the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over

syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion; they should not be trailed, or drawled, nor permitted to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They should be delivered from the lips as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight.

Without good articulation, it is impossible to be a correct reader or speaker. Those who have been accustomed to pronounce their words in a careless or slovenly manner, will find it difficult, even with their best efforts, to utter them distinctly. The organs of articulation, for the want of proper exercise, become, as it were, paralyzed. The pupil, therefore, at the very commencement of his studies, should be conducted through a series of exercises, calculated to strengthen the muscles of articulation, and render them obedient to the will. The best method for effecting these purposes, is to exercise the voice on the elements of language.

By the Elements of Vocal Language, we mean the sounds of which words are composed. These sounds are represented by characters called letters. There are twenty-six letters in the English language, but the number of sounds, or elements, are thirty-eight (some writers make forty-one). Thus the twenty-six letters do almost double duty.

If we had a perfect alphabet every elementary sound would be represented by its appropriate character or letter. As it is, *a* represents four different sounds: *e*, two; *i*, two; *o*, three; *u*, three; *z*, two; and there are six sounds, each of which is represented by two letters—*ou*, *ng*, *sh*, *wh*, *th* in *then*, and *th* in *thin*.

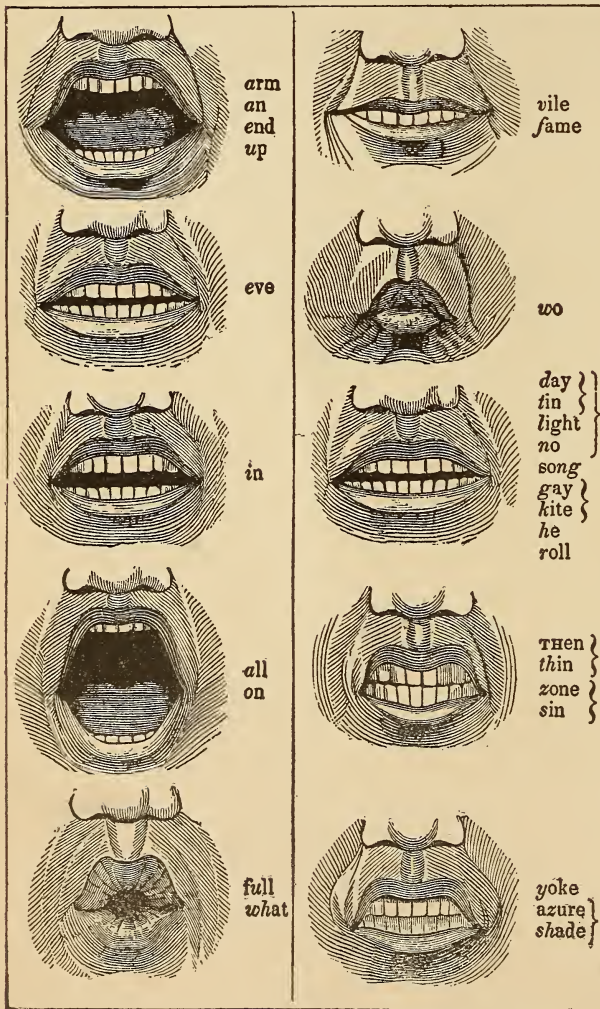
The elementary sounds have usually been studied, or should have been, in school before the child is ten years old. If not, we refer the reader to any dictionary or speller where the

same, and exercises on them, may be found. The student should practice the voice first on each element separately, and then on the various combinations.

HOW TO IMPROVE ARTICULATION.

DEFFECTIVE articulation is exceedingly common. Perhaps not one individual in a thousand has a *perfect* articulation. This arises from neglect of proper gymnastic treatment of the organs of speech in childhood. They should be taught the elements of vocal language with their letters,

or even before; and, to facilitate their acquisition of this knowledge, they should be made to exercise before a mirror, so as to compare the movement of their own lips with those of their mother or teacher. By pursuing this course a good foundation will be laid for a perfect and graceful articulation.



Postures of the Mouth.—Plate I.

Those who do not have the advantage of this early training—and few get it—may improve themselves, like Demosthenes, in later life, by study and practice. These illustrations, and a mirror, will guide the student in acquiring an accurate knowledge of the *postures of the mouth* in uttering the elements energetically and singly.

The elements are grouped according to the postures in which the mouth should be when they are formed. Let it be remembered that *diphthongs* and *triphthongs* have each two postures of the mouth—one at the commencement the other at the termination of the sound.

These postures are, of course, more or less modified, when the elements are uttered in their various combinations, and with different degrees of force.

The pupil should exercise his organs of speech, in the most forcible manner, three times a week, and, if possible, even every day, on all the elements. The vowels should be exploded from the throat, both interrogatively and affirmatively, in every range of pitch within the compass of the voice, and with every possible degree of force.

The vowels are exploded in the following manner: make a full inspiration, close the glottis, and contract the muscles

of expiration, so as to condense the air in the lungs, then utter the element with a sudden and forcible emission of the breath. The sounds thus produced may be denominated *vocal thunder*; the effect upon an audience is electrical.

This exercise strengthens the vocal organs, and enables the speaker to be heard at a great distance, with very little effort, or expenditure of breath. It is also beneficial to health.

LISPING AND STAMMERING.

Lisping is the substitution of the sound of *th* for that of some other letter, generally for that of *s* in *sin*. Thus the words *sale*, *send*, *sight*, *song*, etc., are pronounced *thale*, *thend*, *thight*, *thong*, etc.

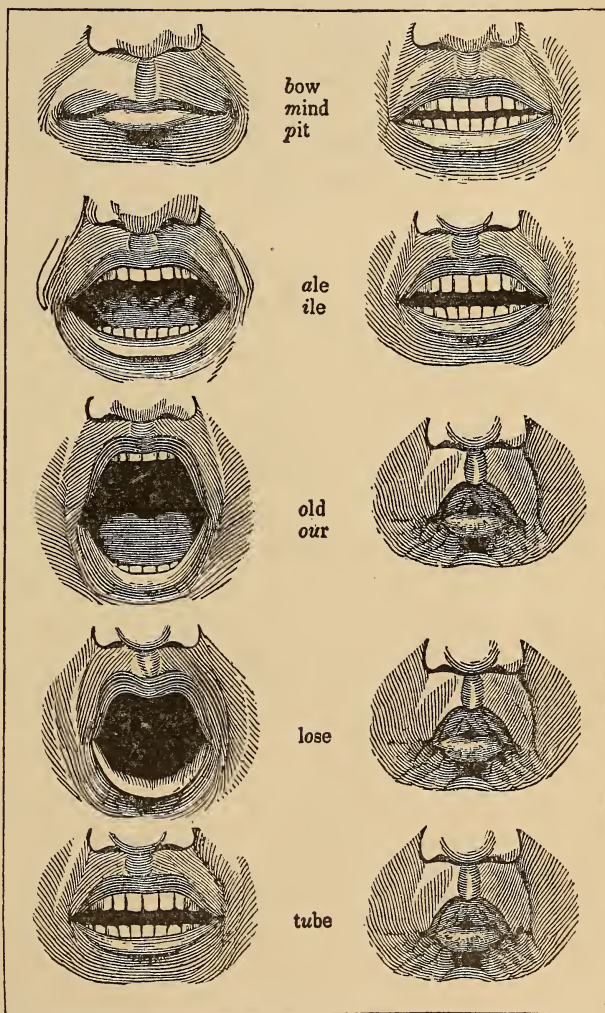
The lisper should be told, that, in forming the sound of *th*, the tip of the tongue is pressed gently against the inner surface of the upper incisor teeth; whereas, in forming that of *s*, it is placed, in like manner, against the gums of the upper incisor teeth. Hence, to avoid making *th* for *s*, the tongue should be drawn back a little, and its point turned upward against the gums of the upper teeth. In the correction of lisping, the following exercises may be practiced with advantage:

tha, sa; tha, sa; tha, sa; tha, sa; the, se; the, the, etc.

The defects of articulation, in which one element is substituted for another, are numerous; but, as the method of treatment is similar in all, it is presumed enough has been said to enable the teacher or student to manage them carefully.

Stammering is a functional derangement of the organs of speech, which renders them incapable, under certain circumstances, of promptly obeying the commands of the will, thus causing hesitation or interruption of speech, usually attended with more or less distortion of features.

Stammering may be cured, but it needs the aid of elocution, sometimes a physician, and always the determination of the patient. Demosthenes, the greatest of orators, cured himself, by placing pebbles in his mouth, speaking against the roaring sea, speaking while run-



Postures of the Mouth.—Plate II.

ning, etc. The primary causes of stammering are usually found in a delicate constitution, or a nervousness and irritability of temperament. Sometimes the habit is acquired by imitation. It is aggravated by embarrassment, a fear of not being successful, or any excitement.

If the stammerer has a cheerful disposition, is distinguished for energy of mind and decision of character, can appreciate the variations of pitch in speech and song, or, in other words, has an ear for music and a taste for elocution, the chance for recovery is favorable. But if he is of a nervous temperament, subject to melancholy, irresolute of purpose, incapable of imitation in speaking and singing, the chance is unfavorable.

The teacher should study the disposition of his pupil: he should persuade him to banish from his mind all melancholy thoughts—in short, he should do everything in his power to render his pupil cheerful and happy.

The stammerer should first master the sounds of letters, as well as the elements of language; then practice them as he walks about, and at all convenient times, until he gains control over the vocal organs in these simple utterances. In his first attempts at conversation, both teacher and pupil should speak in a deliberate manner, with a full, firm tone of voice, and in a very low pitch.

The stammerer should now commit to memory a short piece which requires to be spoken with explosive force; for example, "Satan's speech to his legions," which is illustrated later on. If not in a class, he may practice it before a mirror. If he is in a class, the members of the class should stand at a sufficient distance from each other to prevent their hands coming in contact when their arms are extended. They should then pronounce the speech in concert, after the teacher, and accompany it with appropriate gesticulation. It should be repeated again and again, till each pupil can give it proper expression, both as regards voice and gesture. Each pupil should then, in turn, take the place of the teacher and give out the speech to the class. To prevent the pupil's stammering, while he is performing the teacher's part, the teacher himself should play an accompaniment on the violoncello, violin, organ, drum, or some other instrument. At first the notes should be made very loud; but if the effort of the pupil, standing out of the class, is likely to be

successful, they should gradually be made softer and softer, and, finally, the accompaniment omitted altogether.

With determination on the part of the stammerer, and persistent practice, especially when a competent teacher in elocution can be consulted, no one should fail to be benefited, and many are permanently cured of this misfortune.

INFLECTION.

Inflection is the variation of the pitch of the voice from its key-note, or the ordinary governing tone used in speaking or reading on any occasion. All persons have a key-note, or prevailing sound in their conversation, which arises chiefly from the character of their voice, as bass, treble, alto, soprano, etc.

Every subject has also its appropriate key-note or pitch suitable to the subject-matter, the person speaking, and the occasion. This must be determined by each for himself.

In reading or speaking the voice is constantly varied from this prevailing note, and with more or less rapidity changes from the lowest to the highest compass of its tones.

The *life* of good speaking depends much upon the compass and variety of inflection.

Clear thought and strong feeling put the right inflections in the power of the student, as they do every other point of expression; for then he places himself under the inspiration of *nature*, the only guide in the noble art of elocution.

Observe that every syllable has its own note, and it is rarely, except in a style called the monotone, or in feeble and monotonous reading, that the same tone ought to occur twice in succession. This gives that charming variety to the voice in good speaking, without which it would pall upon the ear. Every polysyllabic word, every clause, and every sentence, has a highest and a lowest tone in it; and the rising to the one and the falling to the other constitutes inflection. One is called the rising, the other the falling inflection. In a single word (a polysyllable) the accented syllable commands the highest note in the word.



FRANCIS WILSON.

"It was all about a--ha! ha! and a--ho! ho! ho!--well really;
It is--he! he! he!--I never could begin to tell you."



"BY CAPTIVATING YOUTHS BESET,
WHO WOULDN'T BE A GAY COQUETTE?"

Emphasis will run the vowel sound of a monosyllable through several notes of the scale, otherwise it has but one tone.

Ex.—*How*′, dare you say so!

In clauses and sentences the rising and falling inflexion occur according to the sense and character of the sentiment: the *degree* of it is a matter entirely indefinite, but depends upon the strength of the feeling.

As a general rule, the voice rises to the highest pitch, in a clause, on the accented syllable of the emphatic word; but it is at the end of clauses and sentences that the inflection is most marked and can be best described.

For this purpose I shall give a few general principles for the guidance of the student in inflection.

The fallen inflection occurs—

1. At the end of a sentence where the sense is complete and affirmative or negative.

Ex.—The wind and rain are over′.

I say it is not so′.

2. At the end of a clause, in language of Command, Remonstrance, Denunciation, Reproach, Terror, Awe, or any vehement emotion accompanied with strong affirmation.

Ex.—Down′, cried Mar, your lances DOWN′, etc.

Why′ will you act *thus*′ in the King's presence′?

Woe unto you′, Scribes and Pharisees′, *Hypocrites*′!

Thou slave′, *thou wretch*′, *thou coward*′!

Angels and ministers of grace′, *defend* us′.

The rising inflection occurs—

1. At the end of a sentence interrogative and where it be answered by yes or no.

Ex.—Canst thou minister to a mind diseased′?

2. At the end of a clause, where the sense is incomplete and where the sentence is not strongly affirmative, when Expectation, Concession, Inquiring Wonder, or Indignant Surprise is expressed, or Contemptuous Slight is implied, or where the subject-matter is treated as unimportant or trifling.

Ex.—Of all the fields fertilized with carnage′.

I grant you this may be abused′.

What, am I *braved*′?

Is it possible′?

There is *no* terror in your threats′, Cassius′
I care not if you did′.

I don't care much′, it is of no consequence′.

In certain styles of expression the voice takes a waving inflection between high and low pitch, with a rapid transition. This occurs in Irony, Sarcasm, Scorn, Derision; and may be given on a single word or a phrase.

Ex.—O *yēs*, you are all that is courteous′.

Here is a *rare* pattern of humanity′.

The same is found in certain kinds of Indecisive Assertions.

Ex.—One may be *wise*, though he be *poor*′.

I shall *go*, though I cannot tell when′.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is a certain force of utterance expended upon a single word, to call attention thereto, and mark special significance.

The significance and sense of reading depends chiefly upon the emphasis. Take, for instance, the simple phrase, Will you go to town to-morrow? You may vary the sense in six different ways by emphasis, thus:

1. Will you go to town to-morrow?

i. e. Will you or not?

2. Will *you* go to town to-morrow?

i. e. Will you or somebody else?

3. Will you *go* to town to-morrow?

i. e. Will you go or stay?

4. Will you go to town to-morrow?

i. e. Will you go to or from?

5. Will you go to *town* to-morrow?

i. e. To town or somewhere else?

6. Will you go to town *to-morrow*?

i. e. To-morrow or next day?

Emphasis will *infallibly result* in reading or speaking, if there is a clear apprehension of *the sense* of what is read or spoken, and a strong desire to produce an impression on the hearer: hence the rule that will supersede all other rules in the attainment of this, as well as all other points of expression, is this—*strive ever for concentration of thought and lively feelings* in reading or in speaking. This is the beginning' and the end of all instruction.

Let any child that can read take up a book that it can feel and understand, and it neither

will nor *can* avoid putting emphasis on words, according to its interest in, and apprehension of, the subject-matter.

PITCH AND FORCE.

Pitch refers to the general condition of the tones of the voice in repeating a passage, and must be distinguished from *Inflection*, which describes the transitions of the voice in a word, clause, or sentence. It refers to the key-note of the voice, and marks out a general degree of elevation or depression in the current tone. *Force*, on the other hand, is the degree of strength expended in the expulsion of the voice.

I treat of them here together, because when combined they make up their loudness or softness in the voice, and the combination of different degrees of each, make up a peculiar intonation and expression that must be illustrated by bringing both to bear on the voice at the same time.

I mark four degrees of Pitch: Low, Moderate, High, Very High.

And four degrees of Force: Gentle, Moderate, Strong, Very Strong.

EXAMPLES.

Moderate. { On the Earl's cheek the flush of *rage*'
O'ercame the ashen hue of age';
Low..... *Fierce* he broke forth';—
High..... And *darest* thou, then',
Rising..... To beard the lion in his *den*'?
Higher { The *Douglas* in his *HALL*'?
and { And hop'st thou hence *unscathed* to go'?
Louder. { No', by *Saint Bride of Bothwell*, NO'.
Very { Up draw-bridge', *grooms*'! what *warder*,
High { ho'!
and *Loud.* { Let the porticulis *FALL*'.

Sometimes the expression requires a high pitch, but a gentle or moderate force, or the reverse. The first is required in very plaintive and sorrowful style, or in very joyous and lively expression.

EXAMPLES.

High Pitch and { Ah! *woe* is me; whither shall I fly?
Low Force. { *Pity* the sorrows of a *poor old man*.
High Pitch { O, dearest little *baby*', how sweet
and { becoming
Gentle Force. { Is thy crown of flowers.

Again, the expression may require a low pitch in the voice, but great force in the utterance. The distinction must here be noticed. The force is expended, not on the *tone of the voice*, but on the strength of *utterance*—i. e., on the articulation and pronunciation. This indicates great force *suppressed*. It is used in strong but suppressed Passion—Suspicion, or Fear.

EXAMPLES.

Low Pitch, but Great Force in the Utterance. { How like a *fawning publican* he looks'
I *hate* him, for that he is a *Christian*'.—
If I catch him once upon the *hip*,
I will feed fat the ancient *grudge*
I bear him'.—
Had he not resembled
My father as he *slept*', I had done it'.

As a word of caution to those desiring to become good public speakers, let us say:—the majority of the people in this country pitch the voices too high, not only when they read and speak in public, but also in their colloquial intercourse.

We not unfrequently meet with individuals who always speak in the highest key of the natural voice, and occasionally meet with those who speak in the falsetto. The high pitch, in speech, is very unpleasant to a cultivated ear, and it is totally inadequate to correct expression, of sentiments of respect, veneration, dignity and sublimity.

Great attention should be paid to the subject of force, as much of what is called *expression*, depends on some modification of this attribute of the voice. Indeed, force may be considered the *light and shade* of elocution.

Mr. Alison observes, that loud sounds are connected with ideas of power and danger; and that many objects in nature, which have such qualities, are distinguished by such sounds. On the contrary, soft sounds are connected with ideas of gentleness and delicacy.

MELODY.

Melody is a series of simple sounds, emanating from the voice, so varied in pitch as to produce a pleasing effect upon the ear. The series of *graphic* notes by which these sounds are represented, is also called melody.

Correct intonation, in speech, is highly important ; in song, and instrumental music, it is indispensable ; for, if the intonation is false, melody loses its charms, and harmony becomes discord.

The melody of speech is founded on *sense* ; that of song, generally, on *sound*. Words containing opposite sentiments may be sung to the same air, with effects equally good, if the force and time be properly varied. But *speech* is not so accommodating. Here every sentence must not only have its appropriate *tune*, but the tune must be properly *pitched*.

Exercises on this point will be found later on, in which the notes of the emphasis melodies are represented by graphic inflections placed at different degrees of elevation, thus :

"Ye are the things that tow'er, that shine, whose smiles makes glad, whose frown is terrible."

In reading and speaking, there is one note which predominates ; and in *correct* reading and speaking, the pitch of this note is always in accordance with the sentiment.

In reading emphasis melodies, beginners are apt to make the intervals too great. Care should be taken to avoid this fault, or the melody will be caricatured.

MODULATION.

Modulation is a changing of the *pitch-note* to a higher or lower degree of elevation—in other words, it is the process of changing the *key*, or of passing from one key to another. This change is sometimes made to a proximate key ; at other times, a bold and abrupt transition to a remote key is necessary to produce the desired effect. Modulation is generally attended with a change of force, or time ; and, not unfrequently, with a change of both. There is not a more important requisite in elocution—nothing which contributes more to the pleasure of an audience—nothing which gives stronger proof that an orator is master of his art, than a well-regulated and expressive modulation. Modulation, however, should never be resorted to for the sake of mere *variety*—it should always be subservient to

the sense ; for it is the province of modulation to mark changes of sentiment, changes in the train of thought, and parenthetical clauses.

Some public speakers, who are ignorant of the principles of elocution, but who, nevertheless, are considered by the *vulgar* as great orators, modulate their voices in the most erratic and hyperbolical manner.

There are other public speakers who never modulate their voices, however necessary it may be to give proper expression to their sentiments ; and, what is worse, they generally pitch their voices a third, a fifth, or an octave too high. I once listened to an excellent discourse, from a very learned man, which, however, was nearly lost upon the audience from the disgusting manner in which it was delivered. The lecturer pitched his voice an octave too high, and spoke an hour and a half, without any variation in pitch, force, or time ; and what rendered his delivery still more offensive, every syllable was marred with an intolerable drawling. Such elocution is discreditable to any man who speaks in public, and ought not to be tolerated by an educated community.

TIME.

Time is the measure of sounds in regard to their duration.

Time, in song, and instrumental music, is divided into equal measures by rhythmical pulsation—in other words, by a periodical return of similar accents. In graphic music, these measures are rendered conspicuous to the eye by vertical bars, as in the following line of poetry :

| Hail to the | chief who in | triumph ad | vances. |

In speech there is also a return of similar accents ; but they do not always occur at regular intervals of time. Hence the rhythm of speech, like its melody, is more or less irregular ; but every selection for reading or recitation, like every piece of music, has its proper *time* or *movement*, according to the nature of the piece.

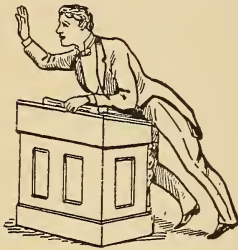
Movement is the velocity with which a sentence is read or sung, or a strain of instrumental music is played.

The rate of movement should be such as the sentiment demands. Solemn discourse requires a slow movement; simple narrative, a medium rate of utterance; animated description, as well as all language expressive of any sudden passion, as joy, anger, etc., a movement more or less rapid, according to the intensity of emotion.

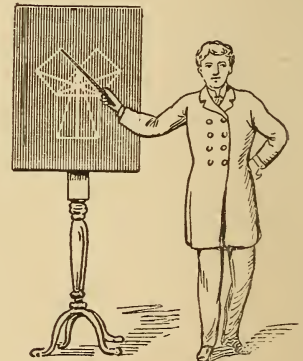
GESTURE.

Second only to vocal gymnastics comprising articulation, pitch, force and time—which have

who are ambitious of accomplishment in elocution. Without discussing this subject at length, we will, by a few simple illustrations, endeavor to show the favorable and unfavorable postures of the body, and afterwards proceed to show the different attitudes for expressing various emotions and sentiments. In the first place, let it be remembered that the orator or reader should stand upon his feet, and never lounge or loll in an ungraceful attitude. If a reader or a speaker should lie on the stand before him, or



IMPROPER POSITIONS.



CORRECT ATTITUDES.

been discussed in the preceding chapter—is *gesture*.

Gesture is the science of interpreting and emphasizing by various postures and motions of the face, head, shoulders, trunk, arms, hands, fingers, legs and feet, the words which are spoken.

Graceful and appropriate gesture renders vocal delivery far more pleasing and effective. Hence its cultivation is of primary importance to those

who hang on to a chair or a table, he will not be likely to deliver himself with energy or effect.

The above illustrations show a few of the improper positions often assumed, in contrast with proper or graceful attitudes.

The Head, the Eyes, the Arm and Hand.

As the head gives the chief grace to the person, so does it principally contribute to the

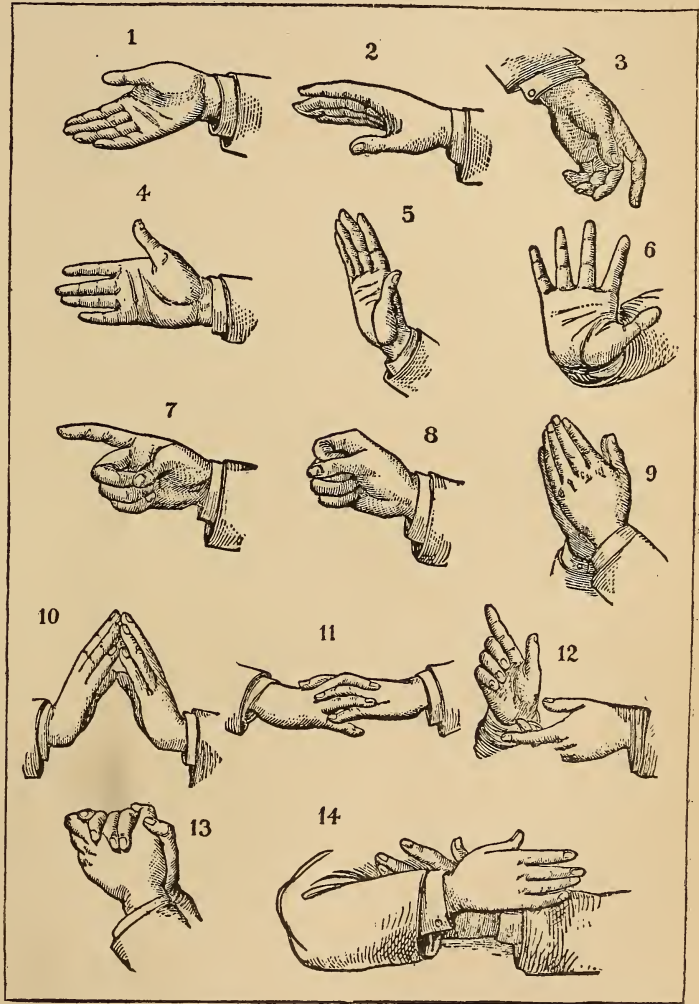
expression of grace, in delivery. The head should be held in an erect and natural posture; for, when hung down, it expresses humility, or diffidence; when thrown back, arrogance; and when inclined to one side, languor or indifference. The movements of the head should be suited to the character of the delivery; they should accord with the gesture, and fall in with the action of the hands and the motions of the body.

The head is capable of many appropriate expressions. Besides those nods which signify assent, or approbation and rejection, there are motions of the head, known, and common to all, which express modesty, doubt, admiration and indignation. But to use the gesture of the head alone, unaccompanied by any other gesture, is considered faulty. It is also a fault to shake or nod the head frequently, to toss it violently, or to agitate the hair, by rolling it about.

The eyes should *look* the sentiment expressed. Every gesture will be strengthened or weakened by the expression of the eye. This, like other gestures, should be practiced before a mirror. But to give the proper expression and power to the eye, the speaker must *feel* the sentiment he would put into his look and words.

The arm, the fore-arm, the hand, and fingers form the grand instruments of gesture; or, as Cicero calls them, "the weapons of the orator." Altogether they form a compound instrument, the centre of which is in the shoulder, but each separate joint often becomes a new centre of motion for the portion between it and the

extremity. In gesticulating, this complex instrument does not continue long in one direct line, but changes every moment. The most common position of the hands are illustrated by



Correct Positions of the Hands.

1. Simple affirmation. 2. Emphatic declaration. 3. Apathy or prostration.
4. Energetic appeal. 5. Negation or denial. 6. Violent repulsion. 7. Indexing or cautioning. 8. Determination or anger. 9. Supplication. 10. Gentle entreaty.
11. Carelessness. 12. Argumentation. 13. Earnest entreaty 14. Resignation.

the accompanying cuts. They may be memorized by the student in a few minutes, and a little practice will make them familiar. Here, again, the mirror will help. Look first at the illustration; then reproduce it in the glass.

The Stroke and Time of Gesture.

The stroke of the gesture is analogous to the emphasis of the voice; and they should both fall exactly on the accented syllable of the emphatic word. In this way the emphatic force of the voice, and the stroke of the gesture, co-operate in presenting the idea in the most lively manner, to the eye as well as to the ear.

In all discourse, whether calm or impassioned, the words and the gestures should accompany each other. As, in beating time in music, the beat is made on the accented part of the measure, so in speaking, the stroke of the gesture should fall on the accented syllable of the emphatic word. The emotion which calls forth the word, at the same moment, prompts the gesture. Hence, the muscles of gesticulation should move synchronously and harmoniously with those of the voice.

When gesture is not marked by the precision of the stroke, in the proper places, it is very offensive. The arms, like those of a person groping in the dark, seem to wander about in quest of some uncertain object; and the action is of that faulty kind which is called *sawing the air*. Even graceful motions, unmarked by the precision of the stroke of the gesture, as sometimes seen, lose much of their force, and very soon cease to afford pleasure. All the unmeaning motions of public speakers are attended with the same ill effect as a mouthing and canting tone of declamation, which lays no emphasis with just discrimination, but swells and falls with a vain affectation of feeling, and with absolute deficiency both in taste and judgment.

WHOLE FIGURE GESTURES AND ATTITUDES.

The following illustrations will assist the student in assuming the proper attitudes and making the proper gestures for the expression of the feelings or sentiments indicated. It would be well to memorize and practice before a mirror, until confidence, ease and grace are acquired in executing them.

The following passages may be recited in practicing the different attitudes and gestures.

FIG. 1. DECLARING.—“I declare the story to be false.”

FIG. 2. ANNOUNCING.—“See! the royal prince is coming.”

FIG. 3. REVEALING.—“I now disclose to you this long-hidden secret.”

FIG. 4. DENYING AND REJECTING.—“I deny, I spurn the accusation, and I accept not the overtures offered.”

FIG. 5. DEFENDING.—“I thrust myself between this child and you. Strike me, if you dare!”

FIG. 6. PROTECTING AND SOOTHING.—

1st. “I stand between thee and all danger.”

2d. “There, now, be still. Fear not.”

FIG. 7. PRESENTING OR RECEIVING.—

1st. “Allow me to present for your consideration.”

2d. “I am happy, very happy, to welcome you.”

FIG. 8. SIGNALLING.—“Here! this way; quick!”

FIG. 9. DESIGNATING.—“I point the villain out. Seize him!”

FIG. 10. SILENCE.—“Mum is the word; breathe not a hint of it.”

FIG. 11. SECRECY.—“Now, mind, what I say is in the strictest confidence, and must not pass your lips.”

FIG. 12. MEDITATION.—“Now, let me think it all over.”

FIG. 13. INDECISION.—“I’m undecided. Let me see; which would be best? What shall I do?”

FIG. 14. DEFIANCE.—“Let it come, I say, sir; let it come.”

FIG. 15. REPULSION.—“The thought is sickening. Away!”

FIG. 16. EXALTATION.—“How noble! How exalting! How grand and glorious! How soul-inspiring!”

FIG. 17. WONDERMENT.—“I never saw anything like it.”

FIG. 18. GLADNESS.—“My gratification is beyond words; I am truly glad.”

FIG. 19. ANGUISH.—“The grief that I bear! Oh! what torture! what crushing anguish!”

FIG. 20. REMORSE.—“It is all my own sin; returning like a leaden rain upon my unprotected head.”

FIG. 21. AWE AND APPEAL.—

1st. “What awe inspires my soul!”

2d. “I appeal to God and humanity.”

FIG. 22. TERROR.—“The awful sight struck terror to his frightened heart.”

FIG. 23. DISPERSION.—“Let them be scattered to the uttermost parts of the earth.”

FIG. 24. DISCERNING.—“Yes, yes, now I begin to see; ’tis not entirely clear as yet, but plainer.”



Fig. 1.—Declaring.



Fig. 2.—Announcing.



Fig. 3.—Revealing.



Fig. 4.—Denying—Rejecting.



Fig. 5.—Defending.



Fig. 6.—Protecting—Soothing.



Fig. 7.—Presenting or Receiving.



Fig. 8.—Signalling.



Fig. 9.—Designating.



Fig. 10.—Silence.



Fig. 11.—Secrecy.



Fig. 12.—Meditation.



"THEY CALL ME A TREASURE,
A SWEET ROGUISH MAIDEN."



DE WOLFE HOPPER:

In the character of a Matador, about to enter the ring for a bull-fight.



Fig. 13.—Indecision.



Fig. 14.—Defiance.



Fig. 15.—Repulsion.



Fig. 16.—Exaltation.



Fig. 17.—Wonderment.



Fig. 18.—Gladness.



Fig. 19.—Anguish.



Fig. 20.—Remorse.



Fig. 21.—Awe—Appeal.



Fig. 22.—Terror.



Fig. 23.—Dispersion.



Fig. 24.—Discerning.

SIGNIFICANT GESTURES.

The most important of significant gestures of different parts of the body are the following :

1. The Head and Face.

Hanging the head down denotes shame or grief.

Holding the head up, pride or courage.

To nod forward implies assent.

To toss the head back, dissent.

Inclination of the head, diffidence or languor.

The head averted, dislike or horror.

The head leaning forward, attention.

2. The Eyes.

In prayer, the eyes are raised.

In sorrow, they weep.

In anger, they burn.

In shame or grief, they are downcast or averted.

They are cast on vacancy, in thought.

They are cast in various directions, in doubt and anxiety.

3. The Arms.

The placing of the hand on the head, indicates pain or distress.

On the eyes, shame or sorrow.

On the lips, an injunction of silence.

On the breast, an appeal to conscience.

The hand is waved, or flourished, in joy or contempt.

Both hands are held supine, or they are applied, or clasped, in prayer.

Both are held prone, in blessing.

They are clasped, or wrung, in affliction.

They are held forward, and received, in friendship.

4. The Body.

The body, held erect, indicates steadiness and courage.

Thrown back, pride.

Stooping forward, condescension or compassion.

Bending, reverence or respect.

Prostration, the utmost humility or abasement.

5. The Lower Limbs.

The firm position of the lower limbs signifies courage, or obstinacy.

Bended knees indicate timidity, or weakness.

The lower limbs advance, in desire or courage.

They retire, in aversion or fear.

Start, in terror.

Stamp, in authority or anger.

Kneel, in submission and prayer.

These are a few of the simple gestures which may be termed significant.

STYLES OF GESTURE.

There are three general modes of public speaking, each of which requires a different style of gesture, namely: *The Epic, the Rhetorical, the Colloquial.*

1. *Epic Gesture* demands every natural and acquired power on the part of the speaker. To it belongs magnificence, coldness, energy, variety, simplicity, grace, propriety, and precision. Tragedy, epic poetry, lyric odes, and sublime descriptions require this style of gesture.

2. *Rhetorical Gesture* requires energy, variety, simplicity, and precision. Grace is desirable; Magnificence is rarely wanting, but may sometimes have place. Propriety, in a limited sense, should be observed. Boldness is inadmissible; because the orator is not, like the player, subjected to any unexpected circumstances. He is not, therefore, at liberty to express surprise, or any other passion, by bold gestures or attitudes.

3. *Colloquial Gesture*, when concerned in the higher scenes of polite life, requires, principally, simplicity and grace; precision will follow, of course; it may occasionally demand something of energy and variety. Magnificence and boldness are inadmissible.

The gesture of the public speaker must vary considerably with the different circumstances of his situation, of his sentiments, and of his audience. If the mere information or instruction of his audience be his sole object, as when the evidences of religion and the grounds of Chris-

tian duties are to be explained from the pulpit, or when the details of calculation and finance are to be laid before Congress, or when facts are weighed and laws are argued in the courts of justice, his gestures should be of that class which is called *discriminating* gestures. These he should exercise with simplicity and precision. He should strip them of all the parade of preparation, and of the graces of transition, and give them only that degree of variety which shall guard them against disgusting sameness. This is far removed from theatrical gesture; it rather approaches the colloquial style.

Nothing could be more incongruous than for a public speaker, in either of the foregoing situations, to introduce the parade and magnificence of theatrical gesture. The charge which is sometimes made against public speakers, of being theatrical in their gesture, probably arises more from some unsuitableness in their manner to the matter, than from anything of uncommon majesty, boldness, or grace in their action.

When the public speaker aims at persuasion, as in discourses from the pulpit for public charges, on extraordinary occasions in Congress, or at the bar, where he wishes to influence the opinions of others, he will naturally use more graceful, more flowing, and more varied gesture. But with all his gracefulness he should be simple, and not fall into affecting gestures too strongly significant, or attempt surprises by attitudes. Manly decorum and respect for the character of his hearers should characterize the speaker.

Grace of Action.

The grace of action, according to Hogarth, consists in moving the body and limbs in that curve which he calls the line of beauty. When action is considered independent of language and sentiment, this definition will, perhaps, be found generally correct. Rhetorical action, however, derives its grace, not only from the actual motions of the speaker, but also from the congruity of his motions with his own character and situation, as well as with the sentiments

which he delivers. The dignity which is a becoming grace in a judge, would be quaint affectation in a young advocate; and the colloquial, but graceful familiarity of action, even of the most polished society, would be highly indecorous in the pulpit. Hence, it must be admitted, according to the just maxim of Cicero and Quintilian, that *decorum* constitutes true oratorical grace; and that this decorum admits of great variety of action, under different circumstances. Vehement action is sometimes both decorous and graceful; so also are abrupt and short gestures, if they bear the impress of truth and suitableness. Such are the gestures of an old man, when he is irritated. But the most flowing and beautiful motions, the grandest preparations, and the finest transitions of gesture, ill applied, and out of time, lose their natural character of grace, and become indecorous, ridiculous, or offensive.

The grace of oratorical action consists, chiefly, in the facility, the freedom, the variety, and the simplicity of those gestures which illustrate the discourse.

Action, to be graceful, should be performed with facility; because the appearance of great effort is incompatible with ease, which is a constituent of grace. It should also be performed with freedom: no gestures can be graceful which are either confined by external circumstances, or restrained by the mind. If an orator should address an assembly from a narrow window, or from a crowded place like an inclosed pulpit, he cannot be graceful in gesture. Greece, the native soil of manly eloquence and of true taste, was not the originator of the pulpit.

Let it be borne in mind, however, that gestures, to be graceful, are *nearly always made in curved lines*. It is only when the speaker is driving home a point that gesticulating in a straight line is admissible.

The following cuts, in the speech of "Satan to his Legions," illustrate by lines the movements of the hands from one position to the next.

SATAN'S SPEECH TO HIS LEGIONS.—*Milton.*



Princes' !



Potentates' !



Warriors' !



The flower of Heaven', once yours',



now lost',



If such astonishment as this'



can seize



Eternal spirits :



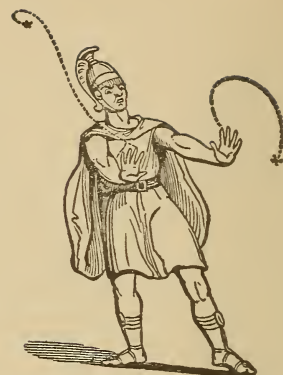
or have ye chosen this place,
After the toil of battle,



to repose Your weary virtue, for the
ease you find To slum'ber here,'



as in the vales of Heav'en?



Or, in this abject posture'



have you sworn To adore
the Conqueror?'



who now beholds Cherub
and seraph



rolling in the flood,'



With



scattered arms and en'signs, till,
anon, His swift pursuers,



from Heaven-gates,



discern The advan'tage,
and, descending,



tread us down', Thus
drooping ;



or, with linked thun'der-
bolts,



Transfix' us to the bottom of
this gulf'.



Awake'!



Arise'!



or be for ev'er



fallen'.



HELD BY A THREAD
(Suggestion For Tableau)

m. Then opes his chest with treasure stor'd, |

(A satisfied look comes over his face, and he stoops with hands in position of opening his chest.)

mf. And stand's in rap'ture o'er his hoard': |

(Stands erect with both hands raised, his face wearing an expression of delight. Pause a moment. Slowly drop hands.)

rp. But now' with sudden qualms, possess't, |

(The expression suddenly changes to one of pain and disappointment—the hands placed over his heart.)

f. He wrings his hand's; he beats his breast'— |

(Wrings hands.)

rp. By con'science' stung he wild'ly stares; |

(One hand over heart, the other uplifted imploringly, he stares upward.)

And thus his guilty soul declares': |

(Let both hands fall diagonally in front, with palms upward. Expression of guilt upon face.)

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd, |

(Speak regretfully in deep, measured tones. Hands pointed down, as if digging in the earth; face looking down, as if into a pit.)

This heart had known sweet peace of mind'; || |

(Stands erect, and places hand over heart.)

f. But virtue's sold'! | Good Gods! what price |

(Hands half raised, as in repelling; voice a regretful expression, half of surprise.) | (Hands elevated and face turned up imploringly.)

Can recompense the pangs of vice'? |

(Left hand drops full to side; right clasped over eyebrows. Head bowed, as in remorse. Pauses a moment, then.)

rp. O bane of good! seducing cheat'? |

(Drops both hands, palms outward, pointing to the ground; standing erect but with head bowed and eyes in direction of hands, repeats above line.)

Can man, weak man, thy power defeat'? || |

(Holds up hands, as if help- | (Drops them to an appealing less.) | attitude, and pauses.)

mf. Gold' banish'd honour' from the mind'. |

(Hand thrown out, as if banishing.)

m. And only left the name behind'; |

(Right hand over heart, the left limp at side.)

f. Gold' sow'd the world with ev'ry ill': |

(Both arms swing freely from shoulders, as if sowing broadcast.)

ff. Gold' taught the murd'r's sword to kill'; |

(Assume attitude of stabbing a victim, with proper expression of face.)

f. 'T was gold' instructed coward'-hearts |

(Attitude of cringing or fear.)

mf. In treach'ry's more pernicious arts'. |

(Gesture of repelling an offensive object. Head thrown back and half turned. A look of contempt or disgust on face.)

f. Who' can recount the mischiefs o'er'? || |

(Stand erect. Right hand diagonally, up the left diagonally down; pause a moment on the question. Then, as if comprehending it all.)

m. Virtue resides on earth' nō more'! |

(Drop both hands, palms pressing downward, as the disappointing result in the last line is spoken, with head slightly dropped forward. Remain standing in that position for a moment, and then retire.)

LESSON TALK.

The suggestions given in small type under the line of the above selection, and in the succeeding one, will guide the student in making the proper gestures and giving proper expression to the recitation. These suggestions are supposed to take the place of illustrations, such as are used in the foregoing "Speech of Satan to his Legions."

Before undertaking to speak the piece, it is necessary to thoroughly comprehend its meaning. The student must endeavor to picture to himself the scene and situation.

It was night. An old miser sat alone in his apartments sleeping a fitful, uneasy sleep. He was in constant dread of being robbed, and fancied the rattling of the door or the blinds, by the wind, to be a robber. He is awakened by the wind, and at once begins cautiously to explore the premises to see that no burglar is there. Finally, he approaches his money chest, which he opens, and gloats in all the rapture of his miserly soul over the glittering hoards. Suddenly, he thinks of the dishonest way in which he obtained his wealth. Conscience reproaches him, and he soliloquizes over the disappointment it had brought him, the peace of which it had robbed him, the sacrifice of character it had cost, and asks, almost in despair, whether gold could ever pay for what it had cost. He then proceeds to state what terrible things gold had done; and finally despairing of his ability to recount them all, he ends by declaring that it had robbed the world of all virtue.

This piece is capable of a very dramatic and effective rendering, but must be carefully studied and practiced to be well done.

TELL'S ADDRESS TO THE MOUNTAINS.

(Selection with suggestions for Gestures and Lesson Talk.)

ff. Ye crags and peaks' | I'm with you once again'; |

(Lift hands and face toward the | (Extend arms, as if to mountain; speak loud and joyous. | greet; lower voice.)

f. I hold to you the hands | You first' beheld

(Extend full arms, as if ex- | (Note falling inflection.)

To show they still are^a free'. | Methinks I^b hear
(Throw arms freely out palms front.) | (Pause. Drop both
A spirit in your echoes, an'swer me, |
hands by the side, and speak musingly.)

And bid your tenant welcome to his home',

(Extend arms and lift face, as if receiving a welcome.)

Again!^c | O sacred forms, | how proud' you
look'd! |

(After "again" pause with hands by side. Then suddenly

break forth in manifestation of deep admiration, making gestures to suit the different expressions.)

How high you lift your heads into the sky! |

How huge, you^e are! | how might'y, | and how free, |

Ye are the things that tow'r— | that shine,— | whose smile

Makes glad— | whose frown is terrible— | whose forms,

Robed, or unrobed, | do all the impress wear | Of awe divine. | Ye guards of liberty, |

(As "Ye guards of liberty" is pronounced the right hand should circle around the head, the left extend diagonally downward, the figure be thrown backward, and face elevated.)

I'm with you once again! — | *fff* I call to you | With all my voice! — | I hold my hands to you | To show they still are free— | I rush to you | As though I could embrace you! |

(The letters *fff* denote that the last four lines should be spoken loud, in an ecstasy of delight, the fervor of the expression remaining to the close, but the loudness decreasing.)

^a Still, are; not stillar. ^b Methinks, I; not methink' si. ^c Agen. ^d Proud, you look; not prow'-jew-look. ^e Huge, you are; not hew'jew are. ^f Embrace you; not embrashew.

LESSON TALK.

The first thing necessary for the student, in order to recite the above declamation, is to appreciate the fact that William Tell, the great Swiss patriot, is supposed to have been in exile from his home, which he loved with all the zeal of his patriotic nature. Having gained his freedom, he returns to Switzerland; and as he looks again on the native crags and peaks of his mountain home, his heart is filled with patriotic emotion. He is overjoyed, and in the ecstasy of his nature, breaks forth in the above magnificent address to his native mountains. A correct rendering of this piece cannot be executed unless the speaker puts himself in sympathy with the occasion. For a moment he must be William Tell, the exiled patriot, returned.

Second in importance is a correct pronunciation and a clear articulation. The foot-notes following the selection point out the most prominent errors which are likely to occur from running words together. The italic letters placed at the end of certain words indicate the points where the speaker's articulation is likely to be faulty.

Third. Observe carefully the marks of inflection. Much of the expression will be lost if these inflections are not carefully observed. If unfamiliar with the meaning of the marks, refer to the preceding explanations.

Fourth. Almost every line of this selection requires

one or two gestures. The small type printed under the line in parentheses indicates some of the most prominent, but by no means all, of the gestures, which will add to the effect of the piece if properly made. These gestures, in a number of cases, are not independent, but compound, and consist in a graceful passage of the hand from one position to another. We advise the student to the illustrateds "Speech of Satan to his Legions," in the preceding pages, for assistance in acquiring grace of movement.

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.—*Campbell.*

On Linden,^a when the sun was low, |
All bloodless lay the untrodd'n snow, |
And dark as win'ter, was the flow' |
Of Iser rolling rapidly. |

But Linden saw another sight, |
When the drum beat at dead of night, |
Commanding fires of death, to light' |
The darkness of her scenery^b. |

By torch, and trumpet fast array'd, |
Each horseman^c drew his battle blade, |
And furious every charger neigh'd, |
To join the dreadful revelry. |

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n; |
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n; |
And louder than the bolts of heav'n, |
Far flash'd the red artillery^d. |

And redder yet^e those fires shall glow' |
On Linden's hills of blood-stain'd snow; |
And darker yet, shall be the flow' |
Of Iser rolling rapidly. |

'Tis morn',— | but scarce yon lurid sun, |
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun, |
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun' |
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy. |

The combat^e deep'ns— | *ff* On, ye brave, |
Who rush to glory, or the grave, |
fff Wave, Munich,^f | all thy banners, wave! |
And charge with all thy chivalry^g! |

mp Few, few shall part where many meet! |
The snow shall be their winding-sheet, |
And every turf beneath their feet, |
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre. |

^a Lin'-den; not Lin dun. ^b Sé-ner-y; not sennery.
^c Horsé-man; not Hossman. ^d Ar-til'-lur-y. ^e Cūm'-bat. ^f Mū'-nik. ^g Shiv'-al-rī. ^h Be-nēthe'.

LESSON TALK.

The above description of a battle requires considerable dramatic ability to render it effectively. As in all other selections worth reciting, the speaker must comprehend and enter sympathetically into the spirit of the piece, and by the modulation of his voice, its pitch, and proper observation of inflections, bring the scene vividly before the imagination of his hearers.

In the first stanza, the speaker begins in a measured and dignified tone, looking away to the distance and raising his hand as if pointing out the scene. At the beginning of the second stanza his hand should drop, and looking at his audience, repeat the first line with a suppressed feeling, which should grow in animation. The drum-beat and the lighting of the scenery should be accompanied with proper gesture. The third stanza should be spoken in a hurried and bated breath, and the drawing of the sword be imitated in gesture. The last two lines may be repeated in such a manner as to make the audience fairly see the mounted soldiers, with their drawn blades, standing quiet and waiting for battle.

The fourth stanza is very animated, and should be spoken with great energy and vigorous gesture. The fifth stanza is spoken in a calmer tone, the speaker appearing to contemplate or foresee the issue of the battle. Succeeding this stanza the speaker should pause. The night intervenes. The morning comes. The smoke of battle hovers over the city so that the sun cannot be seen. At the beginning of the sixth stanza the speaker seems to view the renewal of the battle. The first three lines are spoken with excitement, he points at the scene and then loudly cheers the warriors to battle. The last two lines of the stanza are spoken with still more vigor, as indicated by the letters *fff*. At the close the speaker pauses to see the issue of battle, and appears to be watching it. At the beginning of the last stanza he drops his hand and looks reflectively, almost pathetically, and his voice grows soft and plaintive, as indicated by the letters *mp* at the beginning of the stanza.

To get the best effect, the inflection marks should be carefully studied and their suggestions followed.

SPEECH OF ROLLA TO THE PERUVIAN ARMY.—*R. B. Sheridan.*

(From Kotzebue's Pizarro.)

My brave asso'ciates ! | partners of my toil', |
my feel'ings, | and my fame ! | Can Rolla's^a
words add vigor | to the virtuous^b energies^c |
which inspire your hearts' ? | No ! | you have
judged as I have, | the foulness of the crafty
plea' | by which these bold invaders would

delude you. | Your generous spirit | has compared as mine^a has, | the motives | which, in a war, like this', | can animate their minds, and ours.^d |

They, by a strange frenzy driven, | fight for power, | for plunder, | and extended rule. | We, for our country, | our altars, | and our homes. | They follow an adventurer | whom they fear, | and obey a power | which they hate. | We serve a monarch^e | whom we love, — | a God | whom we adore ! |

Whene'er they move in anger,^f | desolation tracks their progress ; | where'er they pause in amity,^g | affliction mourns their friendship. | They boast— | they come but to improve our state', | enlarge our thoughts', | and free us from the yoke of error ! | Yes^h— | they will give enlighten'd freedom to our minds, | who are themselves' | the slaves of passion, | avarice, | and pride. |

They offer us their protection. | Yes^h— | such protection | as vultures give to lambs',— | covering, and devouring them ! | They call on us | to barter all of good | we have inherited, and proved', | for the desperate chance of something better— | which they promise. |

Be our plain answerⁱ this : | The throne we honor | is the people's choice— | the laws we reverence^j | are our brave fathers' legacy— | the faith we follow— | teaches us | to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, | and die with hopes of bliss | beyond the grave. | Tell your invaders this' ; | and tell them too', | we seek no change ; | and least of all', | such change | as they^k would bring us. |

^a Rol'-láz. ^b Vert-shū-us. ^c En-er-gēz. ^d And ours ; not Ann Dowers. ^e Mon'-arch ; not mon-nuck. ^f Move in anger ; not mov-vin-nang'ger. ^g Pause in amity ; not paw-zin-nam'ity. ^h Yes ; not yīs. ⁱ Plain answer. not plain-nan'-swer. ^j Reverens ; not Rever-ūns.

LESSON TALK.

The proper rendition of the above selection requires that the speaker shall appreciate the fact that Peru had been overrun by the Spanish army under Pizarro, and the natives put to intolerable tortures, and treated with the greatest cruelty and injustice.

The Peruvians, on the contrary, were peace-loving and friendly, but, withal, patriotic and brave. The Spaniards had offered them protection and peace, if they would submit to their government of the country. They resisted the injustice of the Spaniards, and the foregoing speech is supposed to have been delivered by Rolla, their leader, to inspire the Peruvian's patriotic zeal, and their hatred for the oppressor.

The selection is an easy one to speak when its spirit is properly comprehended. The pronunciations and inflections, as marked above, will guide the speaker in acquiring a correct delivery.

The gestures are simple, direct, and positive. In the next to the last paragraph, a mixture of sarcasm and scorn should show in the expression of the features, and be manifest in the tone of the disclaimer. The last paragraph is aggressive, positive, and manly, and should be spoken with a show of lofty passions, great self-respect, and dignified scorn of the Spaniard's crafty offer.

WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY.—*Shakespeare.*

Farewell, | a long farewell, | to all my greatness ! |

This is the state of man : | to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; | to-morrow, blossoms, |

And bears his blushing honors thick upon him : |
The third day, comes a frost, | a killing frost ; |
And,—when he thinks, | good, easy man, | full
surely

His greatness is a ripening,— | nips his root, |
And then he falls, | as I do. |

I have ventur'd, |
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, |
This many summers, | in a sea of glory ; |
But far beyond my depth : | my high-blown
pride |

At length broke under me ; | and now has left
me, |

Weary, and old with service, | to the mercy
Of a rude stream, | that must for ever hide me. |

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, | I hate ye ; |
I feel my heart new open'd : | O how wretched
Is that poor man | that hangs on princes'
favours ! |

There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to, |
That sweet aspect of princes, | and their ruin, |

More pangs, and fears | than wars, or women
have ;

And when he falls he falls like Lucifer, |
Never to hope again. |

LESSON TALK.

Thomas Wolsey was a celebrated courtier and Cardinal of the young King Henry VIII., and was rapidly promoted until he was made Chancellor and Chief Minister of King Henry. In his style of living he displayed a princely magnificence. His superior business talents promoted the interests of the King, except where they interfered with his ambition. He became immensely wealthy, but by playing a double part, pretending to befriend Henry while he was in reality furthering his own ambitious schemes, he was detected, and all his goods and lands forfeited. He was further arrested on the charge of treason, but died before his trial began. The above selection represents the Cardinal after his arrest giving up all hope and paying a farewell to his greatness and his ambition.

The speech is supposed to have been delivered by Wolsey to himself, in other words it is, as the title implies, his soliloquy. The speaker should therefore appear entirely absent-minded or forgetful of the presence of the audience. He should walk about the stage, clasp his hands, and appear in the deepest mental agony and disappointment. At proper places he should stop, let his head drop, and assume a meditative attitude. The words should be spoken deliberately, every word pronounced distinctly, and the inflections carefully observed. At the beginning of the last stanza he should stamp his foot and express his utter hate for the glory of this world in strong and vehement manner.

WOLSEY'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO CROMWELL.—*Shakespeare.*

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear |
In all my miseries ; | but thou hast forc'd me, |
Out of thy honest truth, | to play the woman. |
Let's dry our eyes ; | and thus far hear me,
Cromwell :

And,—¹ when I am forgotten, as I shall be, |
And sleep in dull, cold marble, | where no men-
tion

Of me more must be heard of,— | 'say, I taught
thee, |

Say, Wolsey,— | that once trod the ways of
glory, |

And sounded all the depths, and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, | out of his wreck, | to rise
 in; |
 A sure, and safe' one, | though thy master miss'd
 it. |
 Mark but my fall, | and that ru'in'd me. |
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition; |
 By that sin fell the an'gels, | how can man then, |
 The image of his Maker, | hope to win' by't? |
 Love thyself last: | cherish those hearts that
 hate thee; |
 Corruption wins not more than honesty. |
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, |
 To silence envious tongues. |
 Be just, and fear not: |
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, | be thy coun-
 try's, |
 Thy God's, and truth's; | then if thou fall'st,
 oh Cromwell, |
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. | O Cromwell, |
 Had I serv'd my God | with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, | he would not in mine age |
 Have left me naked to mine enemies. |

LESSON TALK.

In the beginning of this selection the speaker should appear as if he had been weeping, and begin by extending his hand as if he expected it to be taken by Cromwell. His voice is almost choked. At the beginning of the fourth line, he places a handkerchief to his eyes as if drying them, and places his hand on Cromwell's shoulder. The proper gestures will come naturally to those who fully comprehend the spirit of the piece. To be appreciated, it must be acted as well as spoken. The advice given to Cromwell, from the beginning of the second verse to the words Blessed Martyr, must be delivered in the most friendly, almost pleading, tone of voice, properly modulated to express the different sentiments. The last four lines referring to himself, beginning "O, Cromwell," should be delivered in a self-reproachful tone, at the same time showing the appreciation of the injustice done him.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.—Young.

The bell strikes one. | We take no note of time |
 But from its loss: | to give it then a tongue |
 Is wise in man. | As if, an angel spoke, |

I feel the solemn sound. | If heard aright, |
 It is the knell of my departed hours. |
 Where are they? | With the years beyond the
 flood. |
 It is the signal that demands despatch: |
 How much is to be done! | My hopes, and fears
 Start up alarm'd, | and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down— | on what? | A fathomless
 abyss, |
 A dread eternity! | how surely mine! |
 And can eternity belong to me, |
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, | how rich, | how abject, | how
 august; |
 How com'plicate, | how wonderful is man! |
 How passing wonder he | who made him
 such! |
 Who center'd in our make such strange
 extremes! |
 From different natures, marvelously^a mix'd, |
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds! |
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain! |
 Midway from nothing to the De'ity! |
 A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorb'd! |
 Though sullied, and dishonor'd, | still divine! |
 Dim miniature^b of greatness absolute! |
 An heir of glory! | a frail child of dust! |
 Helpless immortal! | insect infinite! |
 A worm! | a God! — | I tremble at myself, |
 And in myself am lost. |

At home, a stranger, |
 Thought wanders up, and down, | surpris'd, |
 aghast, |
 And wonder'ing at her own. | How reason
 reels! |
 O what a miracle to man is man, |
 Triumphantly distress'd! what joy! | what
 dread! |
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd! |
 What can preserve my life? | or what destroy? |
 An an'gel's arm can't snatch me from the
 grave; |
 Legions of angels can't confine me there. |

^a Mar-vel-lus-le. ^b Min-ē-tūre. ^c Up and down;
 not up-pan-down.

LESSON TALK.

The peculiarity of Young's style, especially in his "Night Thoughts," renders his poetry peculiarly difficult to recite. This passage is particularly so from the multiplicity of images and the brevity of the expression. Consequently, if the speaker is not careful to pronounce every line with due deliberation, his gestures will make confusion. A combination of images occurs in almost every line, and the twenty-sixth line, which consists of only four words, is remarkable :

"Helpless immortal ! Insect infinite !"

To give force and variety, and, at the same time, simplicity and carefulness to gestures, so heaped upon each other, is attended with no small difficulty. Even though gestures be perfect, and the speaker's manner unexceptionable, the difficulty in speaking this piece will be but half conquered. No considerable variety of voice is required, but the eye and the countenance of the speaker must be full of expression and intelligence. He must appear to be wrapped in meditation, which rises into sublimity as he proceeds, and fairly flames as it catches the rapid succession of thought.

APOSTROPHE TO THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.—*Burke.*

It is now sixteen, or seventeen years',—since I saw the queen of France, | then the dauphiness, | at Versailles' ; | and surely, never lighted on this orb, | (which she hardly seemed to touch) | a more delightful vision. | I saw her just above the horizon, | decorating, and cheering the elevated sphere | she just began to move, in— | glittering like the morning star'— | full of life', | and splen'dor, | and joy. | 'Oh what a revolution ! | and what a heart must I have, | to contemplate without emotion, | that elevation, | and that fall ! |

²Little did I dream, | when she added titles of veneration | to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, | that she should ever be obliged | to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace', | concealed in that bosom— | little did I dream | that I should have lived | to see such disasters fallen upon her | in a nation of gallant men',— | in a nation of men of hon'or, | and of cavaliers. | I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards | to avenge even a look' | that threatened her with insult. |

But the age of chivalry is gone, | That of soph'isters, | econ'omists, | and cal'culators, | has succeeded ; | and the glory of Europe, | is extinguished for ever. |

Never, never more, | shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex,— | that proud submission,— | that dignified obédience,— | that subordination of the heart | which kept alive, | even in servitude itself',—the spirit of an exalted freedom. | The unbought grace of life,—the cheap defence of nations, | the nurse of manly sentiment, | and heroic enterprise, | is gone ! | It is gone,— | that sensibility of principle,— | that chastity of honor,—which felt a stain like a wound,— | which inspired courage | whilst it mitigated ferocity,—which ennobled whatever it touched ; | and under which, | vice itself | lost half its evil | by losing all its grossness. |

LESSON TALK.

Marie Antoinette, the unhappy and unfortunate Queen of France, was born 1755 and beheaded 1793. Her reign was amidst the turmoil and war and blood of the French Revolution. She was a sweet and gentle being—womanly and queenly as she was loving and beautiful, commanding the admiration of all.

During the terrible scenes which followed the captivity of the royal family, Queen Marie Antoinette bore the cruelties and indignities heaped upon her and her family with the greatest fortitude,—comforting her husband and children.

Edmund Burke, the great English statesman, orator, and writer, whose efforts averted, perhaps, a similar revolution in England, did much to retard and moderate its influence in France. He was an ardent admirer of the beautiful and persecuted queen, who, without fault of her own, became the victim of calumny, slander, and cruelty. Burke's sympathy and indignation were moved to the profoundest depths, and the above passage is a touchingly beautiful tribute to the unhappy queen, and, at the same time, a masterly arraignment of her cruel tormentors, whom he accuses of having lost all the manly chivalry for which the French nation had been always famous.

The speaker or reader should enter freely into the double spirit of deepest sympathy and admiration, on the one hand, and of lofty disgust and regret on the other—a sentiment which, to a great soul like that of Burke, was full of pain, and foreboded evil to France and the world.

PART II.

LITTLE FOLKS' DEPARTMENT

CONTAINING

CHOICE SELECTIONS FOR CHILDREN BETWEEN THE AGES OF FIVE
AND TWELVE YEARS

COMPRISING

SPEECHES, DIALOGUES, MOTION SONGS, RECITATIONS, CONCERT
PIECES, ETC., SUITED TO ALL OCCASIONS.

A number of selections in this department have been written expressly for this book. We acknowledge especially the courtesy of Mr. C. C. Shoemaker, who has given us permission to use a number of choice selections from his series of graded speakers, including Tiny Tots' Speaker, Child's Own Speaker, Young People's Speaker, and Young Folks' Recitations.

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WELCOME.

(A concert piece.)

PARENTS, friends, we bid you welcome,
To our school-room dear ;
And we join our loving voices
Now to greet you here.

If to-day mistakes we're making,
Many failures too,
Oh ! believe us, we have tried
Our very best to do.

A LITTLE BOY'S LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Over four
hundred years ago the mighty mind of
Columbus, traversing unknown seas,
clasped this new continent in its embrace.
(*Extend arms as if embracing.*)

A few centuries later arose one here who now
lives in all our hearts as the Father of his
Country. An able warrior, a sagacious states-
man, a noble gentleman. Yes, Christopher
Columbus was *great*. George Washington was
great. But here, my friends, in this glorious
nineteenth century, is—a *grater* ! [*Exhibiting
a bright, tin grater. The large kind used for
horseradish can be most easily distinguished by
the audience.*] Well, if you are going to laugh
at me, I'll quit.

JULIA M. THAYER.

WHAT THE LITTLE SHOES SAID.

I SAW two dusty little shoes
A-standing by the bed ;
They suddenly began to talk,
And this is what they said :

" We're just as tired as we can be,
We've been 'most everywhere ;
And now our little master rests—
It really is not fair.

" He's had his bath and sweetly sleeps
'Twixt sheets both cool and clean,
While we are left to stand outside ;
Now don't you think it mean ?

" We've carried him from morn till night ;
He's quite forgot, that's plain ;
While here we watch, and wait, and wait
Till morning comes again.

" And then he'll tramp, and tramp, and tramp,
The livelong summer day ;
Now this is what we'd like to do—
Just carry him away

" Where he could never go to bed,
But stay up all the night
Unwashed, and covered o'er with dust—
Indeed ! 'twould serve him right."

WHO MADE THE SPEECH?

(For a small girl holding a doll.)

'TIS dolly's turn to speak a piece ;
 (Now, don't be frightened, dear ;)
(Caressing her doll.)

Her voice is weak, but if you're still,
 I think you all can hear.

She's never been away from home,
 And so she feels quite shy ;
 (There, never mind, my precious babe,
 We'll go home by and by.)

I s'pose she takes her bashfulness
 From me—her mamma, dear ;
 If I should try to speak, I know
 I'd almost die with fear.

When mamma asked me yesterday,
 If I would speak to-night,
 I told her "No," for I felt sure
 I couldn't do it right.

"Well, little daughter, never mind,"
 Then darling mamma said,
 "We'll dress your dolly in her best,
 And let her speak instead."

So that is why I've brought her here—
 (Why, dolly, are you ill ?)
 Just she how she is trembling—
 Poor dear, she can't keep still.

She's nervous and excited, too,
 So now we'll say "good-bye ;"
 Has dolly made a speech to-night,
 I wonder, or have I ?

THE DICKEY-BIRD.

DICKEY-BIRD baby
 In the nest sleeps,
 Dickey-bird mother
 Watch o'er it keeps ;
 Dickey-bird father
 Is the bread-winner ;
 See him fly home
 With worms for a dinner.

THE MONTHS.

(A pretty exercise for twelve children, suited to Christmas or New Year's entertainment. The effect may be improved, if the children dress in costumes suited to the season in which the months come.)

First Child.—

JANUARY comes the first of all,
 Ready to make a New Year's call.

Second Child.—

February is next in line,
 Bringing to all a valentine.

Third Child.—

March comes next with wind and noise,
 Here's a kite for all the boys.

Fourth Child.—

April's eyes are brimming over,
 Silvery drops that start the clover.

Fifth Child.—

May with blossoms stops the way
 And brings us Decoration Day.

Sixth Child.—

Laughing June her face discloses
 Almost hid among the roses.

Seventh Child.—

Boom of cannon, roar of gun,
 In comes July. Oh what fun !

Eighth Child.—

August comes with berries red,
 Sheaves of wheat about his head.

Ninth Child.—

Next September. Ho, for School !
 Study now must be the rule.

Tenth Child.—

Dropping nuts, and shortening days,
 October comes with woods ablaze.

Eleventh Child.—

What brings cold and bleak November ?
 Oh, Thanksgiving ! I remember.

Twelfth Child.—

Last and best of all we see,
 December brings a Christmas tree.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.



AN OLD TIME TEA
(Suggestion For Tableau)



A ROSE ON THE HEATH

CHICK-A-DE-DEE.

THE ground was all covered with snow one day,

And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so sweet was his song;
"Oh, sister, look out of the window!" said
she;

"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee.

"Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and
shoes!

And a nice little frock, and a hat if you choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-
de-dee,

Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-
de-dee."

"There is One, my dear child, though I cannot
tell who,

Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too;
Good morning! Oh, who are so happy as we?"
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.

MAMMA'S LITTLE MARKET-WOMAN.

(Little girl in hat and coat, carrying market-basket and pocket-book, and thoughtfully counting over on her fingers what she must not forget.)

A POUND of butter, a dozen of eggs, a quart
of molasses—yes, that's it; I mustn't
forget. A quart of butter, a dozen of
molasses and a pound of eggs—no, a quart of
eggs, a pound of molasses and a dozen of butter.
Yes, I "fink" that's all I mustn't make any
'stakes, 'cause mamma wants them all for supper.
[Goes off saying, "A quart of butter, a pound
of eggs," etc.]

LIZZIE J. ROOK.

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS.

FIVE little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day,
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried him away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy
And they could not move about;
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout,
Till the biggest one whispered, "What do you
say,
Lets leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped!
When somebody found that carriage of leather,
Oh my! how she shook her head.
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one knows,
And the five little brothers were five little toes.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

MR. WEYLER.

(Humorous ridicule of the Captain-General.)

WHO was it saw his duty plain
To make the infant King of Spain
Economize throughout his reign?
Mr. Weyler.

Who came with medals on his chest
And told the public that he guessed
The fight would last two weeks, at best?
Mr. Weyler.

Who took no colds, though wont to tramp
In territory rather damp,
But got a case of writer's cramp?
Mr. Weyler.

Who hardly knows just which to do;
Confront that irate Spanish crew
Or hold the fort and see it through?
Mr. Weyler.

Who shows us by his record rough
That it is dangerous to bluff
'Mongst men who really have "the stuff?"
Mr. Weyler.

A FUNNY MAN,

(For a little boy of five to seven years.)

MY gran'pa is a funny man,
 He's Scotch as he can be.
 I tries to teach him all I can,
 But he can't talk like me.
 I've told him forty thousand times,
 But 'tain't a bit of use ;
 He always says a man's a "mon"
 And calls a house a "hoose."

He plays with me most ev'ry day
 And rides me on his knee.
 He took me to a picnic once
 And dressed up just like me.
 He says I am a "bonny bairn"
 And kisses me, and when
 I ask him why he can't talk right
 He says, "I dinna ken."

But me and him has lots of fun—
 He's such a funny man.
 I dance for him and brush his hair
 And loves him all I can.
 I calls him Anjrew—that's his name
 And he says I can't talk,
 And then he puts my pladie on
 And takes me for a walk.
 I tells him forty thousand times,
 But 'tain't a bit of use ;
 He always says a man's a "mon"
 And calls a house a "hoose."

MY DOLLY.

WHO is it that I've christened May,
 With whom I dearly love to play,
 And dress and undress every day?
 My Dolly.

Who is it loves me well, although,
 Poor dear, she cannot tell me so,
 Because she cannot talk, you know?
 My Dolly.

Who is it, tho' she's very old,
 I love still in my arms to hold,
 And wouldn't part with—not for gold?
 My Dolly.

A LECTURE TO THE CROW.

(At the last two lines in each stanza shake finger and look reprovingly at the imaginary crow. Speak slowly.)

CROW, you're very wicked !
 You'll surely come to grief ;
 The naughtiest thing in all the world
 It is, to be a thief?
 You needn't turn your head one side,
 As if you didn't care ;
 You know you stole poor Carlo's bone ;
 And, Crow, it wasn't fair !

He buried it so cunning
 This morning, in the ground ;
 He never even dreamed, I'm sure,
 That robbers were around.
 And just as soon as he was gone
 You took it, I declare,
 I saw you flying off with it ;
 And, Crow, it wasn't fair.

I think you'd better drop it,
 And some other breakfast find,
 Else, when good birdies go to heaven,
 You'll sure be left behind !
 You won't? Then sad will be your fate,
 As sure as you sit there !
 To steal a doggie's only bone,
 Oh, Crow, it wasn't fair !

CHERRY CHEEKS.

(Little girl with a basket of roses.)

THIS is grandma's birthday,
 That is why I've come
 To bring her all these roses,
 We have such lots at home.

The road was rather dusty,
 And I am rather small,
 But grandma's pleased to see me,
 And that makes up for all.

Tiredness doesn't matter
 When my grandma speaks :
 "Thank you for the roses !
 Thank you, Cherry Cheeks."

MARY AND DINAH,

(Little girl sitting in chair with two dolls.)

THIS is my dolly Mary,
 She's only two years old;
 Dear Santa brought her to me—
 At least that's what I'm told.

I think she's very pretty,
 She has such big blue eyes,
 But when 'tis time to go to bed,
 Oh my! how dolly cries!

And this is dolly Dinah,
 She's 'most as black as night;
 I love her very dearly,
 But Dick says she's a fright.

I play she's Mary's nursy,
 Who takes her out to walk
 And keeps her clothes in order
 And teaches her to talk.

I think they both are darlings,
 And I hope they'll never die;
 For I'm sure if I should lose them,
 I would cry, and cry, and cry.
 LIZZIE J. ROOK.

THE LOST KITTEN.

(Very effective if the child be well trained. She should almost cry at the close of each stanza.)

MY little kitty's gone astray,
 She would no longer with us stay.
 This is, indeed, a sorry day,
 For kitty's lost.

Perhaps some cat upon the fence
 Did drive our little kitty hence,
 Who went because she'd no more sense,—
 Oh! Kitty's lost.

No more she'll lie upon our laps,
 And sweetly take her short cat-naps,
 Or slyly blink at our love-taps,—
 My kitty's lost.

No more we'll softly stroke her fur,
 Or listen to her gentle purr;
 Oh! It is hard, not to murmur,—
 For kitty's lost.

And, now, just tell me, please, will you.
 I really don't know what to do;
 Shall I begin and boo-hoo-hoo?—
 For kitty's lost.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW..

FROM ONE TO SIX.

WHEN I was one
 I wore long dresses just for fun;
 I couldn't walk or creep or run.

When I was two
 I learned a language all brand new,
 I only knew at first "Boo-hoo."

When I was three
 I had a lovely Christmas tree,
 And a little sister sent to me.

When I was four
 I had some books and wanted more,
 But couldn't think to shut the door.

When I was five
 I went to the brook and tried to dive
 And papa took me out alive.

When I was six
 I often got into a fix,
 And did not like the crooks of sticks.

What comes next? I do not know,
 But its better and better the older I grow,
 Because my Mamma told me so.

ESTHER FLEMING.

THE LITTLE FLAG-BEARER.

(A little boy with flag in hand should wave it at the close of each stanza.)

"TO the red, white, and blue
 I will ever be true."
 There is no flag, however grand,
 Like our own red, white, and blue.

Hurrah for the flag! Our country's flag!
 Its stripes and white stars, too!
 There is no flag in any land
 Like our own red, white, and blue!

BABY'S LULLABY.

WHAT'S the way to Bylo-town?
 Bylo-town? Bylo-town?
 What's the way to Bylo-town?
 Baby wants to go.

Shut her sleepy little eyes,
 That's the way,
 That's the way,
 Shut her sleepy little eyes,
 Then how fast the rocker flies.
 That's the way,
 That's the way,
 Way to Bylo-town.

Keep the little lashes down,
 That's the way,
 That's the way,
 Keep the little lashes down,
 That's the way to Bylo-town.
 That's the way,
 That's the way,
 Way to Bylo-town.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter "little
 prig ;"
 Bun replied :—
 "You are doubtless very big,
 "But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year
 And a sphere ;
 "And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I am not as large as you,
 You are not so small as I.
 And not half so sly.
 "I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track ;
 Talents differ ; all are well and wisely put.
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

TO do to others as I would
 That they should do to me
 Will make me honest, kind, and good
 As children ought to be.

Whether I am at home, at school,
 Or walking out abroad,
 I never should forget this rule
 Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

MY PUSSY CAT.

I LOVE my pussy cat, her coat is so warm,
 And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no
 harm ;
 So I'll not pull her tail nor drive her away,
 But pussy and I very gently will play ;
 She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some
 food,
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little pussy and then she will pur,
 And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her ;
 I'll not pinch her ears nor tread on her paw,
 Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw ;
 I never will vex her nor make her displeased,
 For cats do not like to be worried and teased.

THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL.

(Burlesque on General Weyler.)

HE marched his men into the field,
 Where marsh and mire confounded them,
 And vowed that not an inch he'd yield
 Until he'd quite surrounded them.
 For days he looked for Ma-cé-o,
 Where Maceo he knew was not,
 Nor stopped his valiant chaseo
 Until he heard his man was shot.
 Then, ho ! then, ho !
 With banners a flying he came,
 Like a hero enlaurled advancing,
 To him all the praise, naught of blame,
 As into Havana he's prancing.
 Oh, Weyler, great generalissimo,
 We salute thee, albeit pianissimo.
 A general truly you are,
 A general humbug so far !

HOW BUTTER IS MADE.

(Concert song or recitation. The little ones should be taught to go through the various motions. This piece may be either recited or sung to a simple air, the accompaniment being played softly.)

S KIM, skim, skim ;
With the skimmer bright
Take the rich and yellow cream,
Leave the milk so white.

Churn, churn, churn,
Now 'tis churning day ;
Till the cream to butter turns,
Dasher must not stay.

Press, press, press ;
All the milk must be
From the golden butter now
Pressed out carefully.

Pat, pat, pat ;
Make it smooth and round.
See ! the roll of butter's done ;
Won't you buy a pound ?
Taste, oh ! taste,
This is very nice.
Spread it on the children's bread,
Give them each a slice.

CRADLE SONG.

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day ?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, wait a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger ;"
So she waits a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day ?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger ;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WRITING TO GRANDMA.

(A small child seated at a table, with pen, ink, and paper before her.)

DEAR GRANDMA :
I am writing you a letter
With mamma's pen and ink ;
She left them on the table here,
I guess she didn't think
That I was big enough to climb
In her big chair and write ;
But I thought I'd just 'sprise you
With a letter sweet to night ;
I know, when you have read it,
The very words you'll say—
"Why, bless the little darling,
I'll send her a doll this day."

A MEAN MAN.

A LITTLE bird sat in a cherry tree,
Singing its song of chink, chink, chee ;
A man came by with a dog and a gun
And shot the birdie, just for fun ;
At least that's all he had to say,
When on the ground the birdie lay
With a broken wing and a hole in its side ;
It fluttered and squeaked and then it died,
And sister and I just stood and cried.

I'd rather be a dog or a cat,
Or the meanest kind of a big gray rat,
Than an ugly man with a dog and gun,
Who shot a birdie just for fun.

MY MOTHER.

MY mother, my kind mother,
I hear thy gentle voice ;
It always makes my little heart
Beat gladly and rejoice.

When I am ill, it comes to me
And kindly soothes my pain ;
And when I sleep, then in my dreams
It sweetly comes again.

My mother, my dear mother,
Oh, may I never be
Unkind or disobedient
In any way to thee.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LECTURE TO MOTHERS.

(Sunday-School selection for a bright little girl of five years.)

I'VE something to say to the mothers to-night,
And I hope they will pardon my size ;
For, though all I say will be proper and right,
I do not pretend to be wise.

In this troublesome world I have lived just five
years,

Have seen boys and girls very small ;
But all of us have the same trials and fears,
And into the same errors fall.

Wee Johnny stepped into the custard, one day,
That was set on the table to cool ;
And Bessie spilt milk on her new cloak, they say,
And Josie played truant from school.

Kate tried her mamma's velvet bonnet to wear,
And pulled till she made it to fit ;
Minnie ran off alone, and went to a fair,
And Lottie attempted to knit.

And I can't remember whatever I did—
I guess it was nothing at all ;
But somebody scolded at me, and I hid,
When sugar was found in the hall.

But what harm was there ? I may venture to ask :
Can't we have a new custard to-morrow ?
Won't benzine take the stains out of Bessie's new
basque ?
And sugar is easy to borrow.

And this is the something I'm going to say :
When you were as little as we,
Did any one scold you and whip you all day,
And send you to bed before tea ?

HOWARD'S WISH.

"I WISH," said greedy Howard, with a
wide and beaming smile,
"That I could be the Mississippi river
for awhile ;
For my mouth would be three miles wide—my
joy would be complete—
Just imagine for a moment what a dinner I could
eat."

A PATRIOTIC EGY.

(A small boy with flag.)

YOU see I am a little boy,
But I can wave a flag,
And when the other boys all march
I'm sure I do not lag.

And when the others shout out loud,
As loud as they, shout I ;
I wave my flag and say,
Hurrah, hurrah for Fourth o' July !
MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

WHAT are you good for, my brave little
man ?

Answer that question for me if you can ;
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun,
You, with your fingers as white as a nun ;

All the day long, with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving ;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for. Now ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter, to climb on my seat ;
Two merry eyes full of frolic and glee
Under their lashes looked up unto me ;

Two little hands pressing soft on my face
Drew me down close in a loving embrace ;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
"Good to love you, mamma—good to love you."

WASH DAY.

(Several little girls with play washtubs.)

WE are merry maidens sitting in a ring ;
We've no time to play to-day,
Though we gayly sing
Rub-a-dub-dub, soapsuds and tubs,
This is our washing day.

We are busy maidens,
Work's the sweetest thing,
This is all we stay to say
As we gayly sing
Rub-a-dub-dub, soapsuds and tubs,
This is our washing day.

SUMMER IS COMING.

UP in the tree-top, down in the ground,
 High in the blue sky, far, all around,—
 Near by and everywhere creatures are
 living,
 God in his bounty something is giving.

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground,
 High in the blue sky, fall, all around,—
 Near by and everywhere creatures are striving ;
 Labor is surely the price of their thriving.

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground,
 High in the blue sky, far, all around.—
 Near by and everywhere singing and humming
 Busily, joyfully, summer is coming.

A QUEER TABLE.

(For boy or girl of eight or nine years.)

I WISH to tell you all to-day of a very queer
 table. In the first place it is several hun-
 dred years old and yet it is as good as new
 —just as sound and strong as ever ; No, it is
 not iron, and yet I can't see how it can ever wear
 out. It is not used for breakfast, dinner or any
 meal. It came all the way from Arabia and it
 is ornamented with many figures. We do not
 know who made it, but we do know that it is a
 very useful table, and we call it "The Multipli-
 cation Table."

THE TWO COMMANDS.

THIS is the first and great command :
 To love thy God above ;
 And this the second : As thyself
 Thy neighbor thou shalt love.
 Who is thy neighbor ? He who wants
 A help which thou canst give ;
 And both the law and prophets say,
 This do and thou shalt live.

WHAT I DON'T LIKE.

I DON'T like horses that will not spring,
 And I don't like bells that will not ring ;
 I don't like fire-wood that will not burn ;
 I don't like mill-sails that will not turn ;
 And I don't like children that will not learn.

THE BUSY BEE.

HOW doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flower !

How skillfully she builds her cell,
 How neatly spreads her wax,
 And labors hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes !

In works of labor or of skill
 I would be busy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

In books or work or healthful play
 Let my first years be passed,
 That I may give for every day
 Some good account at last.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE JAPANESE DOLL.

MY dolly is a Japanese,
 And will not say her A B C's,
 No matter how I coax and tease
 That naughty, naughty, Japanese.

CROSS AT SANTA.

(By special permission of the Author.)

MY Mamma said that Santa
 Had brought a doll to me,
 With bright pink cheeks and yellow hair
 As nice as nice could be.

But when I left her up,
 Dressed in her long white gown,
 "Oh, do take care" my Mamma said
 With such a drefful frown.

So now I don't like Santa,
 For he's brought a dolly here,
 They wont let me stick pins into,
 She'd cry so loud they fear.

And if I try to lift her up,
 They think her head I'll crack,
 I'm going to write to Santa Claus
 And have him take her back.

MAY RAPLEY McNABB.

WHAT BOYS ARE GOOD FOR.

(For a plain spoken little girl.)

DO you know that someone really said,
 "Of what earthly good are boys?"
 I'd like to state it for a fact
 That they're good to make a noise.
(Strikes table with force.)

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

DOCTOR'S VISIT.

(Dialogue for girl and boy.)

LITTLE MAMMA (*with a sick doll*):

COME and see my baby dear ;
 Doctor, she is ill, I fear.
 Yesterday, do what I would,
 She would touch no kind of food ;
 And she tosses, moans and cries ;
 Doctor, what do you advise ?

DOCTOR (*should be dressed in long coat and have
 on a plug hat, and carry medicine case*) :

Hum ! ha ! Good madam, tell me, pray,
 What have you offered her to day ?
 Ah, yes—I see ; a piece of cake,
 The worst thing you could make her take.
 Just let me taste. Yes, yes, I fear
 Too many plums and currants here—
 But stop ! I will just taste again,
 So as to make the matter plain !

LITTLE MAMMA :

But, doctor, pray excuse me ; oh !
 You've eaten all my cake up now !
 I thank you kindly for your care ;
 But do you think 't was hardly fair ?

DOCTOR :

Oh, dear me ! Did I eat the cake ?
 Well, it was for dear baby's sake.
 But keep her in her bed, well warm,
 And you will see she'll take no harm.
 At night and morning, use, once more,
 Her drink and powder as before ;
 And she must not be overfed,
 But may just have a piece of bread.
 To-morrow, then, I dare to say,
 She'll be quite right. Good-day ! good-day !

THE SENSES.

(To be spoken with appropriate gestures.)

TWO bright little eyes,
 To see beautiful things ;
 Two quick little ears,
 To hear Dick when he sings.

One queer little nose,
 To smell flowers so sweet ;
 And one little tongue,
 To taste good things to eat.

Ten fingers quite small,
 To touch Pussy's soft hair,
 These organs of sense
 God has put in my care.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

ONE step and then another, and the longest
 walk is ended ;
 One stitch and then another, and the widest
 rent is mended ;
 One brick upon another, and the highest wall is
 made ;
 One flake upon another, and the deepest snow is
 laid.

Then do not frown or murmur at the work you
 have to do,
 Or say that such a mighty task you never can get
 through ;
 But just endeavor, day by day, another point to
 gain,
 And soon the mountain that you feared will
 prove to be a plain.

A NURSERY FABLE.

(To be spoken very plainly. At the last go through
the motion of spanking baby with a slipper.)

A BABY once cried for the moon,
 So they got a toy moon for their pet ;
 But the babe wasn't satisfied yet,
 It set up another wild tune,
 And cried for the star-spangled dipper.
 Did they promise to haul down the skies ?
 No ; they tired of its "heavenly" cries,
 And made it "see stars" with a slipper.

WILL H. WALL.



THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY
(Suggestion For Tableau)



"MAY WITH BLOSSOMS STOPS THE WAY."

A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

(Church or Sunday-School entertainment. To be said kneeling on the stage. When used at an evening entertainment the effect will be heightened if the little one be dressed in night gown, kneeling beside a little bed. Be careful to train the child in the proper attitude—hands pressed together in front, and face raised to heaven. After this prayer, the song "Good Night," may be sung from behind the curtain softly, while the little one is tucked in bed, or remains kneeling as the curtain falls.)

JESUS, I would be like thee :
Look from heaven and pity me ;
Though so full of sin I am,
Make me now thy little lamb.

I have very naughty been,
Done those things I knew was sin,
Have not hearkened to thy word,
When thy loving voice I heard.

But I'm sorry for it now,
And before thy throne I bow ;
Wash me in that crimson flood ;
Make me clean in Jesus' blood.

When I oft would go astray,
Keep me in the blessed way :
Let thy love abide in me,
Jesus : then I'll be like thee.

THE CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

(For Decoration Day.)

WE little children gather
The brightest flowers of May,
And lovingly will lay them
On our soldiers' graves to-day.

We bring the fragrant violets
And buttercups so bright,
And pure, white petaled lilies,
For those who fought for right.

Altho' we are so little,
We've heard of battles fought,
And gladly bring our offering
For those who freedom bought.

We proudly wave the colors,
The red, the white, the blue,
And place our flag upon the graves
Of those whose hearts were true.

NELLIE G. GEROME.

THE NAUGHTY GIRL.

(Suited to a little girl from six to eight years.
Train to speak plainly.)

THE naughty girl never minds mamma ;
Always says, "I won't ! " to dear papa ;
Makes a great deal of noise about the
house,

When her mother wants her as still as a mouse.

She pulls the cat, and pinches her tail,
And takes the bird-cage down from the nail ;
Teases her brothers, and spoils her hair,
And when reproved says, "I don't care ! "

She worries poor grandma, makes baby cry ;
She cannot please him, and I know why,—
She lets him lie in the crib and moan,
While she is amusing herself alone.

At school she forgets what the teacher said,
Sits idly leaning, her hands on her head ;
She never learns the task that's given,
And cannot tell even seven times seven.

At table she's careless, and spills her drink,
Can never be taught to "stop and think,"
Gets down from the table and goes to play
And does the same over another day.

GRANDMA'S MISTAKE.

(For Christmas Entertainment.)

POOR Grandma, I do hate to tell her,
And yet it does seem queer,
She's lived so much longer than I have,
And I, why, I've known it a year.

Even Alice begins to look doubtful,
And she is so babyish, too ;
And Mamma just laughs at the nonsense,
But Grandma believes it is true.

I did it all up in brown paper,
And laid it just there by her plate,
And she put on her glasses so slowly,
I thought that I never could wait.

And when she had opened the bundle,
"My gracious !" she said, "how complete !
A dear little box for my knitting ;
Now isn't old Santa Claus sweet ?"

CARRIE'S BIRTHDAY CAKE.

(For a droll child of six, boy or girl.)

YES, Aunt Jennie, I was six years old last Saturday, and Mamma made me a beautiful cake, all covered with icing and with six little candles on it, one for every year, you know. What! you going to have a birthday, Aunt Jennie; and you want a cake with candles on it, too? Why, you can't! You can't have the candles, Aunt Jennie—not one for every year, you know. There wouldn't be room on the cake.

GENEROUS LITTLE ONES.

(Dialogue for Sunday-School. Eight little scholars, four girls and four boys, on the stage, with presents in their hands.)

Teacher. What have you there?

Girl A. A doll.

T. Where did you get it?

A. It was a Christmas present.

Girl B. I had a present, too.

T. What was it?

B. A kitty.

T. Was it a live one?

B. No, it was not alive; but it cries.

Boy C. I had a horse and wagon.

Boy D. And I had a train of cars.

Girl E. I had a new dress and hat.

Boy F. I had a pair of boots.

Girl G. I had a little book.

T. And what did you have, H?

Boy H. I didn't have anything.

T. Didn't you? Why not?

H. Mother said I couldn't have any, because we were so poor.

T. I am very sorry. How many of you had more than one present?

All. I did.

T. What did you have, D?

D. I had a little boat, and a train of cars, and a cane, and a book.

T. And what did you have, E?

E. I had a new dress and hat, and a little carriage, and some playthings.

T. Won't some one of you give Johnny one of your presents? (*No response.*) *D.* who gave you such nice presents?

D. Mother, and father, and auntie, and grandma.

T. Now, I'll tell you a true story. When I went to the toy-shop, to buy some presents for my little ones, I saw a little girl on the sidewalk, whose feet were bare, whose clothes were ragged, and whose face was very sad. She was looking in at the window of the toy-shop, and looking so earnestly that I spoke to her, and asked her what she wanted. She burst into tears, and said, "I want a Christmas present; but mother says it's more than she can do to give us bread, and so I must go without." So I bought a little picture book and gave her; and you should have seen how her face grew bright. Now, all you tell me, if you can, who gave you your nice home, and kind parents to give you pretty presents, while so many little boys and girls are poor, and have no nice warm homes, and cannot have any Christmas presents?

E. Is it Jesus, teacher?

T. Yes, Jesus has given you a father and a mother to take care of you, and has given them money to buy food for you, and clothes, and presents to make you happy. Now, what will you give Jesus for all this?

G. Why, teacher, Jesus don't want any of my things! He don't want my doll, or my hat?

T. No, Jesus don't want them to play with, as you do; but He wants you to give some of your things to those who have none. Johnny has had no Christmas present this year, and no birthday present, and no New Year's present.

A. I will give him my card.

B. I will give him my kitty.

C. I will give him my horse and wagon.

E. I don't suppose he wants my doll, but I will give him my little picture book.

T. I am glad to see my little ones so generous. Jesus loves to see us willing to give our gifts for Him; but there is something that Jesus wants more than these,

G. Is it my new hat?

F. Is it my new boots?

T. No, not these.

A. What is it?

T. Jesus wants you to give Him your heart. Sometimes your little heart is naughty, and loves to do wrong ; but Jesus can make it all new and good. Jesus loves you, and wants you to love Him, and be His little child, and then, by and by, He will take you to live with Him in His beautiful home.

G. I want to give Jesus my heart. May I give it to Him now?

T. Yes, Jesus wants it now. Don't you all want to love Jesus, and give Him your hearts?

All (bowing reverently). Please, Jesus, take my heart, and make it good, and make me thy little child.

T. Sing, "Jesus loves me." (*All sing.*)

CONTENTMENT.

A KITTEN has no work to do,
It frisks about all day ;
But she can't write as I can,
All she can do is play.

A birdie has no work to do,
He flies from tree to tree ;
But he can't read as I can,
Not even count to three.

I'm glad I'm not a kitten,
And I wouldn't be a bird,
For if I changed with either,
I shouldn't know a word.

S. C. PEABODY.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A HERMIT there was, who lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy they said he
had got.

As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell ;
And this answer he gave, when I asked him to
tell :

'Tis being, and doing, and having, that make
All the pleasures and pains of which mortals
partake :

To be what God's pleases, to *do* a man's best
And to *have* a good heart is the way to be
blest."

WHEN PAPA PUTS HIS GREAT COAT ON.

(By special permission of the Author.)

WHEN papa puts his great coat on,
We children gather round
And listen to his talking,
But never make a sound,
Till he's said all he's got to say,
And then we whoop and hi,
To give a jolly send-off,
When he gets down to "good-by."

When papa puts his great coat on,
We knows just what he'll say,
He'll tell Josie to get the coal
And close at home to stay ;
He'll tell Susan to help mamma,
And then we whoop and hi,
To give a jolly send-off,
When he gets down to "good-by."

When papa puts his great coat on,
We tells him what to buy,
Candy and nuts and piles of gum,
'Twould almost reach the sky ;
He claps his hands upon his ears,
And then we whoop and hi,
To give a jolly send-off,
When he gets down to "good-by."

When papa puts his great coat on,
We knows just what he'll do,
He'll kiss mamma then pass 'em round,
To all us noisy crew ;
And then he'll pass them round again
And help us whoop and hi,
To give a jolly send off,
When he gets down "to-good-by."

MAY RAPLEY McNABB.

SANTA CLAUS.

A JOLLY old fellow,
Whose hair is snow white
And whose little, bright eyes are blue,
Will be making his visits
On Christmas night ;
Perhaps he will call on you.

SEVEN DAYS IN A WEEK.

(A concert piece for seven little girls.)

All:

S EVEN little girls are we,
Each one goes to school;
There we try to do our work,
And mind our teacher's rule.

We are learning very fast,
How to read and spell,
Many stories do we know,
One of which we'll tell.

This is one about the week,
We are each a day;
Truly ones of course we're not,
But just so in play.

Bessie:

I am Monday, and you see
I can wash quit fine,
First the clothes I rub and boil,
Then hang them on the line.

Alice:

I am Tuesday, the next day,
Full of work am I,
All the clothes I have to press,
But I will not cry.

Eva:

I am Wednesday, and must cook
Puddings, pies, and cake,
For my hungry little flock
Eat everything I make.

Annie:

I am Thursday, and I guess
I must take a walk,
Many calls I have to make
And much I'll have to talk.

Clara:

Friday comes, and I must try
All the rooms to clean;
For we dislike to see the dust
Anywhere, I mean.

Jennie:

Saturday is here at last,
And I'm quite perplexed;
With so many things to do,
What shall I do next?

Ada:

Sunday is the day of rest,
And we'll try to do
Just what God would want of us,
All the whole day through.

All:

Now we've said our piece to you
And we'll take our seat,
Hoping at some future time,
You again we'll meet.

CORA WOODWARD FOSTER.

TAKING DOLLY'S PICTURE.

(A little girl has placed her doll on a chair, while she stands beside another chair at some distance in front of doll. A magic-lantern is on the chair, or, if this is not obtainable, a black cloth thrown across the top of the chair will answer.)

COME, Dolly Toodlekins, I'm going take
your picture, and you must mind every
word I say. Sit up straight now—so!
Look right at me. That's right! Now don't
wink or blink. You're minding beautifully.
Now don't laugh or even smile, but just look
pleasant while I count one, two, three, four.
Now it's done, and your 'spression is lovely.
Come now, we'll go see Grandma. We'll tell
her what a good girl you were.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

ROB'S MITTENS.

OUR Rob has mittens new and red,
To keep his hands so warm and nice
When making snowballs, building forts,
And sliding on the ice.

One morning, coming in from play,
His dear face pinker than a rose,
"Please, Mamma," cried he, "can't you knit
A mitten for my nose?"

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

WHAT GIRLS LOVE TO DO.

(Recitation for six little girls.)

ELLEN (*holding a plate of cakes, etc.*):

I LOVE to get the breakfast,
The pancakes I can bake;
The table then I nicely set
And help make bread and cake.

KATE (*with a milk-stool and pail*):

I love to milk the gentle cows,
It's fun, I'd have you know,
To take my stool and milking-pail,
And say, "So—Bossy—so."

ELIZA (*swinging her hat*):

It's better fun to get the cows.
"Co-Boss! Co-Boss!" I call.
I run and climb the highest fence
And never get a fall.

MARY (*with gay dolls in her hand*):

I'm fond of dressing pretty dolls,
In lovely lace and silk;
To trim their clothes with velvets fine,
Is nicer than to milk.

EMMA (*with a book and some stockings that need mending*):

I love to read good story-books,
And spend a while at play;
And then I wash the dishes up
And stockings mend, each day.

JENNY (*holding a broom and dust-pan*):

I love to take a broom and sweep,
I make the beds and sew;
Such work as this, my mother says,
Is good for me to do.

(*Standing in a semi-circle and holding up the implement of work, etc.; when it is named, all recite together, slowly and clearly*):

Baking cakes for breakfast,
Milking cows at morn,
Climbing fences safely,
With our clothes not torn;

Dressings dolls in laces,
Reading and some play,
Dishes washed and stockings mended,
Brooms well used each day—
Doing these while on time whirls,
Makes us happy, useful girls.

EARLY MISS CROCUS.

(Teach the child to sing, laugh, and cry at proper places.)

I'M little Crocus,
How d'y do?
I'm coming out now,
Wouldn't you?

Come, Yellow Daisy,
Lift your head,
Pull little Buttercup
Out of bed.

Guess I'm the first up,
Tra, la, la;
I'm going to laugh now,
Ha, ha, ha!

My, how the wind blows,
Whoo, hoo, woo;
Think I'll go in now,
Boo, hoo, hoo!

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

DILIGENT BESSIE.

(Little girl darning her stocking. A cat or toy cat sitting near by. Should be spoken in a reproving tone at first. Jolly and playful at the last.)

KITTY, don't sit there looking at me; I've no time to play; I'm big enough now to take care of my clothes. I am making a dear little darn in the toe of my stocking. I've watched Mamma mend stockings—and it's just as easy as easy can be. You pull the thread forward and backward, backward and forward—see, Kitty. Oh, there! I've broken my thread, and I don't know how to mend it. I've never learned to mend thread, so come on, Kitty, we'll have a good romp and let the old stocking go. (*Throws it on the floor and skips off.*)

LIZZIE J. ROOK.

THE NEED OF CHRIST.

(Church or Sunday-School Exercises. To be repeated in succession by ten boys of ten to twelve years.)

1. As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one. Rom. iii. 10.
2. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. Rom. iii. 11.
3. They are all gone out of the way: they are together become unprofitable: there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Rom. iii. 12.
4. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit: the poison of asps is under their lips. Rom. iii. 13.
5. Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Rom. iii. 14.
6. Their feet are swift to shed blood. Rom. iii. 15.
7. Destruction and misery are in their ways. Rom. iii. 16.
8. And the way of peace they have not known. Rom. iii. 17.
9. There is no fear of God before their eyes. Rom. iii. 18.
10. For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Rom. iii. 23.

LATE AT BREAKFAST.

(Dialogue for boy and lady.)

Mother. See! the hour for school is near:

Robert, Robert, do you hear?

Robert. Mother, mother, do not fret!

I'm not through my breakfast yet.

M. From your bed you should have sprung
When the early bell was rung.

R. All my window-panes were white
With the frost we had last night.

M. If you would not be a dunce,
Brave the cold and rise at once.

R. When Jack Frost is in the case,
Bed is such a pleasant place!

M. He who loves his bed so well
Never, never will excel.

R. Mother, mother, do not scold!
I shall soon be eight years old.

M. More's the shame for you, my son,
Leaving duties thus undone.

R. Something whispers in my ear,
You are right, my mother dear.

M. Then get down, sir, from your stool,
And run quickly off to school.

R. Off I go! You shall not see
After this a drone in me.

WHEN THE FAIRIES LIVED HERE.

(Should be spoken in a slow, credulous tone, with eyebrows lifted, and seem very earnest.)

WHEN the fairies used to live here,
Then, you know,
There was never any dark,
Or any snow;
But the great big sun kept shining
All the night,
And the roses just kept blooming,
Oh, so bright!
And the little children never
Teased their mothers;
And the little girls always
Loved their brothers.
And the brothers, they were just as
Mild and kind;
Every single thing you told them
They would mind;
And they played so very gently;
But you know
That was when the fairies lived here,
Long ago!

ARITHMETIC.

(A boy sits in a chair on platform, holding a large slate and pencil, and looking at it occasionally, as if talking to himself. Be sure his face his plainly to the audience, that he may be heard.)

I'M glad I have a good-sized slate,
With lots of room to calculate.
Bring on your sums! I'm ready now;
My slate is clean and I know how.
But don't you ask me to subtract;
I like to have my slate well packed;
And only two long rows, you know,
Make such a miserable show;
And, please, don't bring me sums to add;
Well, multiplying's just as bad;
And, say! I'd rather not divide—
Bring me something I have'nt tried!

MY CARLO TALKS.

(The little boy who speaks this, should try to imitate the barking and whinnying of the dog at close of second, third and fifth stanzas.)

SOME people say that dogs can't talk,
But this is not quite true,
For, that my Carlo talks to me,
I'll plainly show to you.

Now, when I say, "Come Carlo speak,
Do you want a piece of meat?"
He wags, and barks bow-wow, to say
"I'm hungry and can eat."

And then when I am going out,
And say, "You cannot go,"
He, wistful, eyes me, while he says
"I understand, No! No!"

And when again I only say
"Come, Carlo, take the lead,"
He frisks around and joyful says
"I'm very glad, indeed."

And when to closed door he comes,
With scratches, one, two, three,
He says, as plain as anything,
"Come, turn the latch for me."

And so I could tell many things,
As plain as A, B, C,
About when I talk to my dog,
And he talks back to me.

The trouble is, that folks won't learn
A little dog's plain speech;
If they'd only pay attention,
Most any dog could teach.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

GOOD NIGHT.

(Sleepy little girl in night gown. Suitable at close of concert or children's entertainment.)

I AM so very near asleep
I scarce can keep from gaping,
And so I think it must be time
That people all were napping;
So just before my eyes close tight,
I wish you, each and all, good night.
MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

WHO KNOWS THE MOST.

(The little girl should address a real kitten or a picture of one.)

WHO knows the most, Pussy, you or I?
I know you're cunning and very spry,
I love to watch you chase the ball,
But you cannot read nor write at all.

Your little sharp claws help you climb a tree
Where you sit out of reach and look at me.
I know that is something I can't do,
But you have four feet and I but two.

You look very wise as you lick your paw,
But you do not know that two twos are four,
Or that m-i-c-e is the way to spell mice,
Although you think they are very nice.

But it really isn't your fault at all
That you don't know sphere is the name for ball;
For you have never been to school
And do not know a single rule.

Now I must go to school each day
While you do nothing but sleep and play,
And I don't believe, Pussy, as older you grow
You ever will think how little you know.

NELLIE G. BRONSON.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

LOOK up, my young American!
Stand firmly on the earth,
Where noble deeds and mental power
Give titles over birth.

A hallow'd land thou claim'st, my boy,
By early struggles bought,
Heaped up with noble memories,
And wide, ay, wide as thought!

What though we boast no ancient towers
Where "ivied" streamers twine,
The laurel lives upon our soil,
The laurel, boy, is thine.

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's shield,
And English battles won.
Look up, my boy, and breathe one word—
The name of Washington.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

DR. BROWN.

(A dialogue for a small girl and boy. Room arranged as doctor's office—bottles, rags, and scissors on table, at which doctor sits reading newspaper.)

(*Bell rings.*)

DOCTOR :

ANOTHER patient, I suppose,
This is my office hour,
And by the score I count them off
Who claim my healing power.
(*Enter small girl as mother, with dilapidated doll.*)

MOTHER :

I've called to see you, Dr. Brown,
I've heard of your great skill,
And so I've brought my darling here,
Who is so very ill.

DOCTOR (*takes baby*) :

Ah me ! just so, ahem ! ahem !
She's very ill indeed ;
For fractured is her skull,
Her arm, how it does bleed.

Her face, I see, is covered o'er
With bruises, black and blue ;
Now madam, I'll proceed at once
To see what I can do.

MOTHER :

Oh, doctor, do you, do you think
My little dear will die ?
I feel as if,—oh dear, as if
I shall begin to cry.

DOCTOR :

Now, madam, calm yourself at once,
You know I'm Doctor Brown ;
And if I cannot cure your child,
There's no one can in town.

MOTHER :

Oh, doctor, try at once, please try
To cure my little Nell ;
I feel as if my heart will break
Unless she gets quite well.

DOCTOR (*who has been working with doll*) :

Upon her head you see I've placed
A plaster rag-a-rum ;
Her arm I've sewed as neat as wax,
From elbow unto thumb.

The bruises from her face are gone,
I've used some butterine :
And now your baby is as well
As any ever seen.
(*Hands babe to mother.*)

MOTHER :

Oh, doctor, she's as sweet, as sweet
As anything can be !
Now, if you tell me, I will pay
Your customary fee.

DOCTOR :

Ten dollars, madam, is my price
For curing such a case.

MOTHER :

Ten dollars ! that is awful dear,
How can you have the face ?
Well, there it is ; pray have no doubt
I'll tell it over town.

DOCTOR :

Well, speed my fame, if so you will—
The fame of Doctor Brown.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

PLAYING OLD FOLKS.

(For a little girl dressed as Grandma, and a little boy dressed as Grandpa.)

Girl :

NOW, Grandpa, as I sit and knit,
Please read to me the news ;
You may read about the 'lection things,
Or anything you choose.

Boy :

What ! read to you of politics !
Now what do women know ?
I'll read you of the fashions,
Or 'bout the candy show.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.



SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHING CHILDREN FACIAL EXPRESSION.



HOW I SERVED THE NURSE
Suggestions for Teaching Children Facial Expression.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS.

(Written especially for this volume. Suited to a boy of ten or twelve years.)

Of much has been told our dear girls and boys
Of Santa who comes every year with his
toys,
And candy, and nuts, he brings with good will,
The stockings of good little children to fill.

They have heard I am sure how his sleigh skims
the snow,

On a clear Christmas eve though the frosty winds
blow ;

How his reindeer fly swift with their delicate feet
That morning, each child with a present shall
greet.

What visions of dollies, and doll dresses too,
Long golden curls and soft eyes of blue,
And dainty hued kites and bright-colored drums,
Cheer the eyes of the dreamer when Santa Claus
comes.

But, now, to consider these joys all about,
Comes to me such a puzzle I cannot make out,
Why, in this broad land, with its wonderful laws,
No voice sings the praise of *Mrs. Santa Claus* ?

Who is it, I ask, throughout the whole year
Sews bright silken gowns for those dollies so dear,
And smoothes out the tangles of long frizzy curls,
To gladden the hearts of a million sweet girls ?

And makes those rich candies, delicious and nice,
And spreads them to cool on a huge cake of ice ;
With fingers so slim stretches ball-covers tight,
And stitches them firm by the gay northern light ?

And gathers the nuts ('twere a task this I think)
Winds up all the tops that spin with a tink,
And paints many pictures for Santa to give
Of the land where the dear little Esquimaux live ?

And—but stop ! it would take me a whole year
to tell

Of this *dear Mrs. Santa*, who labors so well
In her far northern home, with a heart full of
cheer,

Just to make you all happy one day in a year.

It is she who assists to pack up the load,
To be sure that each treasure all safely is stowed
And say, Santa dear, don't forget that poor boy
Who never in all his whole life had a toy.

Then, when all is ready she bids him away,
As she tucks him so snug in his gay little sleigh,
And gives each sleek reindeer a pat on the back,
And whispers "speed swift o'er the wide snowy
track."

So now, Children dear, on each glad Christmas
night,

When you kneel down to pray, with your gifts
all in sight,

And ask God to bless dear Santa Claus true,—
Don't forget Mrs. Santa, but mention *her* too.

MAY RAPLEY McNABB.

A DISPUTE.

TOM and Joe quarreled,
I've heard people tell ;
About a queer animal
Hid in a shell.

"I tell you it walks, sir !"

Said Tommy to Joe ;

"It swims !" cried Joe loudly,

"I've seen and I know !"

"It walks !"—"No, it swims !"—

And the boys grew quite wroth,

But the turtle peeped out,

Saying, "I can do both !"

A. L. MITCHELL.

PACKING THE BOX.

(For a plain spoken boy.)

I'VE begun to pack a box. Every day I put
in a great many things ; sometimes I put in
things that I wish I hadn't, but I cannot
get them out again, no matter how hard I try.
And then the queerest thing about this box is,
that the more I put in, the more room there
seems to be. But no ; that is not the queerest ;
I think this is, that no matter how hard I work,
or how long I work, I never finish. Of course,
its my *Knowledge Box* I'm packing.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
 Lead the soul away,
 From the path of virtue,
 Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heaven above.

THE WISEST PLAN.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
 Your doll should break her head,
 Could you make it whole by crying,
 Till your eyes and nose were red?
 And wouldn't it be pleasanter
 To treat it as a joke,
 And say you're glad 'twas dolly's,
 And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
 And the rain comes pouring down,
 Will it clear off any sooner
 Because you scold and frown?
 And wouldn't it be nicer
 For you to smile than pout,
 And so make sunshine in the house
 When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get,
 Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret?
 And wouldn't it be wiser
 Than waiting like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest
 And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse
 And some a coach and pair,
 Will it tire you less while walking
 To say: "It isn't fair?"
 And wouldn't it be nobler
 To keep your temper sweet,
 And in your heart be thankful
 You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
 Nor the way some people do,
 Do you think the whole creation
 Will be altered just for you?
 And isn't it, my boy or girl,
 The wisest, bravest plan,
 Whatsoever comes or doesn't come,
 To do the best you can?

DOLLY'S BEDTIME.

(Girl holding doll. More effective if at the close
 a nurse enters wearing a white cap.)

COME, good-night, my dolly dear,
 It is bedtime, do you hear?
 Little girl must go to bed;
 That is what my mamma said;
 But I guess, I really do,
 Dolly, dear, mamma meant you;
 I'm not sleepy, so you see
 Mamma couldn't have meant me.

Now the little nightie, Oh
 Dolly, sweet, I love you so!
 Now, good-night! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
 I see nursie coming here;
 I'm afraid, to tell you true,
 Mamma did mean me—not you.

I'LL TRY AND I CAN'T.

THE little boy who says "I'll try,"
 Will climb to the hill top.
 The little boy who says "I can't,"
 Will at the bottom stop.

"I'll try does great things every day;
 "I can't" gets nothing done;
 Be sure then that you say "I'll try,"
 And let "I can't" alone.

WHICH IS BEST.

(For two boys and a girl.)

First Boy :

"OF all the days of all the year,"
 Cried loyal Freddy Bly,
 "The very splendid-est of all
 Comes early in July.
 Think of the fun! the glorious noise!
 That is the day—at least for boys."

Second Boy :

"Of all the days of all the year,"
 Said little Robin Gray,
 "The very best, I do believe,
 Will be Thanksgiving day.
 A fellow has such things to eat!
 Thanksgiving day cannot be beat."

Girl :

"Of all the days of all the year."
 Sang pretty Nan, "remember
 The dearest, happiest and best
 Is coming in December.
 What girl or boy, north, east, south, west,
 But knows that Christmas day is best?"

ANNIE L. HANNAH.

MY SPEECH.

FOLKS think I'm such a tiny tot
 That I can't make a speech,
 For some one said to Mamma
 I am too young to teach.

But I can tell a story
 I'm sure you never heard;
 And if you'll only listen,
 I'll tell you every word.

"One morning very early
 I heard a whisper low,
 It came from near my bedside,
 This little voice, you know.

"Oh dear, I'm very wretched.
 Is any one more tired?
 For just behold my trouble,
 I'm broken in my side.

"I'm torn and bruised and scratched
 And grown so very thin,
 It is indeed a really sad
 Condition I am in."

And then another voice replied
 "I'm sorry you are sad,
 But misery loves company
 And I am just as bad.

"I've worked all day from morn till eve,
 Right side by side with you;
 I've suffered woes, until, until—
 My sole's worn through and through."

"Then let us creep together, close,
 Our waning life to spend;
 For this is just a solemn fact,
 We are too bad to mend."

Just then I opened wide my eyes
 To hear such awful news,
 And by my bed I only saw
 My little worn-out shoes.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD.

WHEN Joe and Kate and Dick and Belle
 Started to school last fall,
 I cried to go, and papa said
 He thought I was too small.

I begged so hard, at last he said,
 "Well, you can go to-day;
 For after this I'm very sure,
 At home you'll want to stay."

But I'm not tired yet, and you
 Can judge now by my looks.
 That, though I am but six years old,
 I like my school and books.

HIS SPEECH.

(A loud-talking boy.)

YOU'VE called on me to make a speech;
 I'm sure I don't know how;
 Perhaps 'twill answer just as well
 If I only make a bow.

ELSIE'S SOLILOQUY.

OH! dear. Is it any wonder I feel cross? Just see how it is raining, and I wanted to go out to gather wild flowers. Mamma says there wouldn't be any flowers if it didn't rain, and that I ought not to grumble about it. But how can I help it? She says rain makes things grow. It doesn't make me, grow, does it? Then what does, I wonder? I'm sure I'm a great deal taller now than I was last year, for mamma had to let all the tucks out of this dress. I suppose she means planted things. Well, there's all that money I planted last Fourth of July—to be sure there wasn't any rain—but I poured bushels and bushels of water on it, and not one cent came up. But what became of that money I don't know. That's the queer part of it; for when I took my little spade and uncovered the hole to see what was the matter with it, there wasn't any money there. Bill (that's the boy that lives with us) says maybe it grew the other way and came up in China. How he knows anything about it I can't tell, for I never breathed a word of it to anybody. He's an awful bad boy, and whenever he passes me he calls me "little missionary," or else he says, "Say, Elsie, has your money sprouted yet?" I told him if he didn't stop teasing me I would tell papa, and he said if I did, papa would tease me more than he did.

Oh! there! See that sunbeam! I do believe it's clearing off! I can go for my flowers after all. I wonder where my hat and basket are!

PLAYING CHURCH.

(Harry, seven years, and Eddy, five years of age. Sunday-School entertainment.)

Harry. Come, Eddie, let's play go to church, and I'll be the minister, and preach you a sermon.

Eddie. Well, and I'll be the peoples.

Harry (*lifts Eddie into a chair*). There! this is your pew, and you must listen to my sermon. My text is a very short one, and easy, too—a part of the one the minister had one Sunday, and all I can remember of it.

There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one: "*Be kind!*" Now, these are the heads: *First*, Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what headache is; but I do: I had it once; and I didn't want anybody to speak a word. *Secondly*, Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome for her to tell you to keep still twenty times a day. *Thirdly*, Be kind to baby, and don't let her cry.

Eddie. You have *leaved* out, Be kind to Harry.

Harry. Yes; I did not want to say myself in my sermon. But I want you to be kind to Minnie, and let her have your red soldier when she wants it. *Fourthly*, Be kind to Jane, and don't kick and scream when she washes and dresses you.

Eddie. But she pulled my hair with the comb.

Harry. People must not talk in meeting; besides, you must not let your hair snarl. Now, I don't know whether the next was fifthly or sixthly.

Eddie. I don't know what *fifty* is.

Harry. O, that's because you cannot count. See here; I will count them on my fingers for you. *One*, Be kind to papa. *Two*, Be kind to mamma. *Three*, Be kind to baby. *Four*, Be kind to Jane. O, yes, that's it! Now, the little finger is five. *Fifthly*, Be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr; but don't do what will make her cry.

Eddie. Baby made her meow right out loud to-day. She pulled her tail, and kitty jumped right off the cradle, and ran to the door, and I shutted it for her.

Harry. Opened it, you mean.

Eddie. Isn't the sermon most done? I want to sing. (*He sings, and just then the supper bell rings.*)

Harry (*running off the stage*). There! there is the bell for supper. Come, Eddie.

(*Exit.*)

ALMOST A MAN.

(A little boy supposed to have on his first pair of pants.)

I DON'T wear dresses any more—
 See my coat and breeches,
 Cuffs and collar, pockets too,
 Made with many stitches.
 I must have a watch and chain,
 A silk umbrella, and a cane.
 No more kilts and skirts for me,
 I'm a big boy, don't you see?

You can give away my dresses,
 And my other baby clothes,
 Give away my horse with rockers,
 I want one that really goes.
 But two nice goats I guess will do,
 And I want a carriage too;
 No more chairs hitched up for me,
 I'm too big for that, you see!

I think I'll give my picture books
 To little sister Mary;
 I'll go to school, and learn to read
 In the big dictionary;
 Or maybe in a g'ography;
 Or 'rithmetic, or history;
 They're just about the size for me,
 For I'm a big boy,—don't you see?

BESSIE'S LETTER.

(By a little girl holding a letter in her hand.)

I HAVE got a letter,
 A letter all my own,
 It has my name upon it,
 Miss Bessie L. Stone.

My papa sent it to me,
 He's away from home—you see!
 I guess the postman wondered
 Who Bessie Stone could be.

I'd like to send an answer,
 But I don't know how to spell,
 I'll get mamma to do it,
 And that will do as well.

AMONG THE ANIMALS.

(For a boy.)

ONE rainy morning,
 Just for a lark,
 I jumped and stamped
 On my new Noah's ark.

I crushed an elephant,
 I smashed a gnu,
 And snapped a camel
 Clean in two.

I finished the wolf
 Without half trying,
 Then the wild hyena
 And roaring lion.

I knocked down Ham
 And Japeth too,
 And cracked the legs
 Of the kangaroo.

I finished, besides,
 Two pigs and a donkey,
 A Polar bear,
 Opossum, and monkey.

Also the lions,
 Tigers, and cats,
 And dromedaries,
 And tiny rats.

There wasn't a thing
 That didn't feel,
 Sooner or later,
 The weight of my heel.

I felt as grand
 As grand could be—
 But, oh! the whipping
 My mamma gave me!

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

(For small boy—one who can speak out.)

THE elephant said, "If my trunk I could
 check
 I would make an excursion to upper Quebec;
 But truly, I cannot get state-room or bunk,
 So long as I'm hampered with such a big trunk."

TEACHING DOLLY.

(Suited to a little girl from five to eight years of age. Should have a book or chart with large letters, and hold it so the audience can see. Addressing her doll, she begins:)

COME here, you nignoramus!
I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now, listen, and I'll tell you—
This round hole's name is O,
And when you put a tail in,
It makes it Q, you know.

And if it has a front door
To walk in at, it's C;
Then make a seat right here
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, Dolly,
Is I, and stands for me,
And when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is P,
And E without his slippers on
Is only F, you see.

You turn A upside downward,
And people call it V,
And if it's twins, like this one
W 'twill be.

Now, Dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap—
Most much's I—Oh, Dolly!
I b'lieve you've gone asleep.

DOLLY'S BATH.

(A little girl with doll.)

DOLLY, you're a sad disgrace,
I shall have to wash your face;
How can you so dirty be?
Really it distresses me.
A bath at once, dear, you must take,
That will a nice, clean dolly make.
(*Prepares to wash the doll.*)

A BOY'S OPINION.

(Boy with hammer and paper of tacks.)

THE girls may have their dollies,
Made of china and wax;
I prefer a little hammer,
And a paper full of tacks.

There's such comfort in a chisel!
And such music in a file!
I wish that little pocket-saws
Would get to be the style!

My kite may fly up in the tree;
My sled be stuck in mud;
And all my hopes of digging wells
Be nipped off in the bud;

But with a little box of nails,
A gimlet and a screw,
I'm happier than any king;
I've work enough to do

HATTIE'S VIEWS ON HOUSE-CLEANING.

OUR folks have been cleaning house—and, oh! it is just dreadful, I think! Why, a little girl might just as well have no mamma, as to have a mamma who is cleaning house. She does not have any time to 'tend to me at all. She ties her head up in an old apron, and wears an ugly old dress, and she don't look a bit pretty. Then she pulls everything out of its place, and the house looks—oh! so bad. We do not have any good dinners, either, 'cause there's no time to stop to get them ready. And I cannot find my dear Margaret that was broken a little, and the saw-dust ran out of her. Mamma said she made so much dirt that she must be burnt up, and, oh! I'm afraid that is where she is gone. And ever so many of my playthings are lost—lost in the house-cleaning. What if they were old and broken! I loved them; so is it any wonder I think house-cleaning is a dreadful thing?

When I grow up to be a big woman, I mean never to clean house at all, but be just as dirty and happy as I can.

THROWING KISSES.

(Sunday-School or church occasion.)

A LITTLE girl, accustomed to play,
 Stood by the window, one summer day,
 Throwing kisses by two and two,
 As you often see little children do.

The mother saw the darling well,
 But who they were for, she could not tell;
 Still on flew the kisses, away, away,
 As sweet as the sun of the summer day.

"What are you doing, my darling Bell?"
 "You can see me, mother, and can't you tell?"
 "Throwing kisses; but why, my dear?"
 For I see nobody, far or near."

"Why, mother, you know, as well as I,
 Who lives way up above the sky;
 'Tis He who sees me every day,
 When I'm sleeping, and when at play.

"To God and Jesus the kisses I throw,
 Because, dear mother, I love them so!
 I can't see them, of course, I know;
 But they can see me, wherever I go.

"And they want the kisses; for, don't you see,
 I must love them, if they love me?
 The teacher at Sunday-School told me this
 And those I love, I always kiss."

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

(Little Mary addresses her doll, which is seated in a chair.)

WELL, little girl, you wish to come to school, do you? I hope you are a very good girl and will not give me any trouble. What is your name? Lucy, is it? Well, Lucy, do you know your letters? Can you read and spell and write? You don't know anything, eh? How shocking! Well, then, I will try to teach you how to spell your name the first thing, because every little girl, when she is as big as you, ought to know how to spell her name. Lucy—that's an easy name to spell. Now say "L"—you can remember that if you'll just think of "Aunt El.;" then "U"—u, remember, not me—that's L-U. Next comes

"C"—that's what you do with your eyes, you know—"C." L-U-C, and the last is "Y," that's easy—"Y." Why, of course! And now you have it all!—L (for Aunt El.)-U (not me)-C (with your eyes)-and Y (why, of course)—Lucy.

That is very good. You'll soon be a good scholar, I see! Now you may take a recess.

DO YOUR BEST.

DO your best, your very best,
 And do it every day.
 Little boys and little girls,
 That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
 At home or at your school,
 Do your best with right good will;
 It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
 His best will better grow;
 But he who shirks or slights his task,
 Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
 You need not yield to sorrow,
 For he who bravely works to-day,
 His tasks grow bright to-morrow.

HARRY'S DOG.

HARRY has a little dog,
 Such a cunning fellow!
 With a very shaggy coat,
 Streaked with white and yellow.

Harry's dog has shining eyes,
 And a nose so funny!
 Harry wouldn't sell his dog
 For a mint of money.

Harry's dog will never bark,
 Never bite a stranger;
 So he'd be of no account
 Where there's any danger.

Harry has a little dog,
 Such a cunning fellow!
 But his dog is made of wood,
 Painted white and yellow.

PARTNERSHIP.

(A little girl addresses the mother of her pet kitten.)

YOU need not be looking around at me so ;
She's my kitten as much as your kitten,
you know ;

And I'll take her wherever I wish her to go !

You know very well that the day she was found,
If I hadn't cried, she'd have surely been
drowned,

And you ought to be thankful she's here safe
sound !

She is only just crying because she's a goose ;
I'm not squeezing her—look, now ! my hands
are quite loose,

And she may as well hush, for it's not any use.

And you may as well get right down and go 'way !
You're not in the play we are going to play,
And, remember, it isn't your half of the day.

You're forgetting the bargain we made—and so
soon !

In the morning she's yours, and mine all after-
noon,

And you couldn't teach her to eat with a spoon.

So don't let me hear you give one single mew.
Do you know what will happen right off, if
you do ?

She'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons too !

MAUD'S BIRTHDAY.

(The speaker must have his arms filled with the toys
mentioned in the piece.)

I'M five years old to-day, and I have brought
my pretty birthday presents here to show
them to you all.

Five times one to-day ! I'm getting pretty
old, but I'm glad of it. I think it is very nice
to be going-on-six.

I suppose, after while, when I get to be two or
three hundred, like grandma, I won't like it so
well to have a birthday, but now I think it is
delightful. Isn't this a beautiful top ? Mamma
gave it to me this morning. And see my ball
and hoop, and this nice slate and book ! I think

papa and mamma, and all our folks, must be very
glad that I was born, because, if they were sorry,
they would not give me such nice things on my
birthday, would they ?

THE "I CAN'T" ARMY.

OH ! dear. What a troublesome set of chil-
dren the "I can't's" are ! Their moth-
ers have to button their shoes, and brush
their hair, and find their mittens, and do all such
little things for them, that they might learn to
do for themselves, if they would only try. The
"I Can't's" do not want to learn anything.
Their teachers have to coax them to allow their
lessons to be pushed into their minds. They
stop at every hard place and whine "I can't go
on," and have to be helped, or there they would
stay forever. Now, do you suppose the "I
Can't's" will ever make the world any better or
happier for their being in it ? No, of course they
will not ; and if any one among us even suspects
that he belongs to the army of "I Can't's," let
him at once desert and join the ranks of the "I'll
Try's."

CAW! CAW! CAW!

(The effect is very comical if the "Caws" are well
mimicked.)

CAW ! caw ! caw !

I am a poor old crow !

And I just want to know

Why you treat us with cruelty and scorn ?

Caw ! caw ! caw !

Why you shoot us with a gun,

And seem to think it fun,

If we just take a grain or two of corn ?

Caw ! caw ! caw !

Yet you'll make it into drink,

Which does more harm, I think,

Than all the crows that ever flew in air ;

Caw ! caw ! caw !

For it blights where'er it flows,

Killing men instead of crows,

Then why not eat, and let us have a share ?

Caw ! caw ! caw !

EDWARD CARSWELL.



A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

(Suggestion For Tableau.)

"Jesus I would be like thee,
Look from heaven and pity me.
Though so full of sin I am,
Make me now thy little lamb."



NOBODY'S CHILD.

(Suggestion For Tableau.)

"All day I wander to and fro
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go
Oh! Why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?"

THINGS THAT I DO NOT LIKE TO SEE.

(Practical boy or girl of eight or nine years.)

A LITTLE boy or girl coming late to school,
Failing in his lessons, breaking every
rule,
Whispering to his neighbor, slamming hard the
door,
Walking with a heavy step on the school-room
floor,—
Dropping slate and pencil, lounging in his seat,
Drumming with his fingers, kicking with his feet,
Slyly pinching Willie, pulling Johnny's hair,
Gazing out the window with a vacant stare,
Making ugly faces, telling ugly tales,
Throwing little spit-balls, biting finger nails,
Grumbling at the lessons, studying them aloud,
Looking black, if noticed, as a thunder-cloud,
Muttering at the teacher in an undertone,
Borrowing sponge and pencil, careless of his own,
Forgetting to return them, neglecting to replace,
Always finding some excuse—ever in disgrace,
Creating a confusion wherever he may be—
Are just a few of many things I do not like to
see. L. J. Rook.

MARY AND THE SWALLOW.

(Suited for any entertainment where children take part. The swallow may be personated by a little girl out of sight of the audience. An imitative twittering may be heard before the dialogue commences.)

M. The lilacs are in blossom, the cherry flowers
are white ;
I hear a sound above me, a twitter of delight ;
It is my friend the swallow, as sure as I'm
alive !
I'm very glad to see you ! Pray, when did
you arrive ?
S. I'm very glad to get here ; I only came
to-day :
I was this very morning a hundred miles
away.
M. It was a weary journey ; how tired you
must be !
S. Oh no ! I'm used to traveling, and it agrees
with me.

M. You left us last September, and pray where
did you go ?
S. I went South for the Winter, I always do,
you know.
M. The South ? How do you like it ?
S. I like its sunny skies ;
And round the orange-blossoms I caught
the nicest flies.
But when the spring had opened, I wanted
to come back.
M. You're still the same old swallow ! Your
wings are just as black.
S. I always wear dark colors ; I'm ever on the
wing ;
A sober suit for traveling I think the proper
thing.
M. Your little last year's nestlings, do tell me
how they grow.
S. My nestlings are great swallows, and mated
long ago.
M. And shall you build this summer among the
flowers and leaves ?
S. No. I have taken lodgings beneath the
stable eaves.
You'll hear each night and morning my
twitter in the sky.
M. That sound is always welcome. And now
good-bye !
S. Good-bye ! MARIAN DOUGLAS.

DOLL ROSY'S BATH.

(An action recitation, in which the little girl should have a doll, which she attempts to wash.)

THIS time Doll Rosy had a bath,
And she'll be good, I hope ;
She likes the water well enough,
But doesn't like the soap.

Now soft I'll rub her with a sponge,
Her eyes and nose and ears,
And splash her fingers in the bowl,
And never mind the tears.

There now—oh, my ! what have I done ?
I've washed the skin off—see !
Her pretty pink and white are gone
Entirely ! oh, dear me !

AN EGG A CHICKEN.

(Seven-year-old boy. Speak in a know-all tone.)

“AN egg a chicken! Don't tell me!
 For didn't I break an egg to see?
 There was nothing inside but a yellow ball,
 With a bit of mucilage round it all—
 Neither beak nor bill,
 Nor toe nor quill,
 Not even a feather
 To hold it together;
 Not a sign of life could any one see.
 An egg a chicken? You can't fool me.

“An egg a chicken! Didn't I pick
 Up the very shell that had held the chick—
 So they said?—and didn't I work half a day
 To pack him in where he couldn't stay?

Let me try as I please,
 With squeeze upon squeeze,
 There is scarce space to meet
 His head and his feet.

No room for any of the rest of him—so
 That egg never held that chicken, I know.”

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,
 Felt his trouble, and helped him, as mothers can!
 Took an egg from the nest—it was smooth and
 round:

“Now, my boy, can you tell me what makes this
 sound?”

Faint and low, tap, tap, tap;
 Soft and slow, rap, rap;
 Sharp and quick,
 Like a prisoner's pick.

“Hear it peep, inside there!” cried Tom, with
 a shout;

“How did it get in, and how can it get out?”

Tom was eager to help—he could break the shell.
 Mamma smiled and said, “All's well that ends
 well,

Be patient awhile yet my boy.” Click, click,
 And out popped the bill of a dear little chick.

No room had it lacked,
 Though snug it was packed,
 There it was all complete,
 From its head to its feet.

The softest of down and the brightest of eyes,
 And so big—why the shell wasn't half its size.

Tom gave a long whistle, “Mamma, now I see
 That an egg is a chicken—though the how beats
 me,

An egg isn't a chicken, that I know and declare,
 Yet an egg is a chicken—see the proof of it
 there.

Nobody can tell
 How it came in that shell;
 Once out all in vain
 Would I pack it again.

I think 'tis a miracle, mamma mine,
 As much as that of the water and wine.”

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

MR. TONGUE.

MY friend, Mr. Tongue,
 He lives in my mouth,
 He's red as a rose,
 And as warm as the South.
 He has not a foot,
 But how quick!y he goes,
 My little friend Tongue,
 As red as a rose.

OH!

OH, what would people do
 Without the little Oh?
 For everybody says it
 Wherever they may go.

When people bump their noses,
 Or even stump a toe,
 How very much they'd suffer
 If they couldn't cry out “Oh!”

It's Oh! when I am happy
 And Oh my! when I'm sad,
 And Oh dear me! when study
 Makes me so awful mad.

When I go to the dentist's
 I sound a frightful Oh!
 And then when I am sleepy
 There is the gaping O—h!

A LITTLE GIRL'S CHRISTMAS.

(To be spoken by a girl of six to eight years, before the presents are distributed from the Christmas Tree.)

YES, Christmas day has come at last,
 And I am glad 'tis here ;
 For, don't you think, for *this one day*,
 I've waited just a year.
 I'm sure it should have come before,
 As sure as I'm alive ;
 Fifty-two Sundays make a year,
 And I've counted *seventy-five*.
 There's one thing makes me very glad,
 As glad as I can be :
 The years grow *short* as we grow *old*,
 And that will just suit me.
 I wish 'twas Christmas every month—
 That's long enough to wait—
 For all the presents that I want,
 A year is very late.
 We'd have a tree, then, every month,
 And presents nice and new :
 (*A voice in the audience says, "Where would the
 money come from ?"*)
 Do Christmas trees cost anything ?
 (*A voice, "I guess they do !"*)
 Then one a year will do.
 And now I'll take my seat, dear friends,
 And wait to hear my call ;
 For I've a present on the tree,
 And I hope it is a doll.

HOW SAD.

(By special permission of the Author.)

AT morning Susie Bell and I
 Went to the beach to play,,
 The sun shone high above our heads,
 We thought he'd shine all day.
 But very soon a cloud came by,
 And hid him from our eyes,
 Then Susie said the cloud was mean
 And frowned up at the skies.
 I know he heard, for soon upon
 The sands there fell a tear,
 Then Susie cried with all her might
 And I did too, I fear.

And so the cloud and Susie Bell
 And I, we cried all three,
 And were 'most drown'd by the tears,
 As wet as wet could be.
 Then nursie came to take us home,
 And scolded all the way,
 But when the sun comes out again
 We're going back to play.

MAY RAPLEY McNABB.

CHRISTMAS.

DAINTY little stockings
 Hanging in a row,
 Blue and gray and scarlet,
 In the firelight's glow.
 Curly-pated sleepers
 Safely tucked in bed ;
 Dreams of wondrous toy-shops
 Dancing through each head.
 Funny little stockings
 Hanging in a row
 Stuffed with sweet surprises,
 Down from top to toe.
 Skates and balls and trumpets,
 Dishes, tops, and drums,
 Books and dolls and candles,
 Nuts and sugar-plums.
 Little sleeper waking :
 Bless me, what a noise :
 Wish you merry Christmas,
 Happy girls and boys !

THE NURSERY.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

ONLY a baby small, dropped from the skies ;
 Only a laughing face, two sunny eyes ;
 Only two cherry lips, one chubby nose ;
 Only two little hands ten little toes ;
 Only a golden head, curly and soft ;
 Only a tongue that wags loudly and oft ;
 Only a little brain, unvexed by thought ;
 Only a little heart, troubled by naught ;
 Only a tender flower, sent us to rear ;
 Only a life to love while we are here.

MATTHIAS BARR.

AN AXE TO GRIND.

(Big boy with an axe on his shoulder, comes on the stage, where he finds a small boy with a book satchel going to school. Grindstone sitting on the stage.)

Hiram Sneak. Stop a moment, boy. I've a word to say.

Ben Franklin. Well, what is it? I can't stop long; I'm on my way to school; the bell is ringing.

H. What time does school begin, my little hero?

B. In ten minutes, and I must run half a mile to get there.

H. So far? You are a bright little fellow; there isn't your match in all Boston. By the way, has your father such a thing as a grindstone?

B. Oh yes! There it stands.

H. Upon my word, you are a remarkably fine lad. Can you read, write and cipher?

B. That I can: I go to Mr. Brownell's school; I could read before I was four years old.

H. What a wonderful boy! What's your name?

B. Benjamin Franklin.

H. Well, Ben, can I grind my axe on your grindstone?

B. Yes; father can have no objection. Now I must go, or I shall be late at school.

H. Stop! I declare you're a fine little fellow.

B. I'm to have a new London writing-book to-morrow.

H. Possible? I say, Ben, it's such a cold day all the water about the grindstone seems to be frozen. Couldn't you get me some hot water?

B. Yes, I'll get some in half a minute. (*Exit.*)

H. There's nothing like flattery if you want to get an axe ground. Here's this little fool tickled out of his wits by my praises. The school-bell has been clanging away, but he forgets all about it. Well, well, Alexander the Great wasn't much wiser. It takes a philosopher like me to despise fame.

B. (*entering with kettle*.) Here's the hot water.

H. Thank you, Tom.

B. No, sir; Ben—Ben Franklin.

H. Well, Ben, you're the finest lad I've ever seen. Will you turn the grindstone for me a minute?

B. Excuse me, sir, but the school-bell has—

H. Oh, I see, you're not strong enough.

B. Not strong enough! You shall see.

H. What a powerful boy! Grind away, Ben.

B. It turns rather hard. You are pressing on, sir.

H. Yes, the axe has never been ground before. I declare! You turn it as well as a grown man could do.

B. I'm afraid the school-bell has done ringing.

H. Turn away, Ben. What a man you'll make if you live to grow up! What do you mean to be, Ben?

B. A printer; my brother is a printer. I never knew this grindstone to go so hard. It tries the hands.

H. Turn away, Ben. The axe is almost ground. I never knew such a boy—I'll say that. One more turn, Ben! There! That will do. The axe is ground.

B. It's sharp, is it?

H. What's that to you? You want a penny for the job, I suppose. Now, look here, you little rascal!

B. Rascal? Is that all the thanks I get?

H. You've been playing truant. Oh, won't you catch it from old Brownell!

B. After blistering my hands over your old axe you call me a rascal, do you?

H. Pick up your satchel and scud!

B. I shall be late at school. I shall be thrashed. But I shall remember you, Mr. Axe-grinder, for the rest of my life. (*Runs off.*)

H. Ha, ha, ha! Poor little Ben! 'Tis rather rough on him, I confess, but it's a good lesson; it will set him to thinking—will teach him how much axe-grinding there is going on in the world. When he sees a tradesman over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a drink and throwing his goods on the counter, Ben will say to himself, That man has an axe to grind. When he sees a fellow who in private

life is a tyrant professing great love for liberty, Ben will say, Look out, good people; that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When he sees a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without one qualification to render him either respectable or useful, Ben will say, Deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby. And so, in the long run, Ben will not grudge the time he has wasted turning the grindstone for Hiram Sneak. His wits will be as much sharpened as my axe has been by his labor. On the whole, I flatter myself I've done a very benevolent action. (*Exit.*)

A LITTLE BOY'S WONDER.

(For a bright little fellow of five years—in frock.)

I WONDER, oh! I wonder what makes ve sun go wound;
 I wonder what can make ve fowers tum popin' from ve gwound.
 I wonder if my mamma loves Billy morn'n me;
 I wonder if I'd beat a bear a-climbin' up a twee;
 I wonder how ve angels 'member everybody's pwayers,
 I wonder if I didn't leave my sandwich on ve stairs,
 I wonder what my teacher meant about "a twuthful heart;"
 I guess 'tis finkin' untul Jack will surely bring my cart.
 I wonder what I'd do if I should hear a lion woar;
 I bet I'd knock 'im on ve head, and lay him on ve floor.
 I wonder if our Farver knew how awful I did feel
 When Tom's pie was in my pottet, and I wead, "Vou shall not steal."
 I wonder if, when boys get big, it's dreadful in ve dark;
 I wonder what my doggie thinks when he begins to bark.
 I wonder what vat birdie says who hollers so and sings;
 I wonder, oh! I wonder lots and lots of over fings.

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

(Suited to a boy or girl of eight to ten years.)

A LITTLE downy chick one day
 Asked leave to go on the water,
 Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
 Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
 When her mother wouldn't let her,
 "If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?
 Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
 And hush your foolish talking;
 Just look at your feet, and you will see
 They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
 And didn't half believe her,
 For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
 Such stories couldn't deceive her.

And as her mother was scratching the ground
 She muttered lower and lower,
 "I know I can go there and not be drowned,
 And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep,
 And saw too late her blunder;
 For she had hardly time to peep,
 When her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
 The child my story reading,
 That those who are older sometimes know
 What you will do well in heeding;

That each content in his place should dwell,
 And envy not his brother;
 For any part that is acted well
 Is just as good as another;

For we all have our proper spheres below,
 And this is a truth worth knowing:
 You will come to grief if you try to go
 Where you never were made for going.

PHOEBE CARY.

CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

(For Christmas entertainment. The following acrostic may be represented by fourteen little boys and girls, each bearing a small banner made of different colors of cloth and having one large letter cut out of cloth and sewed on it. Each little speaker steps forward and repeats one line, holding the banner so the letter shows plainly to the audience. When they are all in line, the letters spell the words MERRY CHRISTMAS.)

Merrily ring the Christmas Bells ;
 Every heart with rapture swells ;
 Round the world with joy proclaim
 Redemption in the Saviour's name.
 Youth and age alike will say
 Christ was born on Christmas Day.
 Herald Him, ye glittering throng,
 Rend the morning light with song ;
 In Judea's land a babe is born,
 Sent to comfort all that mourn.
 Trusting in the promise given,
 Marching on our way to Heaven,
 All of earth in gladness sing,
 Songs of praise to Heaven's King.

DON'T WAKE THE BABY.

(Speak in a low half whisper and tread about on tip-toes.)

BABY sleeps, so we must tread
 Softly 'round her little bed,
 And be careful that our toys
 Do not fall and make a noise.

Play and talk, but whisper low,
 Mother wants to work, we know ;
 That when father comes to tea,
 All may neat and cheerful be.

KINDNESS AND CRUELTY.

(Big boy of twelve and little boy of eight.)

Paul. Are you the boy who called me names the other day ?

Charles. If you are the boy who threw stones at a toad, I am the boy who called you cruel.

P. Then I shall give you a beating.

C. I do not see how that would change the fact. You would still be cruel.

P. Are you not afraid of me ?

C. I am just about as afraid of you as I am of our big rooster when he jumps on a fence and crows.

P. I am larger and stouter than you are.

C. So a hawk is larger than a king-bird ; but the king-bird is not afraid of him.

P. Why did you call me cruel for stoning an ugly toad ?

C. Because it is a cruel act to give needless pain to any living thing.

P. Would you not like to have all the toads put out of the way ?

C. By no means. The toad is of use, and does us no harm. Four or five toads will keep a garden free from bugs, worms and flies, that would spoil the leaves. A good gardener would rather have you strike him than kill a toad.

P. I never heard before that a toad was of any use.

C. Probably all the creatures in the world are of use, in some way, though we may not yet have found it out. But what harm did you ever know a toad to do ? See how he tries to hop out of your way as soon as he hears your step.

P. It is true ; I never heard of a toad's doing any harm. What is your name ?

C. My name is Charles Larcom.

P. Charles Larcom, I have been in the wrong, and you have been in the right. Will you shake hands with me ?

C. Gladly ; I'd much rather shake hands than fight.

P. I *was* cruel in stoning the toad, and you said no more than the truth about me.

C. I think we shall be good friends. Come and see me : I live in the white house by the brook, near the old willow tree.

P. I know the house. Will you go and pick berries with me next Saturday afternoon ?

C. That I will ; and my brother would like to go, too.

P. I'll call for you at three o'clock ; till then, good-bye.

C. Good-bye, Paul Curtis ; I'm glad to have met you.

A LITTLE SCHOOL MARM.

(The little girl should have three dolls, arranged in a row on chairs. Careful drilling in the gestures and correct recitation of the piece will add to its interest.)

MELINDA JANE, and Kate, and Nell,
It's time you learned to read and spell.
Come, now, and say your A, B, C.
Hold up your heads, and look at me,
For if you never learn to read,
What stupid dolls you'll be, indeed!

All ready now: A, B, and C—
What is the matter? Oh dear me!
I cannot hear one word you say!
Why, Katy dear, don't turn away;
Sit up again and listen—there!
She's fast asleep, I do declare!

Well, never mind, where's grandpa's cane?
Now look at me, Melinda Jane,
You needn't think that this is play;
For I shall keep you here all day,
And make you read before you go:
I know what's good for dollies,—so!

Now say A, B—Look this way, Nell:
You speak so low, I can't just tell.
Melinda Jane, why don't you try?
Oh dear! I'm tired enough to cry!
I think I'll stop, and go to play,
And try again some other day.

I WISH I WERE A BIRD.

(Suited to Sunday-School occasions.)

I'M tired of being a little girl,
And sitting 'round all day;
I'm hardly big enough to work,
And I don't care to play.

I guess I'd like to be a bird,
And sit upon a tree;
They never hear a naughty word,
Nor cry, as I can see.

I wonder if they always feel
As happy as they seem?
Say, little bird, do I guess right,
Or is it all a dream?

Does anybody trouble you,
Or make you grieve and cry?
Now hark! so I won't miss a word:
He'll tell me by and by.

(*The countenance of the speaker should change to sadness while listening.*)

O, that's too bad! I never thought
That you could ever cry.
He says they shut him in a cage,
So he could never fly.

And now he's lonely all the day,
And does not care to sing.
I'll come and see you, little bird,
And all my playthings bring.

I'll bring my little sister doll,
And when I talk to you,
And say her *truly name*, you'll think
She is your sister, too.

And then, if God is willing, you
Can teach me how to fly;
For, if I only were a bird,
I wouldn't have to die.

MY PRESENT.

(For Christmas entertainment. For a little boy who speaks plainly.)

IF I've a present upon the tree,
I'll tell you all what I hope it will be.
I want a kite that knows how to fly,
And a string that will let it go very high.

And then, as firm as firm can be,
A seat on the top that will just suit me:
And then the dear old kite and I
Will start away, and begin to fly.

We'll sail away on the gentle breeze,
Over the houses, and over the trees,
Over the clouds, and on and on,
Till we pass the stars, and moon, and sun.

And what, do you think, would Jesus say,
To see me coming to heaven that way?
I think He would call me, and ask me why;
And I'd tell Him, I didn't want to die!

LITTLE KITTY.

(To be recited with appropriate gestures.)

ONCE there was a little kitty,
Whiter than snow ;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro ;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a sloe ;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kittie,
All in a row ;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mousie cried " Oh ! "
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

Kitty White so shyly comes,
To catch the mousie Gray ;
But mousie hears her softly step,
And quickly runs away.

WASHING DOLLY'S CLOTHES.

(A little girl with her dolly sitting in a chair nearby.
Should have a bowl or small tub.)

A IN'T you 'shamed, you naughty Dolly ?
Ain't you 'shamed as you can be ?
'Cause you made your clothes so dirty,
See the trouble you've made me !

Oh, you needn't hang your head so ;
That won't help the thing a bit ;
Here's your mother, naughty Dolly,
Hard at work ; just think of it !

But I've learned a lesson, Dolly,
I'll be good at I can be ;
My mamma shall not be tired
Doing extra work for me.

COLORADO HOTEL RULES.

(Suited to a little boy of seven to nine years.)

MY Pa is a travelling man, so he calls himself. He goes all over the country and rides on the cars, and sees the storekeepers and sells 'em all sorts of things, especially soap and chewing-gum. I don't know much about the soap, but I tell you the chewing-gum is boss. I am going to be a travelling man, too, when I get grown. My Pa said I might if I learnt all about the rules, and I have done learned the hotel rules by heart. He brought 'em to me right from a big hotel, called the Rustler's Rest, out in Colorado. Let me see if I can say 'em for you :

RULE 1. All gents with shooting-irons or other weapons must check them before entering the dining-room. Waiters are too scarce to be killed.

RULE 2. Gents are requested not to attract waiters' attention by throwing things at them. This is no deaf-mute asylum.

RULE 3. Seven kinds of pies are given with every dinner.

RULE 4. Tablecloths are changed every Sunday.

RULE 5. Our food is all of the best quality. Our milk is pure, eggs new laid, and the butter speaks for itself.

RULE 6. Guests tipping waiters must pay funeral benefits in case one should die from heart disease.

RULE 7. No more than six eggs will be given each at a sitting. Any guest found trying to work off shells on a neighbor will be fired from the table.

RULE 8. Biscuits found riveted together can be opened with a chisel supplied by a waiter. The use of dynamite is strictly forbidden.

RULE 9. Disputes over articles of food must be settled outside.

RULE 10. Don't lasso the waiters, because the guest who can't throw the rope will be at a disadvantage.

RULE 11. Gents can take off their coats if they want to, but they must keep on their shirts.



SUGGESTIONS FOR CHILDREN'S COSTUME, HEADRESS,
AND ATTITUDES



THE SICK CHILD.
(Suggestion For Tableau.)

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you
in the morning."

JACK FROST AND TOM RUDDY.

(A big boy, with cotton over his hat and clothes, may represent Jack Frost. A small boy, with ruddy cheeks, warm clothes and gloves, and a pair of skates slung over his arms, should represent Tom Ruddy.)

Jack Frost:

Who are you, little boy, on your way to the meadow,
This cold winter day with your skates and your sled—O?

Tom Ruddy:

My name is Tom Ruddy; and though it is snowing,
To the meadow, to skate and to coast, I am going.

Jack Frost:

You had better turn back now, my little friend Tommy,
For the ground it is stiff, and the day it is stormy.

Tom Ruddy:

No, sir, if you please; I do love this cold weather,
And my coat is of wool, and my shoes are of leather.

Jack Frost:

To nip you and pinch you and chill you I'll study,
Unless you turn back and run home, Thomas Ruddy.

Tom Ruddy:

And who may you be, sir, to talk to me thus, sir?
And what have I done, you should make such a fuss, sir?

Jack Frost:

My name and my calling I will not dissemble:
JACK FROST is my name, Tom! So hear that and tremble!

Tom Ruddy:

Oh, you are that Frost, then, whose touch is so bitter;
Who makes all our window-panes sparkle and glitter!

Jack Frost:

Yes, I am Jack Frost, and now, Tom, I'm coming
To chill you all over, your finger-tips numbing.

Tom Ruddy:

My fingers lie snug in my gay little mittens,
And the fur on my cap is as warm as a kitten's.

Jack Frost:

I will breathe on your ears till they tingle; so fear me,
And scamper, Tom, scamper! Boo-hoo! Do you hear me?

Tom Ruddy:

I hear you, I know you, and if you can match me
In sliding and coasting, come catch me, Jack, catch me! (*Runs.*)

Jack Frost:

Stop! stop! He is gone, all my terrors defying;
To scare boys like Tom I had better stop trying.

RECITATION IN CONCERT.

(For three children.)

WE are but little children yet;
We are but little children yet!
But as we grow, the more we know;
We hope we may be wiser yet.
We wish to learn to read and spell;
We wish to know our duty well!
And everyone who asks we'll tell
That we shall soon be wiser yet.

Perhaps we are but naughty yet;
Perhaps we are but naughty yet!
But every day we try to say,
We'll be a little better yet.
We mean to mind what we are told;
And if we should be rude or bold,
We'll try to mend as we grow old:
We'll wish that we were better yet!

You think we are too giddy yet;
You think we are too giddy yet!
But wait awhile, you need not smile,
Perhaps you'll see us steady yet.
For though we love to run and play,
And many a foolish word we say,
Just come again on some fine day,
You'll find us all quite steady yet!

SPRING VOICES.

(Teach the child to imitate the crow, duck and frog.)

“**C**AW! caw!” says the crow; “Spring has come again, I know;

For as sure as I am born there's a farmer
planting corn:

I shall breakfast there, I trow, long before his
corn can grow.”

“Quack! quack!” says the duck; “was there
ever such good luck!

Spring has cleared the pond of ice, and the day
is warm and nice,

Just as I and Goodman Drake thought we'd like
a swim to take.”

“Croak! croak!” says the frog, as he leaps out
from the bog;

“The earth is warm and fair; spring is here, I
do declare!

Croak! croak! I love the spring; come, little
birds, and sing.”

THAT'S BABY.

(The words, “That's baby,” should be said slowly and with rising inflection and lifted eyebrows, every time growing more emphatic.)

ONE little row of ten little toes
To go along with a brand new nose,
Eight little fingers and two new thumbs
That are just as good as sugar plums—
That's baby.

One little pair of round, new eyes,
Like a little owl's, so big and wise,
One little place they call a mouth,
Without one tooth from north to south—
That's baby.

Two little cheeks to kiss all day,
Two little hands so in his way,
A brand new head, not very big,
That seems to need a brand new wig—
That's baby.

Dear little row of ten little toes!
How much we love them nobody knows;
Ten little kisses on mouth and chin;
What a shame he wasn't born a twin—
That's baby.

OVER THE FENCE.

(In this dialogue CONSCIENCE should be represented by a voice from some one unseen by the audience. The CHILD may have a ball in her (or his) hand, and make it bound two or three times.)

Child:

Over the fence is a garden fair—
How I would love to be owner there!
All that I lack is a mere pretense,
Then I could cross that low white fence.

Conscience:

This is the way all crimes commence:
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

Child:

Over the fence I toss my ball,
Then I go for it—that is all!
Picking an apple beneath a tree
Wouldn't be really theft, you see.

Conscience:

That is not true, says common sense;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

Child:

No one will see me in the shade;
What is the use of being afraid?
Not very hard is the fence to leap;
There lie the apples, a golden heap.

Conscience:

No one will see thee? Oh fly hence!
Down leads the road that's over the fence.

Child:

Whose is that voice so stern and clear?
Twice have I heard it—again I hear!
Help me to look no more that way,
Help me from right no further to stray!

Conscience:

Remember, remember, all crimes commence
With coveting that which is over the fence.

Child:

I know thee now—let me know thee long!
Voice divine, oh keep me from wrong!
Keep me from every mean pretense,
From coveting aught that is over the fence.

A FOURTH OF JULY RECORD.

(Suitable to Fourth of July entertainment.)

- 1 was a wide-awake little boy
Who rose with the break of day ;
- 2 were the minutes he took to dress,
Then he was off and away.
- 3 were his leaps when he cleared the stairs,
Although they were steep and high ;
- 4 was the number which caused his haste,
Because it was Fourth of July !
- 5 were his pennies which went to buy
A package of crackers red ;
- 6 were the matches which touched them off
And then—he was back in bed.
- 7 big plasters he had to wear
To cure his fractures sore ;
- 8 were the visits the doctor made,
Before he was whole once more.
- 9 were the dolorous days he spent
In sorrow and pain ; but then,
- 0 are the seconds he'll stop to think
Before he does it again.

LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

(For seven little boys and girls. Teacher or some large boy or girl should speak.)

THE days of the week once talking together
About their housekeeping, their friends
and the weather,

Agreed in their talk it would be a nice thing
For all to march, and dance, and sing ;
So they all stood up in a very straight row,
And this is the way they decided to go :

(Let seven children stand up, and as day of week is called, take places, each one equipped with the things the speaker mentions.)

First came little Sunday, so sweet and good,
With a book in her hand, at the head she stood.
Monday skipped in with soap and a tub,
Scrubbing away with a rub-a-dub-dub ;
With board and iron came Tuesday bright,
Talking to Monday in great delight.

Then Wednesday—the dear little cook—came in,
Riding cock horse on his rolling-pin.
Thursday followed, with broom and brush,
Her hair in a towel, and she in a rush.
Friday appeared, gayly tripping along ;
He scoured the knives, and then he was gone.
Saturday last, with a great big tub,
Into which we all jump for a very good rub.
*(The children march and sing to the tune of
" Good Morning, Merry Sunshine.")*

Children of the week are we,
Happy, busy, full of glee.
Often do we come this way,
And you meet us every day.
Hand in hand we trip along,
Singing, as we go, a song.
Each one may a duty bring,
Though it be a little thing.

(All bow, and taking up the articles retire from the stage in order, Sunday, Monday, etc.)

MARY ELY PAGE.

IF I WERE YOU.

IF I were you, and went to school,
I'd never break the smallest rule ;
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy.
And 'twould be true,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell ;
For two things only I despise,
A coward heart and telling lies ;
And you would, too,
If I were you.

WHAT TO DRINK.

I THINK that every mother's son
And every father's daughter,
Should drink at least till twenty-one,
Just nothing but cold water.
And after that, they might drink tea,
But nothing any stronger ;
If all folks would agree with me,
They'd live a great deal longer.

THE BLESSED ONES.

(Suited to nine little boys and girls. Let each one step forward as he speaks.)

BLESSED are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

(All stand in line and repeat together :)

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven ; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

FROM MATTHEW, 5 : 2-12.

I THINK IT'S WRONG—DON'T YOU?

(Suited to a bright little boy or girl. Should be spoken in a simple, confident, child-like tone. Teach the child to speak plainly and slowly, and to ask the question distinctly.)

WHILE walking on the street one day,
I saw a boy—it's true—

Snatch quickly from a little girl

A toy, both rare and new,
And never give it back to her :

I think that's wrong—don't you ?

I saw a little girl at home,

With curls, and eyes of blue ;

I heard her say, " I won't, mamma ! "

And saw she meant it, too.

And then the eyes grew very fierce :

I think that's wrong—don't you ?

I've seen the children on the street

Such wicked actions do,

That I have really been afraid

'Twould make me wicked, too.

I think if I had stayed there, I

Should have done wrong—don't you ?

I think it's wrong to steal and lie,

To drink, and smoke, and chew ;

It's wrong to disobey mamma,

As children often do ;

But to be Christ-like every day,

I think *that's* right—*don't* you ?

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

(Suited for Church or Sunday-School. Arranged for five little boys or girls. May be repeated at entertainment or before Sunday-School. Speakers should stand in line and recite one after the other.)

FIRST SPEAKER.

THE Lord is my shepherd ;
I shall not want.

SECOND SPEAKER.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ;
He leadeth me beside the still waters ;

THIRD SPEAKER.

He restoreth my soul ;
He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for
His name's sake.

FOURTH SPEAKER.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death,
I will fear no evil ; for Thou art with me ;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

FIFTH SPEAKER.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence
of mine enemies ;
Thou anointest my head with oil ;
My cup runneth over.

ALL TOGETHER.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow (me) *us*
all the days of (my) *our* (life) *lives* ;
And (I) *we* will dwell in the house of the Lord
for ever.

THE CONTENTED BLIND BOY.

(When this selection is used for an entertainment the effect may be greatly enhanced by allowing the little speaker to sit instead of standing on the stage. He should keep his eyes closed or wear glasses, and all his actions should be those of a blind child.)

O H say what is that thing called light, which
I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight? Oh
tell a poor blind boy!
You talk of wondrous things you *see*; you say
the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he make it day
or night?
My day or night myself I make whene'er I sleep
or play;
And could I always keep awake, with me 'twere
always day.
With heavy sigh I often hear you mourn my
hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear a loss I ne'er
can know.
Then let not what I cannot have my cheer of
mind destroy;
While thus I sing, I am a king, *although* a poor
blind boy. CIBBER.

I LOVE THE BIRDS.

I F ever I see
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor harm them in my play.

And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me;
And then, if I'm sad
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

A GENTLEMAN.

(For a boy of twelve years.)

THE appellation "gentleman"
Too frequently is bought,
But how *to be* a gentleman
Is very seldom taught.

In vain the tailor's subtle skill,
In vain the barber's art;
They cannot give one attribute
One polished grace impart.

A man may be a gentleman
Though clad in homespun stuff,
And prove himself by word and deed
A diamond in the rough.

No contact with the vulgar mind
Can cloud his lustre o'er,
But like the lapidary's touch
'Twill make him shine the more.

At home, abroad, to high, to low,
He always is the same;
By this you'll know your gentleman
Is worthy of the name.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

FOLLOW THE GOLDEN RULE.

(Sunday-School selection.)

ONE rule to guide us in our life
Is always good and true;
'Tis do to others as you would
That they should do to you.

When urged to do a selfish deed,
Pause, and your course review;
Then do to others as you would
That they should do to you.

When doubtful which is right, which wrong,
This you can safely do:
Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you.

Oh simple rule! oh law divine!
To duty thou'rt a clew.
Child, do to others as you would
That they should do to you.

BESSIE'S SECRET.

(Suited to a girl of six to eight. This selection is also often recited by older persons.)

“**I** KNOW the nicest secret,”
 Cried bonnie little Bess,
 Her golden curls all flying,
 “ You’ll never, never guess.
 There’s something up at our house
 That cries, and cries, and cries ;
 It’s head’s as bald as grandpa’s,
 And it has such little eyes.
 “ It’s face is red, just awful,
 With such a funny nose ;
 It has such tiny fingers
 And such a lot of toes.
 It isn’t very pretty,
 Nor half so nice as me,
 But mamma calls it darling,
 And sweet as sweet can be.
 “ It isn’t a new dolly,
 For dolls can’t breathe, you know ;
 It’s—Oh! I almost told you!—
 Good-by, I’ve got to go.
 I want to go and kiss it,”
 Away flew little Bess
 Without telling the secret,
 I leave for you to guess.

BABY-LAND.

HOW many miles to Baby-Land?
 Any one can tell ;
 Up one flight
 To your right—
 Please to ring the bell.
 What can you see in Baby-Land?
 Little folks in white ;
 Downy heads,
 Cradle beds,
 Faces pure and bright.
 What do they do in Baby-Land?
 Dream, and wake and play ;
 Laugh and crow,
 Shout and grow,
 Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby Land?
 Why, the oddest things ;
 Might as well
 Try to tell
 What the birdie sings.

Who is the Queen of Baby Land?
 Mother, kind and sweet ;
 And her love,
 Born above,
 Guides the little feet.

CONTENTMENT BETTER THAN RICHES.

(Suited to Sunday-School or school. When used at an entertainment, the boys should dress according to the characters they represent.)

Arthur Rich :

Your hat is too big for your head, Martin Lee,
 Your jacket is threadbare and old,
 There’s a hole in your shoe and a patch on your
 knee,
 Yet you seem very cheerful and bold.

Martin Lee :

Why not, Arthur Rich? for my lesson I say,
 And my duty I try hard to do ;
 I have plenty of work, I have time, too, to play,
 I have health, and my joys are not few.

Arthur Rich :

See my vest, Martin Lee, and my boots how
 they shine !
 My jacket, my trousers, all new !
 Now, would you not like such a nice ring as mine?
 Come, give me the answer that’s true.

Martin Lee :

Such clothes, Arthur Rich, would become me,
 and please,
 But I’m content in the thought,
 Since my mother is poor, that I’d rather wear these
 Than make her work more than she ought.

Arthur Rich :

You are right, Martin Lee, and your way is the
 best ;
 Your hat is now handsome to me ;
 I look at the heart beating under your vest,
 And the patches no longer I see.

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE.

A MISER, traversing his house,
 Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
 And thus his uninvited guest,
 Briskly inquisitive, addressed :
 "Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
 I owe this unexpected visit?"
 The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
 And, smiling, pleasantly replied,
 "Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard,
 I come to *lodge*, and not to *board*!"

ADDRESS ON THE OCCASION OF A
NEW PASTOR.

(Sunday-school or church entertainment.)

OUR hearts are full of joy to-night ;
 We're happy, every one ;
 Each face is beaming with delight
 For something nobly done.

We're glad, to-night, to raise our song
 To Jesus' listening ear,
 Glad to employ both heart and tongue
 And know that Heaven will hear.

We're glad to meet our pastor dear,
 And greet him to our school ;
 We'll give him now the welcome cheer.
 Of which our hearts are full.

We hope he'll find a pleasant home,
 And hearts both warm and true ;
 And all that children can, and *more*,
 We'll nobly try to do.

Our former pastor, patient, kind,
 Who long has toiled, and tried
 To lead us to the fold of Christ,
 And in His love t'abide,—

He meets us not—we miss him here,
 But still for him would pray,—
 That God would be his guard and guide,
 His present help alway.

And when the race of life we've run,
 And fall to rise no more,
 May each a crown of glory find
 On Canaan's happy shore.

THE PLEDGE.

(Temperance concert recitation for several little boys.)

A PLEDGE we make
 No wine to take ;
 Nor brandy red,
 To turn the head.
 Nor whiskey hot,
 That makes the sot ;
 Nor fiery rum
 That ruins home.
 Nor will we sin
 By drinking gin ;
 Hard cider, too,
 Will never do ;
 Nor brewer's beer,
 Our hearts to cheer.

CHARLEY'S OPINION OF THE BABY.

(Humorous.)

MUZZER'S bought a baby,
 Ittle bit's of zing ;
 Zink I mos could put him
 Froo my rubber ring.

Ain't he awful ugly?
 Ain't he awful pink?
 Jus come down from Heaven,
 Dat's a fib, I zink.

Doctor told anozzer
 Great big awful lie ;
 Nose ain't out of joyent,
 Dat ain't why I cry.

Zink I ought to love him !
 No, I won't ! so zere ;
 Nassy, crying baby,
 Ain't got any hair.

Send me off wiz Biddy
 Ev'ry single day ;
 "Be a good boy, Charlie,
 Run away and play."

Dot all my nice kisses,
 Dot my place in bed ;
 Mean to take my drumstick
 And beat him on ze head.

SHORT SPEECHES FOR LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS.

(Arranged by T. Sheppard for this volume.)

These selections may be spoken separately by little folks; or a very pretty exercise for school or children's entertainment may be arranged by having a group of children—one for each selection—appear, seated or standing in a row on the stage, and without calling them separately let each one step forward, announce his subject, and recite in order:

1. *KEEP WORKING.*

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson that I must learn;
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

2. *BE CAREFUL OF YOUR WORDS.*

Before speaking evil of any one put these three questions to yourself: Is it kind? Is it true? Is it necessary?

3. *DON'T SPEAK WHEN ANGRY.*

Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitter thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links in life are broken,
By a single angry word

4. *HOW TO BE NOBLE.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

5. *KINDNESS.*

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

6. *WE ALL HAVE FAULTS*

Oh, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

ROBERT BURNS.

7. *BE TRUTHFUL.*

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.

BRYANT.

8. *HOPE ON.*

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His hope with all.

WHITTIER.

9. *GOD'S LOVE.*

God scatters love on every side
Freely among His children all,
And always hearts lie open wide
Wherein some grains may fall.

LOWELL.

10. *TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.*

But Truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

CHARLES MACKAY.

11. *TRUE WORTH.*

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by;
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

ALICE CARY.

12. *CHARITY.*

Let more than the domestic mill
Be turned by feeling's river;
Let charity begin at home,
But not stay there forever.

13. *PLEASURE AT HOME.*

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together

Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather ;
Oh ! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

14. *HOW TO LIVE.*

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not
breaths ;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial :

We should count time by heart-throbs. He
most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

15. *THINK, SPEAK AND LIVE TRULY.*

Think truly, and thy thought

Shall the world's famine feed ;

Speak truly, and thy word

Shall be a fruitful seed ;

Live truly, and thy life shall be

A great and noble creed.

16. *HABIT.*

Habit is a cable ; we weave a thread of it every
day,

And at last we cannot break it.

HORACE MANN.

17. *HOW TO BE TRUE.*

This above all : to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

18. *DON'T SAY IT.*

Is there a cross word that tries to be said ?

Don't let it, my dear, don't let it !

Just speak two pleasant ones, quick, instead,

And that will make you forget it.

19. *LIVES OF GREAT MEN.*

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW.

20. *WIVES OF GREAT MEN.*

(Humorous parody on the above.)

Wives of great men all remind us

We can make our wives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us,
Widows worthy of our time.

So then give your wife a "send-off"

By the life insurance plan,

Fix her so that when you "glide off"

She can catch another man.

SANTA AND HIS REINDEER.

COME, little people, and listen here
While I tell you of Santa and his reindeer ;
How he comes flying down to the snowy
ground

In the dead of night when there's not a sound ;
And in great big books, on his library shelf,
There's the names of boys and girls like yourself.
But for each bad deed that is done
From his list of presents he strikes off one ;
So look out for the things you do and say
If you want a merry Christmas day.

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN (aged 11 years).

ALWAYS IN A HURRY.

I KNOW a little maiden who is always in a
hurry :

She races through her breakfast to be in
time for school ;

She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,
And comes home in a breathless whirl that
fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries
through her sewing,

Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure
were a crime ;

She's always in a scramble, no matter where
she's going,

And yet—would you believe it?—she never
is in time !

It seems a contradiction until you know the
reason ;

But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do,
when I state

That she never has been known to begin a thing'
in season,

And she's always in a hurry *because she starts
too late.*

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

SONG OF THE RYE.

(Temperance selection. May be made very entertaining by binding rye straws about the boy's waist, so they will project above his head, hiding face and hands, causing him to appear as a walking shock of rye, from which the voice proceeds in solemn tones.)

I WAS made to be eaten
And not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.
I come as a blessing
When put through a mill,
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And the children are fed;
But if into drink,
I'll starve them instead.
In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.

QUESTIONS ABOUT WOMEN.

(For a class of girls. The teacher asks questions, and scholars should repeat the verse and give the reference in answer to every question.)

1. What two men were hidden in a well by a woman? 2 Sam. xvii. 18, 19.
2. What man asked his servant to kill him after he had been mortally wounded by a woman? Judges ix. 53, 54.
3. What man owed his own life and that of all his countrymen to a woman? Esther iv. 15, 16.
4. What king caused a good man to be slain because he loved the man's wife? 2 Sam. xi. 14, 15.
5. What man made a vow which involved the life of his own daughter? Judges xi. 30, 31, 34.
6. What man once received most hospitable treatment from a woman whom he sought, though she knew him not? Gen. xxiv. 17-19.
7. What man was deceived by a woman, and then treacherously slain by her? Judges iv. 18, 21.

8. What man once refused to go to battle unless the woman he was addressing would conduct it? Judges iv. 8, 9.

9. What man was saved from death by his wife's pretending he was sick? 1 Sam. xix. 12-14.

10. What man was twice betrayed by his wife through avowal of love? Judges xiv. 16, 17, and xv. 15-17.

11. What woman judged Israel? Judges iv. 4, 5.

12. What woman reigned over Israel six years? 2 Chron. xxii. 10, 12.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(Especially suited to Washington's birthday entertainment. A recitation for five small boys. Let each boy hold in his right hand a card with date, lifting it high during his recitation.)

1732.—I N seventeen hundred thirty-two
George Washington was born;
Truth, Goodness, skill, and glory high,
His whole life did adorn.

1775.—In seventeen hundred seventy-five,
The chief command he took
Of all the army in the State,
And ne'er his flag forsook.

1783.—In seventeen hundred eighty-three,
Retired to private life,
He saw his much-loved country free
From battle and from strife.

1789.—In seventeen hundred eighty-nine
The country with one voice,
Proclaimed him President to shine,
Blessed by the people's choice.

1799.—In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
The Nation's tears were shed,
To see the Patriot life resign,
And sleep among the dead.

All.—As "first in war, and first in peace,"
As patriot, father, friend,
He will be blessed till time shall cease,
And earthly life shall end.

REASONS WHY.

(Temperance exercise for eight boys. Prepared especially for this volume, by T. Sheppard.)

TEACHER. Children, I want to see if you can tell me why children and all others should not only be temperate and avoid strong drink, but never drink it at all. We will begin here with Jimmy, who will give me his reason, and after him every one of you rise and tell me the best reason you can for abstaining from all intoxicants.

Jimmy. Because the Bible says: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Charles. Because if they never taste strong drink they can never become drunkards.

William. Because if all children were teetotalers we would soon have a sober world.

Enos. Because the money spent in strong drink could be spent in useful articles and houses for homes.

George. Because it says in the Bible, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Harry. Because drunkenness is a disgrace, and a hindrance to the progress of Christianity.

John. Because God loves to see children try to do good in the world, and we should all try to make some one better for our having lived.

Elwood. Because they will grow up healthy and strong, and be more happy and useful in life.

Teacher (at the close). Your reasons are very good. I hope you will all be guided through your lives by the wise counsels contained in these lessons.

All. We will.

PRESENTATION SPEECH.

(Where presents are for Sunday-School Superintendent and his wife. The wording of the speech may be changed to suit the article presented, where others than pictures are used, or for Superintendent only where his wife is not remembered with a present.)

I SUPPOSE you think me rather small to stand up here and make a speech, and I think myself so. But I am not going to say any big words: I am going to tell you what I came

here for, and then I am going to take my seat. Now listen closely, for I don't want brother Mills to hear what I am going to say. He has been our superintendent for —— years; and now he is going away; and I thought it would be very nice, if we could make him a little present, just to let him know that we are sorry: I feel so —don't you? All those that are sorry, hold up your hands. (*School raise their hands.*) He has been a real good superintendent. I would like to tell you some of his peculiar virtues, but it would take too much time; and you, that have seen him every Sunday, know him as well as I do.

Now, how many think we had better try and give him something, and his wife, too? for she has worked in the school a great deal. All those that think so, raise your hands. (*They do so.*) Very well; what shall it be? (*Two boys come up, bearing a present for each.*) Those will do nicely. (*Turning to the side of the stage.*) I wish you would ask Mr. and Mrs. Mills to come up here. (*They come up. Turning to him.*) Brother Mills, our Sabbath-School feels that you have been a very true friend; and now you are about to leave us, we desire to give you some token of our friendship. Take this picture; and may it make you happy many times. Sister Mills, we have seen how you have labored for us, and we have not forgotten it, but wish you to take this picture, as a proof that we do not wish you to forget us, as we certainly shall not you. (*Turning to the audience.*) Dear friends, I thank you for your hearty response.

WILLIE'S SPEECH.

(For a very little boy.)

I AM just a little fellow, and I can't say much. My speech is this: I am glad I am a boy! I had rather be a boy than a girl, or anything. Boys have good times. They can swim and skate and coast, ride horseback, climb trees, play hop-toad, make cartwheels of themselves, and slide down the banisters; and most girls can't. I wouldn't be a girl—no—not if you'd give me the best jack-knife in the world!

WHERE HEAVEN IS.

(Sunday-School occasion.)

“**W**HERE’S heaven, mamma?” said a
 little girl,
 With cheeks a-glow, and hair a-curl.
 “Heaven is above, where Jesus lives,
 And mansions fair, that Jesus gives.”

“But tell me, where is heaven, mamma?
 You say that it is very far;
 How can I go there when I die?
 How can I ever mount so high?”

“Heaven is with Jesus, Katy Bell;
 But how we get there none can tell.”
 “What is it like, then, mamma, dear?
 Shall I be happy there as here?”

“Heaven is, my darling, very fair;
 No clouds or darkness enter there.
 When there, we never sin again,
 Are never sick, and feel no pain.”

“Then I will go,” said little Kate;
 “I’ll start to-day,—I cannot wait!”
 “My little Kate, you cannot go
 Until you’re ready,—don’t you know?”

“Your lessons are not learned, my dear:
 We have to learn our lessons here.”
 “Yes, I know what you mean, mamma:
 I must obey you and papa.

“When I have learned to do it well
 Then I shall go to heaven to dwell.”
 And Katy tries each day she lives,
 To learn the lesson Jesus gives.

THE BIG SHOE.

“**T**HERE was an old woman
 Who lived in a shoe;
 She had so many children
 She didn’t know what to do.
 To some she gave broth
 And to some she gave bread,
 And some she whipped soundly
 And sent them to bed.”

Do you find out the likeness?
 A portly old dame,—
 The mother of millions,—
 Britannia by name.
 And howe’er it may strike you
 In reading the song—
 Not stinted in space
 For bestowing the throng;
 Since the sun can himself
 Hardly manage to go,
 In a day and a night,
 From the heel to the toe.

On the arch of the instep
 She builds up her throne,
 And with seas rolling under,
 She sits there alone;
 With her heel at the foot
 Of the Himalayas planted,
 And her toe in the icebergs,
 Unchilled and undaunted.

Yet, though justly of all
 Her fine family proud,
 ’Tis no light undertaking
 To rule such a crowd;
 Not to mention the trouble
 Of seeing them fed,
 And dispensing with justice
 The broth and the bread.
 Some will seize upon one,
 Some are left with the other,
 And so the whole household
 Gets into a pother.

But the rigid old dame
 Has a summary way
 Of her own, when she finds
 There is mischief to pay.
 She just takes up the rod,
 And lays down the spoon,
 And makes their rebellious
 Backs tingle right soon.
 Then bids them, while yet
 The sore smarting they feel,
 To lie down and go to
 Sleep, under her heel.

Only once was she posed,—
 When the little boy, Sam,
 Who had always before
 Been as meek as a lamb,
 Refused to take tea,
 As his mother had bid,
 And returned saucy answers,
 Because he was chid.

Not content, even then,
 He cut loose from the throne,
 And set about making
 A shoe of his own ;
 Which succeeded so well,
 And was filled up so fast,
 That the world, in amazement,
 Confessed at the last—
 Looking on at the work,
 With a gasp and a stare—
 That 'twas hard to tell which
 Would be best of the pair.

Side by side they are standing
 Together to-day,
 Side by side may they keep
 Their strong foothold for aye ;
 And beneath the broad sea,
 Whose blue depths intervene,
 May the finishing string
 Lie unbroken between !

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

NOBODY knows of the work it makes,
 To keep the home together ;
 Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
 Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
 Which kisses only smother ;
 Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
 Bestowed on baby brother ;
 Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
 Of loving one another ;
 Nobody knows of the patience sought,
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
 Lest darlings may not weather
 The storm of life in after years,
 Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
 To thank the Heavenly Father,
 For that sweetest gift—a mother's love ;
 Nobody can—but mother.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

LITTLE children, can you tell—
 Do you know the story well,
 Every girl and every boy—
 Why the angels sang for joy
 On the Christmas morning ?

Yes, we know the story well :
 Listen, now, and hear us tell,
 Every girl and every boy,
 Why the angels sang for joy
 On the Christmas morning.

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
 Fleecy flocks were scattered round,
 When the brightness filled the sky,
 And the songs were heard on high
 On that Christmas morning.

Joy and peace the angels sang,
 And the pleasant echoes rang,
 "Peace on earth, to men good will."
 Hark ! the angels sing it still—
 On the Christmas morning.

TRUE BRAVERY.

(Suited to a boy and girl of twelve years.)

Ralph. Good-morning, Cousin Laura ! I
 have a word to say to you.

Laura. Only a word ! It is yet half an hour
 to school-time, and I can listen.

R. I saw you yesterday speaking to that
 fellow Sterling—Frank Sterling.

L. Of course I spoke to Frank. What then? Is he too good to be spoken to?

R. Far from it. You must give up his acquaintance.

L. Indeed, Cousin Ralph! I must give up his acquaintance? On what compulsion *must* I?

R. If you do not wish to be cut by all the boys of the academy, you must cut Frank.

L. Cut! What do you mean by *cut*?

R. By cutting, I mean not recognizing an individual. When a boy who knows you passes you without speaking or bowing, he cuts you.

L. I thank you for the explanation. And I am to understand that I must either give up the acquaintance of my friend Frank, or submit to the terrible mortification of being "cut" by Mr. Ralph Burton and his companions!

R. Certainly. Frank is a boy of no spirit—in short, a coward.

L. How has he shown it?

R. Why, a dozen boys have dared him to fight, and he refuses to do it.

L. And is your test of courage a willingness to fight? If so, a bull-dog is the most courageous of gentlemen.

R. I am serious, Laura; you must give him up. Why, the other day Tom Harding put a chip on a fellow's hat, and dared Frank Sterling to knock it off. But Sterling folded his arms and walked off, while we all groaned and hissed.

L. You did? You groaned and hissed? Oh, Ralph, I did not believe you had so little of the true gentlemen about you!

R. What do you mean? Come, now, I do not like that.

L. Were you at the great fire last night?

R. Yes; Tom Harding and I helped work one of the engines.

L. Did you see that boy go up the ladder?

R. Yes; wouldn't I like to be in his shoes! They say the Humane Society are going to give him a medal; for he saved a baby's life and no mistake—at the risk of his own, too: everybody said so; for the ladder he went up was all charred and weakened, and it broke short off before he got to the ground.

L. What boy was it?

R. Nobody could find out, but I suppose the morning paper will tell us all about it.

L. I have a copy. Here's the account: "Great fire; house tenanted by poor families; baby left in one of the upper rooms; ladder much charred; firemen too heavy to go up; boy came forward, ran up; seized an infant; descended safely; gave it into arms of frantic mother."

R. Is the boy's name mentioned?

L. Ay! Here it is! Here it is! And who do you think he is?

R. Do not keep me in suspense.

L. Well, then, he's the boy who was so afraid of knocking a chip off your hat—Frank Sterling—the coward, as *you* called him.

R. No! Let me see the paper for myself. There's the name, sure enough, printed in capital letters.

L. But, cousin, how much more illustrious an achievement it would have been for him to have knocked a chip off your hat! Risking his life to save a chip of a baby was a small matter compared with that. Can the gratitude of a mother for saving her baby make amends for the ignominy of being cut by Mr. Tom Harding and Mr. Ralph Burton?

R. Don't laugh at me any more, Cousin Laura. I see I've been stupidly in the wrong. Frank Sterling is no coward. I'll ask his pardon this very day.

L. Will you? My dear Ralph, you will in that case show that you are not without courage.



PART III.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT

CONTAINING

CHOICE SELECTIONS SUITED TO YOUNG PEOPLE FROM TWELVE
TO TWENTY YEARS OF AGE

ADAPTED TO USE IN SCHOOLS, CONCERTS, PARLOR, LYCEUM, DECORATION
DAY, FOURTH OF JULY, THANKSGIVING, CHRISTMAS, TEMPERANCE,
SUNDAY-SCHOOL, CHURCH, AND MISCELLANEOUS
ENTERTAINMENTS

COMPRISING

DECLAMATIONS, RECITATIONS, READINGS, DIALOGUES, AMATEUR PLAYS, SELECTIONS
WITH MUSIC ACCOMPANIMENTS, ETC., COVERING THE FIELDS OF THE
HUMEROUS, DIALECTIC, MORAL, RELIGIOUS, DIDACTIC, MARTIAL,
PATRIOTIC AND PATHETIC BRANCHES OF LITERATURE

SELECTED WITH SPECIAL CARE FOR THE BEST FORM OF ENTERTAINMENTS; AT THE
SAME TIME WITH A VIEW TO INSTRUCTING, CULTIVATING, AND
DEVELOPING THE GROWING MIND

"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING."

(A popular fallacy corrected.)

"THE world owes you a living!" Does it, Mr. Do-nothing? Never was there a more absurd idea! You have been a tax, a sponge upon the world ever since you came into it. It is your creditor to a vast amount. Your liabilities are immense, your assets are nothing, and yet you say the world is owing you! Go to! The amount in which you stand indebted to the world is greater than you will ever have the power to liquidate.

You owe the world the labor of your two strong arms and all the skill in work they might have gained; you owe the world the labor of that brain of yours, the sympathies of that heart, the energies of your being; you owe the world the whole moral and intellectual capabilities of a man. Awake, then, from your dreamy, do-nothing state! Juggle your easy conscience no longer with the idea that the world is owing to you.

First do something to pay your debt to the world—the debt you owe to civilized humanity, to the activities of the past and of the present.

"What debt?" do you ask? The debt for all the means of culture within your reach—of skilled, intelligent labor, of instruction in science; the debt for the great thoughts accessible to you in books—for the grand opportunities of rising, on an infinite ascent, in the scale of being.

TRUST NOT TO APPEARANCES.

"No other protection is wanting, provided you are under the guidance of prudence."—*Juvenal*.

EARLY one day in leafy June,
When brooks and birds are all in tune,
A Quaker, on a palfrey brown,
Was riding over Horsley Down.
Though he could see no houses near,
He trotted on without a fear;
For not a thief upon the road
Would guess where he his cash had stowed.
As thus he went—that Quaker sly—
Another Quaker trotted by.
"Stop, brother," said the first; "the weather
Is pleasant; let us chat together."

"Nay," said the stranger, "know'st thou not
That this is a suspected spot?"

That robbers here resort, my brother?"

"A fig for robbers!" said the other:

"I've all my money in a note,

And that is hid—not in my coat—

But—"Where!" the other asked. "Behold!"—

"What! in your shoe?" "The secret's told!

You see, it has a double sole:

Within that I have hid the whole;

Now where's the robber who would think

Of ever looking there for chink?"

"Here!" cried the stranger; "so dismount,

And straightway render an account;

I'm Captain Bibb, the robber trim,

So hand your money quick to him!

Don't tremble—all you've got to do,

You know, is to take off your shoe;

And for your money I will give

Advice shall serve you while you live:

MARK YE WHAT I SAY

Don't take each broad-brim chance may send,

Though plain his collar, *for a Friend*;

Don't *trust the gentleman or clown*

While riding over Horsley Down."

HOFER THE TYROLESE.

(Andrew Hofer, born 1767, a gallant leader of the Tyrolese, in their endeavor to throw off the Austrian yoke. He gained several battles, but France finally came to Austria's assistance. Hofer was forced into the mountains, where he was betrayed by one of his followers, and captured, and imprisoned at Mantua, being placed in chains, and cruelly treated. He was shot by his country's oppressors February 20, 1810.)

AT Mantua, in chains, the gallant Hofer lay;

In Mantua, to death, the foe led him away;

Right bravely had he striven, in arms, to make a stand

For freedom and Ty-rol', his own fair mountain land.

His hands behind him clasped, with firm and measured pace

Marched Andrew Hofer on: he feared not death to face;

"Ty-rol', I hoped to see your sons and daughters free!

Farewell, my mountain land, a last farewell!" said he.

The drummer's hand refused to beat the funeral march

While Andrew Hofer passed the portal's gloomy arch;

He on the bastion stood, the shackles on his arm,

But proudly and erect, as if he feared no harm.

They bade him then kneel down: said he,

"That will I not?

Here standing will I die, as I *have* stood and fought!

No tyrant's power shall claim from me the bended knee;

I'll die as I have lived—for thee, Ty-rol', for thee!"

A grenadier then took the bandage from his hand,

While Hofer breathed a prayer, his last on earthly land.

"Aim well, my lads!" said he; the soldiers aimed and fired.

"For thee, Ty-rol', I die!" said Hofer, and expired.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Robert J. Burdette has established a reputation as one of the greatest humorists of the age. His fame began while he was a writer on the *Burlington Hawkeye*, which paper was made prominent by his contributions. He is a minister and an extensive writer and lecturer. His humor always points a good moral.

REMEMBER, my son, you have to work.

Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with over-work. It is beyond your power to do that on

the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at six P. M. and don't get home until two A. M. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as "old So-and-so's boys." Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

JUDGE BROWN'S WATERMELON STORY.

(Humorous Southern story. The above may be read or spoken. Be careful to observe the different moods of the piece and give them proper expression.)

MY father was the finest watermelon grower in the country. Melon culture was his delight. I particularly remember one crop. Just before the melons began to get ripe my father called Black Bill and me, and said: "I want you boys to understand one thing. If one of my melons is stolen, I am going to measure the tracks that I find in the patch, and then measure feet, and the owner of the feet that correspond with the tracks shall get a whipping that he can never forget. See this hickory?" pointing to a long and cruel-looking switch which he had placed above the dining-room door. "Well, if either of you want to catch this switch, pitch in." Bill shook his head and muttered that he didn't want it; that he would rather be killed by a steer (old Buck a few weeks before had thrown Bill against a tree and knocked off the bark) than to be cut to pieces with such a switch; and I assured my stern parent that so far as I was concerned he might rest in peace. Bill was the only negro

we had, and although he was compelled to go to church every Sunday, riding on the seat behind the buggy, and although he sat in the buggy during services, and without effort could hear every word of the sermon, yet that boy, with all his careful training, was inclined to be a thief.

The next day after the proclamation was issued I went out and looked at the melon patch. There, lying in the sun, striped and tempting, lay a beautiful melon. Ah, if there were anything that could make a Southern boy forget honor it was a watermelon. I trembled, for I knew I could not prevent myself from stealing it, and then that awful switch came up before me. An idea struck me. I went to the house, stole into the cabin, and got Bill's shoes. What an enormous foot the rascal had! The shoes were so large that they would not stay on my feet, but I overcame this great drawback by stuffing them with grass, I slipped around and entered the patch from a locust thicket. A rain had fallen the day before, and I made decided tracks in the level ground. I got the melon, stole back to the thicket, and, although it was not ripe, I ate more than half of it. Then I returned Bill's shoes. That afternoon, while Bill and I were in the yard, I saw my father, carefully carrying a small stick, enter the gate. His face wore an unusually stern expression, and I saw that there was something wrong.

"I don't think that much measuring is needed on this occasion," said he, glancing at the stick. "Bill, where are your shoes?"

"In de cabin, sah."

"Bring them here."

He brought the shoes. The old gentleman applied the measure, and said: "Fresh dirt on them, I see."

Bill's face became a study. "Doan know how it came on dar, marster. Aint wore 'em sense last Sunday."

"Yes, that's all right. John," turning to me, "fetch me that switch." My heart smote me, but I brought the switch. Then Bill began to dance. I never did see a fellow get himself

into so many different shapes, and it seemed that every shape was better suited to the switch. I had to snort. I couldn't help it. I kept out of Bill's way as much as possible, for he seemed to look reproachfully at me, but he did not accuse me of delivering him up to the enemy, and I had begun to persuade myself that Bill had stolen the melon, when two days later I came to grief. Bill and I were again in the yard when my father entered the gate, carrying a small stick. "John," said he, as he approached, "where are your shoes?"

"In the house, sir."

"Bring them here."

I got my shoes. Great Cæsar! there was fresh soil on them. "Come on, come on," said the old gentleman. I handed him one shoe and dropped the other one. "Bill," said he, after measuring the shoe, "bring me that switch." Bill bounded with delight, and brought the switch.

"Pap," I cried, "please don't whip me; I ain't done nuthin'—Oh—"

I danced, I capered, and I met the switch at every turn. In my agony I caught sight of Bill standing at the corner of the house and snorting like a glandered horse. Bill kept out of my way, but that evening I met him and asked:

"Bill, how did you wear my shoes?"

"How did yer w'ar mine?"

"Put grass in 'em."

"Wall, I tuck er p'ar er short stilts an' put yer shoes on de ends o' 'em. Reckon we'se erbout even now. Oh, I tell yer whut's er fack, John, it don't do ter fool wid me, case I'se one o' de 'n'inted by de saints."

ARKANSAW TRAVELLER.

GRANDFATHER'S BARN.

(Parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket.")

O H, don't you remember our grandfather's barn,

Where our cousins and we met to play;

How we climbed on the beams and the scaffolds so high,

Or tumbled at will on the hay?

How we sat in a row on the bundles of straw,
And riddles and witch stories told,
While the sunshine came in through the cracks of
the South,
And turned the dust into gold?

How we played hide and seek in each cranny
and nook,

Wherever a child could be stowed?

Then we made us a coach of a hogshead of rye,
And on it to "Boston" we rode;

And then we kept store and sold barley and oats,
And corn by the bushel or bin;

And straw for our sisters to braid into hats,
And flax for our mothers to spin.

Then we played we were biddies, and cackled
and crowed,

Till grandma in haste came to see

If the weasles were killing the old speckled hen,
Or whatever the matter might be;

How she patted our heads when she saw her mis-
take,

And called us her sweet "chicken dears!"

While a tear dimmed her eye as the picture
recalled

The scenes of her own vanished years.

How we tittered and swung, and played meeting
and school,

And Indian and soldier and bear!

While up in the rafter the swallows kept house,
Or sailed through the soft summer air.

How we longed to peep in their curious nests!
But they were too far overhead;

So we wished we were giants, or winged like the
birds,

And then we'd do wonders, we said.

And don't you remember the racket we made
When selling at auction the hay;

And how we wound up with a keel over leap
From the scaffold down into the hay?

When we went into supper our grandfather said,
If he'd not once been a boy,

He should think that the Hessians were sacking
the town,

Or an earthquake had come to destroy.

WATER FOR ME.

(Temperance selection.)

O H, water for me ! bright water for me,
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee !
 It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
 It maketh the faint one strong again ;
 It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
 All freshness, like infant purity.
 Oh water, bright water, for me, for me !
 Give wine, give wine, to the debauchee !

Fill to the brim ! Fill, fill to the brim !
 For water strengtheneth life and limb ;
 To the days of the aged it addeth length ;
 To the might of the strong it addeth strength ;
 It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
 'Tis quaffing a goblet of morning light.
 So, water, I will drink naught but thee,
 Thou parent of health and energy.

HILDA, SPINNING.

(Descriptive and pathetic.)

S PINNING, spinning by the sea,
 All the night !
 On a stormy, rock-ribbed shore,
 Where the north winds downward pour,
 And the tempests fiercely sweep
 From the mountains to the deep,
 Hilda spins beside the sea,
 All the night !

Spinning at her lonely window
 By the sea !
 With her candle burning clear,
 Every night of all the year,
 And her sweet voice crooning low
 Quaint old songs of love and woe,
 Spins she at her lonely window
 By the sea.

On a bitter night in March,
 Long ago,
 Hilda, very young and fair,
 With a crown of golden hair,
 Watched the tempest raging wild,
 Watched the roaring sea—and smiled—
 Through that woful night in March,
 Long ago !

What though all the winds were out
 In their might !

Richard's boat was tried and true ;
 Stanch and brave his hardy crew ;
 Strongest he to do or dare.
 Said she, breathing forth a prayer :
 " He is safe, though winds are out
 In their might."

But at length the morning dawned
 Still and clear ;
 Calm in azure splendor, lay
 All the waters of the bay ;
 And the ocean's angry moans
 Sank to solemn undertones,
 As at last the morning dawned
 Still and clear !

With her waves of golden hair
 Floating free,
 Hilda ran along the shore,
 Gazing off the waters o'er ;
 And the fisherman replied :
 " He will come in with the tide,"
 As they saw her golden hair
 Floating free !

Ah ! he came in with the tide,
 Came alone !
 Tossed upon the shining sands,
 Ghastly face and clutching hands,
 Seaweed tangled in his hair,
 Bruised and torn his forehead fair---
 Thus he came in with the tide,
 All alone !

Hilda watched beside her dead
 Day and night.
 Of those hours of mortal woe
 Human ken may never know ;
 She was silent, and his ear
 Kept the secret close and dear,
 Of her watch beside her dead,
 Day and night !

What she promised in the darkness,
 Who can tell ?

But upon that rock-ribbed shore
Burns a beacon evermore,
And, beside it all the night,
Hilda guards the lonely light,
Though what vowed she in the darkness
None may tell!

Spinning, spinning by the sea,
All the night!
While her candle, gleaming wide
O'er the restless, rolling tide,
Guides with steady, changeless ray,
The lone fisher up the bay,—
Hilda spins beside the sea,
Through the night.

Fifty years of patient spinning
By the sea!
Old and worn, she sleeps to-day,
While the sunshine gilds the bay;
But her candle shining clear
Every night of all the year,
Still is telling of her spinning
By the sea!

THE BOY AND THE PEDANT.

(Dialogue for a large and small boy. The boy should be concealed in the *supposed* water, away from the stage, but in his last speech should appear to the audience and act as if his clothes were dripping from his immersion.)

Boy. Help me, mister! Lend a hand!

Pedant. Why did you get into such deep water?

B. I fell out of a boat; and if you don't help me, I shall drown. So be lively.

P. Did you ever read my famous essay, entitled "Look Before you Leap?"

B. None of your fooling! Stop talking and help me.

P. Stop talking? Why, young man, do you suppose the noble gift of speech was meant to rust in us unused? Stop talking? What if Cicero had stopped talking? What if Demosthenes had stopped talking? What if the immortal Henry—

B. Hang the immortal Henry! What's he to me, now? Help me first, preach afterward. I can't swim.

P. Can't swim? Is it possible you went into water before you knew how to swim? Now, if you will just give me your close attention for a quarter of an hour, I will prove to you by a simple syllogism that you have gone contrary to all the laws of common sense in your conduct. *Impri'mis*—that is to say, in the first place—

B. Oh, I can tread water no longer. Stop your nonsense and help a feller, will you?

P. Never say feller; say fellow. Good pronunciation and good grammar should go hand in hand; for, as Quintilian says—

B. Stop that, will you? There! I've gone under twice; if I go under a third time, I'm a goner.

P. Goner? That word isn't in Webster, my young friend. Never say *goner*. In all my philological studies—

B. If ever I get on shore, you look out, that's all. Are you going to help me?

P. Help is of various kinds, young man. There is moral help, and there is physical help. The help I proffer you is the higher and nobler help—help to your understanding, help to your modes of thought and speech, such help as may teach you to keep out of these scrapes in the future.

B. Stop, or I shall drown to be rid of a bore. *P.* Do you know you are speaking to an F. R. S.?

B. I know I'm speaking to an A. S. S.

P. Youth, learn to reverence wisdom.

B. Old feller, I've just touched bottom, and now I'm all right. Please wait where you are just one minute.

P. I think it will be the part of prudence for me to hasten my departure; for I see a good many stones lying round on the beach. (*Exit hastily.*)

B. (*entering.*) Ha, ha! See him run. A proof that a man may know a good deal and yet be a great simpleton and a great coward. I'd like to hold his head under salt water about as long as mine was, that's all. But I must dry my clothes, so the present company will excuse me. (*Exit.*)

THE GOSSIPS.

"There is a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time."—*Sheridan*.

A ROSE in my garden, the sweetest and fairest,

Was hanging her head, through the long golden hours,

And early one morning I saw her tears falling,

And heard a low, gossipy talk in the bowers.

The flower-de-luce, a spinster all faded,

Was telling the Lily what ailed the poor Rose—

"That wild, roving Bee, who was hanging about her,

Has jilted her squarely, as every one knows.

"I knew when he came, with his singing and sighing,

With his airs and his speeches, so fine and so sweet,

Just how it would end; but none would believe me,

For all were quite ready to fall at his feet."

"Indeed, you are wrong," said the Lily, quite proudly,

"I care nothing for him. He called on me once,

And would have come often, no doubt, if I'd asked him,

But, though he was handsome, I thought him a dunce."

"Oh, oh! that's not true," spoke the tall Oleander,

"He has traveled and seen every flower that grows;

And one who has supped in the garden of princes,

We all might have known, meant no good to a Rose."

"But wasn't she proud when she won his attentions?

And she let him caress her," said sly Mignnette;

"And I used to see it, and blushed for her folly; But the vain thing believes he will come to her yet."

"I thought he was splendid!" said pretty Larkspur;

"So dark and so grand, with that gray cloak of gold;

But he tried once to kiss me—the impudent fellow!—

And I got offended; I thought him too bold."

"Oh, fie!" laughed the Almond, "that does for a story.

Though I hang down my head, yet I see all that goes;

And I saw you reach out, smiling sweet, to detain him;

But he just tapped your cheek, and flew by to the Rose.

He cared nothing for her; he only was flirting, To while away time, as I very well knew;

So I turned the cold shoulder on his advances, Because I was certain that his heart was untrue."

"Well, the Rose is served right for her folly in trusting

An oily-tongued stranger," quoth proud Columbine.

"I knew what he was, and thought once I would warn her,

But you know the affair was no matter of mine."

"Oh, well," cried the Peony, shrugging her shoulders,

"I knew all along the Bee was a flirt;

But the Rose has been always so praised and so petted,

I thought a good lesson would do her no hurt."

Just then came the sound of a love-song sung softly,

And I saw my sad Rose lifting up her bowed head,

And the voice of the gossips was hushed in a moment,

And the garden was as still as the tomb of the dead;

For the dark glossy Bee, with his cloak o'er his shoulder,

Came swift o'er the meadows and kissed the
sweet Rose,
And whispered, "My darling, I've roamed the
world over,
And nothing like thee in the universe grows."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

(Suited to entertainment. The two speakers may occupy the stage at once, each appearing unconscious of the other's presence, and after the first has spoken a stanza the other speaks one. Or the first may speak his entire part, and the second then come on the stage and recite.)

First Speaker :

O H! the woe that woman brings!
Source of sorrow, grief and pain!
All our evils have their springs,
In the first of female train.

Eve by eating led poor Adam
Out of Eden and astray;
Look for sorrow still where Madam,
Pert and proud, directs the way.

Courtship is a slavish pleasure,
Soothing a coquettish train;
Wedded—what the mighty treasure?
Doom'd to drag a golden chain.

Noisy clack and constant brawling,
Discord and domestic strife;
Empty cupboard, children brawling,
Scolding woman made a wife.

Gaudy dress and haughty carriage,
Love's fond balance fled and gone;
These, the bitter fruits of marriage!
He that's wise will live alone!

Second Speaker :

Oh! what joys from woman spring,
Source of bliss and purest peace,
Eden could not comfort bring,
Till fair woman show'd her face.

When she came, good honest Adam
Clasped the gift with open arms,
He left Eden for his madam,
So our parent prized her charms.

Courtship thrills the soul with pleasure;
Virtue's blush on beauty's cheek:
Happy prelude to a treasure
King's have left their crowns to seek!

Lovely looks and constant courting,
Sweet'ning all the toils of life;
Cheerful children, harmless sporting,
Lovely woman made a wife!

Modest dress and gentle carriage,
Love triumphant on his throne;
These the blissful fruits of marriage
None but fools would live alone.

MRS. PIPER.

(Recitation suited for a young lady. She should appear very innocent at the beginning and speak in a droll, unsuspecting voice and manner. Toward the end she should exhibit an uncontrollable delight, at the same time manifest a disposition to conceal it.)

MRS. PIPER was a widow—
"Oh, dear me!

This world is not at all," she said, "the
place it used to be!

Now my good husband, he was such a good man
to provide—

I never had the leastest care of anything outside!
But now,

Why, there's the cow,
A constant care, and Brindle's calf I used to
feed when small,

And those two Ayrshire heifers that we pur-
chased in the fall—

Oh, dear!

My husband sleeping in the grave, it's gloomy
being here!

The oxen Mr. Piper broke, and four steers two
years old,

The blind mare and the little colt, they all wait
to be sold!

For how am I to keep 'em now? and yet how
shall I sell?

And what's the price they ought to bring, how
can a woman tell?

Now Jacob Smith, he called last night, and
stayed till nine o'clock,

And talked and talked, and talked and talked,
and tried to buy my stock ;

He said he'd pay a higher price than any man
in town ;

He'd give his note, or, if I chose, he'd pay the
money down.

But, there !

To let him take those creeturs off, I really do
not dare !

For 'tis a lying world, and men are slippery
things at best ;

My poor, dear husband in the ground, he was'n't
like the rest !

But Jacob Smith's a different case ; if I would
let him, now,

Perhaps he'd wrong me on the horse, or cheat
me on a cow ;

And so

I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer
' No. ' "

Mrs. Piper was a widow—

" Oh, dear me !

A single woman with a farm must fight her way,"
said she.

" Of everything about the land my husband
always knew ;

I never felt, when he was here, I'd anything to
do ;

But now, what fields to plow,

And how much hay I ought to cut, and just
what crops to sow,

And what to tell the hired men, how can a
woman know ?

Oh, dear !

With no strong arm to lean upon, it's lonesome
being here !

Now Jacob Smith, the other night, he called on
me again,

And talked and talked, and talked and talked,
and stayed till after ten ;

He said he'd like to take my farm, to buy it or
to lease—

I do declare, I wish that man would give me
any peace !

For, there !

To trust him with my real estate I truly did not
dare ;

For, if he buys it, on the price he'll cheat me
underhand ;

And, if he leases it, I know he will run out the
land ;

And, if he takes it at the halves, both halves
he'll strike for then ;

It's risky work when women folk have dealings
with the men !

And so,

I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer
' No. ' "

Mrs. Piper was a widow—

" Oh, dear me !

Yet I have still some mercies left ; I won't com-
plain," said she.

" My poor, dear husband knows, I trust, a better
world than this ;

'Twere sinful selfishness in me to grudge him
Heaven's bliss !

So now,

I ought to bow

Submissively to what is sent—not murmur and
repine ;

The hand that sends our trials has, in all, some
good design.

Oh, dear !

If we knew all, we might not want our buried
lost ones here !

And Jacob Smith, he called last night, but it was
not to see

About the cattle or the farm, but this time it was
me !

He said he prized me very high, and wished I'd
be his wife,

And if I did not he should lead a most unhappy
life.

He did not have a selfish thought, but gladly,
for my sake,

The care of all my stock and farm he would
consent to take—

And, there !

To slight so plain a Providence I really do not
dare !

He'll take the cattle off my mind, he'll carry on
the farm—

I haven't since my husband died had such a
sense of calm!

I think the man was sent to me—a poor, lone
woman must,

In such a world as this, I feel, have some one
she can trust;

And so,

I do not feel it would be right for me to answer
'No.' ” MARIAN DOUGLAS.

PARDON COMPLETE.

“Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of
silver.”—*Solomon.*

“Politeness and kindness are invincible warriors when they
fight together.”—*Sheppard.*

SHE was pretty and happy and young,
The gods, from Jupiter down,
Grew pale with envy as they sung,
Till Venus' nerves were quite unstrung,
And black was Juno's frown.
Pretty with graces numberless,
As her feet bewitchingly small—
Went dancing by with eagerness;
She was hurrying on to buy a dress
To wear to a charity ball.

Snips, the gamin, was coming up
With a friend in the paper line;
His crownless hat, a huge straw cup
With brick-red hair filled brimming up,
Had a rakish and gay incline.
His coat had little left of sleeves,
From boots his curious toes
Peeped slyly out, like darkey thieves,
His ragged trousers waved their leaves
Like banners to his foes.

Those trifles, though, were very far
From troubling him in the least.
“The stump of a very cheap cigar—
Poor Snips was not particular—
Making him lunch and feast.
He looked with grins at business men
Who rushed by looking worried,
And vowed he'd not exchange with them;
He hated to be hurried.

He turned the corner; Rosebud sweet
Just turned the corner, too,
And tripped her toes against his feet,
So very awkward on the street!

The gamin whistled, “Whew!”
“Oh, dear! I beg your pardon, sir,”
With pretty blushes, said
The blithe and bonny traveler,
Dyeing her cheeks with red.

Off came the gamin's ragged hat
With bow that swept the walk;
“You hev my parding, Miss, if that
Is how yer gwine to talk.
I'd like to give it on my knees,
I'd run all over town
To see yer face! an', Miss, jest please
Next time ter knock me down!”

They sauntered on; Snips heaved a sigh;
His friend bestowed a grin,—
“Ter notice such a cove as I
For being run agin!
I never had my parding axed
Afore, an' I must say
It made my head feel kinder mixed,
It tuk my breath away.”

THE GAMBLER'S SON.

“Keep flax from fire and youth from gambling.”—*Franklin.*

“Gambling is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity,
the father of mischief.”—*Washington.*

“Gaming finds a man a fool and leaves him a knave.”—*Cumberland.*

(Argument: M. de Ferrières—pronounced *Ferr-yair*—after years of extreme poverty, has risen suddenly to opulence. His son, George, returns home from sea, and questions his father as to the source of his wealth. The father evades his inquiries. George follows him to the gaming table, sees him play with M. Dubourg, and win all his money, and satisfies himself that his father cheated at cards. He stands overwhelmed, and, in the following scene, intimates to his father what he has discovered. If convenient, there should be a table on the stage, with a pack of cards on it, and a chair on either side of the table.)

Enter M. DE F. first, to Left; then GEORGE, to Right.

M. de Ferrières. What would you, George?
George (aside). How shall I broach it?

M. de F. You tremble, my son! What's the matter?



With her waves of golden hair
Floating free,
Hilda ran along the shore,
Gazing oft the waters o'er;
And the fishermen replied:
"He will come in with the tide,"
As they saw her golden hair
Floating free!



THE NEW COOK.

“ ‘Will you iver be dqne wid your graneness,’ she
axed me wid a loud scrame.”

George (looking around him). No one can enter? Are we sure of that?

M. de F. Why all all these precautions?

George (with much emotion). Did Dubourg lose all—all—at cards! Did you win his all?

M. de F. The luck went against him.

George (mustering courage). But that money—you will give it back to him?

M. de F. How?

George. You will give it back to him—will you not?

M. de F. Are you mad?

George. O! keep it not, my father! Keep it not? Dubourg is a merchant. He must have that money in order to meet his engagements. Without it he is ruined. Give it him back. It is all I ask.

M. de F. (looking at him with surprise). I do not understand you.

George (aside). Yes, it is my duty! (*Aloud.*) You must renounce all that you won from Dubourg; absolutely, you must.

M. de F. The more I look at you, the more am I astonished. Are you in your senses, George? The paleness—these convulsive movements—What has happened to you?

George. I am very wretched!

M. de F. Are you suffering?

George. More than I can tell.

M. de F. You alarm me! What profound despair! Speak, George!

George. I shall never be able—

M. de F. It is I who beseech you—I, your father.

George (recoiling). My father!

M. de F. You repel me, my son.

George. O, misery!

M. de F. Have I ever failed in a father's love and care! From your youth upwards have you not found me your best friend?

George. Ah, yes! I have not forgotten the days of my childhood. Often do I remember me of the lessons you used to instill when we dwelt in our humble hut. Every principle of honor and of virtue—it is from you that I have received it; and nothing is forgotten.

M. de F. You know it; you were the object of my tenderness; all my hopes reposed on you.

George. Yes! You would say to me in those days, "My son, whatever may be your fate, remember that he is never without consolation who keeps his *conscience* pure!" You said it, my father, and I remember it well.

M. de F. George, that state of destitution and wretchedness, to which I had reduced you and your mother,—how did I reproach myself with it! That horrible poverty—that absolute want—what torture! And what regrets did I experience because of you, whose heritage I had so foolishly dissipated!

George. Did I ever utter a complaint? Did I ever reproach you with your misfortunes—our poverty? Have I not always cherished, respected, served you?

M. de F. Yes, George is a good son; he is no ingrate; he will not heedlessly wound a father's heart.

George. No, no! Only one boon.

M. de F. Speak, my son.

George. That money of Dubourg's—

M. de F. (angrily). Again you recur to it!

George. Do you not remember those words which you added to your lessons? "All that now remains to us, my son, is *honor*!"

M. de F. Doubtless. But how wretched, George, had you been without this change of fortune which time has brought!

George. This fortune—its source? Tell me whence you—

M. de F. (interrupting him). Never could you have presumed to marry her you love; never would a career have been opened to you; you would have had no means of exercising your talents, no resources! You do not realize the humiliation which poverty brings with it in an age like ours, where favor and consideration are measured according to the amount of gold one has; where the virtues are repulsed, merit disdained, talent ignored, unless intrigue or fortune open the way. With gold one has everything—without it, nothing.

George (aside). All is now explained.

(*Aloud.*) Ah, well! my choice is made: indigence and probity.

M. de F. Indigence—the return of all those sufferings you once experienced? Can aught be worse?

George. Yes—dishonor.

M. de F. (aside). I tremble. (*Aloud.*) What would you say?

George. That there is no wretchedness equal to mine, sir!

M. de F. "Sir?" (*He gives his hand to his son, who takes it with a disordered air.*)

George. Hear me. Can you imagine all which that man suffers who sees in a single day the overthrow of all that he believed in—the destruction of what he had regarded, up to that moment, as the summit of his hopes and affections; who sees the past rendered hateful, the future desperate, since he can trust no longer in all that he had adored and respected? Love, honor, ye sole blessings which make life precious, ye are gone—gone forever!

M. de F. George!

George. Do you comprehend, sir, this misfortune without consolation? A son who cherished, who revered his father, who bore with pride an honorable name—ah, well! this son—he must now blush forevermore, and repulse that man whom he had learned to venerate and love.

M. de F. Gracious powers!

George. Ay, sir; for he knows all.

M. de F. What knows he?

George. He knows that yonder, at the table, an old friend was ruined by him.

M. de F. And if hazards did it all?

George. No, sir, no; that old friend was deceived—was swindled.

M. de F. Swindled? George! You believe it?

George. Ah! 'tis that belief is the burthen of my woe!

M. de F. And if it were not true?

George (producing a pack of cards). That pack of cards—

M. de F. What of them?

George. They are—they are—O, shame! I cannot say it!

M. de F. Ah! you know not what real misery is.

George. I know what honor is, and I will not permit—

M. de F. Would you ruin me?

George. Shall I let you dishonor me? O, I have no longer a father! The name he gave me, here I give him back. I am but an orphan, without a home, without means; but still—still, sir, I have a conscience left, and what that dictates I will obey to the death! Farewell!

M. de F. What would you, unhappy boy? Is it not enough that I am humbled thus?—that you see me blush and tremble before you—before my son? What would you more? Go! I fear you not! (*He produces a pistol.*) I fear nothing!

George (placing himself before him). I, too, sir, am without fear; and to me life is hateful.

M. de F. What sayest thou? Be mine alone the—

George (wresting the pistol from him). My father!

M. de F. I am no longer thy father.

George (rushing to his arms). Yes, yes! You are my father still.

M. de F. O, anguish insupportable!

George. All may be repaired. Go where you will, your son will follow. This city—we must quit it. This money—it must be restored—must be restored, I say. Happiness shall yet be ours. Do not hesitate, my father!

M. de F. Think you I have never anticipated a situation like this? But fate has driven me on.

George. What would you say?

M. de F. In our old house, beneath that humble roof where I suffered so much, my passion for play, that deadly passion which had devoured my substance, was not quite extinct. I sought in secret to satisfy it; often, to find the opportunity, I had to have recourse to men of the lowest grade, to vagabonds and ignoble gamblers. Yes, George, yes—I, the Count de Ferrières—I, your father, played with such! They taught me terrible secrets. And yet I did not

think to make use of them. But I returned one day to Paris, and there tried my fortune. It proved favorable. Considerable sums successively came to reanimate my hopes. I was guiltless. But no, no! my heart was no longer so. The greed of gold had filled it wholly. Ambition, vanity, the need of luxury, all contributed to my infatuation. One day—hear me—one day I lost. Your mother had just come to occupy this hotel which I had prepared for her; already the story, adroitly spread, had given our neighbors the idea that I was rich. Well, I lost. Must I, then, always be the fool of fortune? I had felt the pangs of poverty; I had seen her suffer whom I loved; I had seen two children, thy brothers, pushed by misery into the tomb; friends, society, rank, all had then disappeared. And must there now be a repetition of all these woes? No, no! cried I; it must not be. It is too much. I can no longer be a loser; and a loser I was no longer!

George. Ah! the fatal, fatal step! But, come! We must retrace it. You will make restitution of all you have won unfairly; you will do it, my father?

M. de F. Ay, call me father, and do with me what you will.

George. It is bravely said. Come on! Know'st thou where I shall guide thee? Back, back to poverty and—honor, my father!

M. de F. Lead on! TRANSLATION.

DRINKING A FARM.

(Suited for temperance entertainment.)

MY homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it for yourself. An acre of land contains forty-

three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre, you will see that this brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down that fiery dose, and just imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin! there is dirt in it—one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt, worth forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre.

But there are plenty of farms which do not cost more than a tenth part of forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre. What an enormous acreage has gone down many a homeless drinker's throat! No wonder such men are buried in the "potter's field;" they have swallowed farms and gardens and homes, and even drank up their own graveyard.

H. L. HASTINGS.

THE DRESSED TURKEY.

(A lesson on politeness.)

ONE of the parish sent one morn—
A farmer kind and able—
A nice fat turkey, raised on corn,
To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad went with the fowl,
And thus addressed the pastor:
"Dear me, if I ain't tired! Here is
A gobbler from my master."

The pastor said: "Thou should'st not thus
Present the fowl to me;
Come take my chair, and for me ask,
And I will act for thee."

The preacher's chair received the boy,
The fowl the pastor took—
Went out with it and then came in
With pleasant smile and look;

And to his young *pro tem* he said :

"Dear sir, my honored master
Presents this turkey, and his best
Respects to you, his pastor."

"Good!" said the boy; "your master is
A gentleman and scholar!
Many thanks to him, and for yourself,
Here is half a dollar!"

The pastor felt around his mouth
A most peculiar twitching;
And, to the gobbler holding fast,
He "bolted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook,
And came back in a minute,
Then took the youngster's hand and left
A half a dollar in it.

HARRY'S LECTURE.

(Humorous, for twelve or thirteen-year-old boy. To be spoken very loud.)

"CHILDREN should be seen and not heard,"
at least so my mother often tells me.
But to-day the children are to be heard
as well as seen. Just as I stepped up here to
speak my piece, my teacher whispered, "Now,
Harry, speak very loud." And that is what I
am trying to do. Can you hear me? I am
going to give a little lecture to the boys, and I
want to be heard.

Never mind what it is about. You will find
that out before I am half through.

And now for my firstly: Do you want to
know how to be happy all day, boys?

Let me tell you. When you get up in the
morning, don't forget to slip on your "good-
natured coat" before you go down stairs. You
all have one, haven't you? And then you
won't care if everybody is done breakfast and
the buckwheats are cold.

Secondly. When everything goes wrong at
home, at school, or in the street, and you think
you have enough trouble to put any boy in bad
humor, then (*slowly*) you may depend upon it,
boys, some one is trying to rob you of your
"good-natured coat." But don't let it go.

Hold on to it with a tight grip, and when you
feel it settling firmly back into its place, oh,
my! how jolly you will feel.

Thirdly. I have found out, boys, that it
pays to wear this coat. And the beauty of it
is, you can wear it in all kinds of weather. It
is just as useful on a stormy day as on a fair,
sunshiny one. Indeed, it often makes a dull,
cloudy day seem very bright and golden.

And now, lastly:

Be good-natured, always. Put cross people
in a good humor by being pleasant and cheerful.
Give a smile for a frown, a gentle word for a
cross one; and this you can do if you are care-
ful to put on your "good-natured coat" as
soon as you arise in the morning, and to wear it
all day and in all kinds of weather.

L. J. ROOK.

THE UNBOLTED DOOR.

(Pathetic portrayal of a mother's love.)

A CAREWORN widow sat alone
Beside her fading hearth;
Her silent cottage never hears
The ringing laugh of mirth.
Six children once had sported there,
But now the church-yard snow
Fell softly on five little graves
That were not long ago.

She mourned them all with patient love;
But since, her eyes had shed
Far bitterer tears than those which dewed
The faces of the dead,—
The child which had been spared to her,
The darling of her pride,
The woeful mother lived to wish
That she had also died.

Those little ones beneath the snow
She well knew where they are;
"Close gathered to the throne of God,"
And that was better far.
But when she saw where Katy was,
She saw the city's glare,
The painted mask of bitter joy
That need gave sin to wear.

Without, the snow lay thick and white ;
 No step had fallen there ;
 Within, she sat beside her fire,
 Each thought a silent prayer ;
 When suddenly behind her seat
 Unwonted noise she heard,
 As though a hesitating hand
 The rustic latch had stirred.

She turned, and there the wanderer stood
 With snow-flakes on her hair ;
 A faded woman, wild and worn,
 The ghost of something fair.
 And then upon the mother's breast
 The whitened head was laid,
 "Can God and you forgive me all ?
 For I have sinned," she said.

The widow dropped upon her knees
 Before the fading fire,
 And thanked the Lord whose love at last
 Had granted her desire ;
 The daughter kneeled beside her, too,
 Tears streaming from her eyes.
 And prayed, "God help me to be good
 To mother ere she dies."

They did not talk about the sin,
 The shame, the bitter woe ;
 They spoke about those little graves
 And things of long ago.
 And then the daughter raised her eyes
 And asked in tender tone,
 "Why did you keep your door unbarred
 When you were all alone ?"

"My child," the widow said, and smiled
 A smile of love and pain,
 "I kept it so lest you should come
 And turn away again ?
 I've waited for you all the while—
 A mother's love is true ;
 Yet this is but a shadowy type
 Of His who died for you !"

EDWARD GARRETT.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

(Dramatic recitation.)

THERE was joy in the ship as she furrowed
 the foam,
 For fond hearts within her were dreaming
 of home.

The young mother folded her babe to her breast,
 And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest ;
 And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
 And looked with delight on the face of his bride.

"Oh happy !" said he, "when our roaming is
 o'er,
 We'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the
 shore ;
 Already in fancy its roof I descry,
 And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the
 sky,
 Its garden so green and its vine-covered wall,
 And the kind friends awaiting to welcome us all !"

Hark ! hark ! what was that ? Hark ! hark to
 the shout !

"Fire ! fire !" then a tramp and a rush and a
 rout,

And an uproar of voices arose on the air,
 And the mother knelt down ; and the half-
 spoken prayer

That she offered to Heaven, in her agony wild,
 Was, "Father ! have mercy ! look down on
 my child !"

Fire ! fire ! it is raging above and below ;
 The smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow.
 The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
 And his eyes glittered wild in the glare of the
 light.

The smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and
 higher !

"Heaven help us ! 'tis fearful to perish by
 fire !"

They prayed for relief, and not vainly they
 prayed ;
 For at noon the sun shone, in full splendor
 arrayed ;

"A sail, ho! a sail!" cried the man on the lee;
 "A sail!" and all turned their glad eyes o'er
 the sea.

"They spy us, they heed us! the signal is
 waved!

They bear down to help us—thank Heaven! we
 are saved!"

THE TWO BILLS.

(A fable. Suitable to a Sunday-School or charitable entertainment, for recitation or reading.)

TWO bills were waiting in the bank for their turn to go out into the world. One was a little bill, only one dollar; the other was a big bill, a thousand-dollar bill.

While lying there, side by side, they fell a-talking about their usefulness. The dollar bill murmured:

"Ah, if I were as big as you what good I would do! I could move in such high places, and people would be so careful of me wherever I should go! All would admire me, and want to take me home with them, but, small as I am, what good can I do? Nobody cares much for me. I am too little to be of any use."

"Ah, yes! that is so," said the thousand-dollar bill; and it haughtily gathered up its well-trimmed edges, that were lying next the little bill, in conscious superiority. "That is so," it repeated. "If you were as great as I am—a thousand times bigger than you are—then you might hope to do some good in the world." And its face smiled a wrinkle of contempt for the little dollar bill.

"Just then the cashier came, took the little, murmuring bill, and kindly gave it to a poor widow.

"God bless you!" she cried, as with a smiling face she received it. "My dear, hungry children can now have some bread."

A thrill of joy ran through the little bill as it was folded up in the widow's hand, and it whispered: "I may do some good, even if I am small." And when it saw the bright faces of her fatherless children, it was very glad that it could do a little good.

Then the little dollar bill began its journey of usefulness. It went first to the baker's for bread, then to the miller's, then to the farmer's, then to the laborer's, then to the doctor's, then to the minister's; and wherever it went it gave pleasure, adding something to their comfort and joy. At last, after a long, long pilgrimage of usefulness among every sort of people, it came back to the bank again, crumpled, defaced, ragged, softened, by its daily use. Seeing the thousand-dollar bill lying there with scarcely a wrinkle or a finger-mark upon it, it exclaimed:

"Pray, sir, and what has been your mission of usefulness?" The big bill sadly replied: "I have been from safe to safe, among the rich, where few could see me, and they were afraid to let me go out far, lest I should be lost. Few, indeed, are they whom I have made happy by my mission."

The little dollar bill said, "It is better to be small and go among the multitudes doing good, than to be so great as to be imprisoned in the safes of the few." And it rested satisfied with its lot.

MORAL.—The doing well of little every-day duties makes one the most useful and happy.

THEY SAY.

CHARACTERS.— { *Mr. Robert Rollins,*
 { *Mr. Voluble Tattle.*

[*Enter ROLLINS, reading a letter aloud.*]

R. "Brother Edward has been much better; his cough is abating. Your little daughter reminds me of you every day. What a comfort she is!" Dear Emily! Now that we are so near to meeting, why do I delay? Is the anticipation itself joy enough? (*Reads letter to himself.*)

[*Enter MR. TATTLE with hands in pockets. He tries to look over shoulders and get a sight of the letter.*]

T. (*aside*). Who can this be, I wonder? I do wish women wouldn't use violet ink. (*Reads.*) "Most—p-r-e-cious—most—b-e-loved." O Cupid! How tender! Now, it's odd, but I never had such things said to me! (*Reads.*) "Edward—has—Edward has—" Perhaps I

can make it out better with my glass. (*Takes a large opera-glass from his pocket and looks.* ROLLINS turns suddenly round on him.)

R. (*folding up letter*). You seem, sir, to be of an investigating disposition.

T. Well, sir, if I weren't, this village, let me tell you, would be a pretty slow sort of a place—altogether behind the age. Are you a stranger in these parts?

R. Not altogether. Do you know a Mrs. Rollins?

T. The little lady who lives in the brown cottage?

R. The same. Is she well?

T. Poor thing! poor thing! A month after her marriage her scamp of a husband ran off to California.

R. Scamp of a husband? Ran off? What do you mean? Excuse me. Why did he run off?

T. For robbing a bank. What do you think of that?

R. For robbing a bank?

T. So they say.

R. Who say?

T. They say.

R. Who are They? Explain, sir.

T. Who are *they*? Everybody; people; the whole village.

R. Can you name a single person, besides yourself, who says it?

T. So many,—I can think of no one in particular.

R. I may quicken your memory by and by. And how does Mrs. Rollins bear her affliction?

T. Oh capitally. She's on the point of being married again. So they say.

R. Indeed! To whom?

T. To a Mr. Edward Edwards. So they say.

R. (*aside*). Her own brother! Are you sure?

T. Oh yes! They take romantic walks together. They read Tennyson together. It's all settled. So they say.

R. Who say? I insist on you telling me.

T. Well, I told you, *they* say! How unreasonable you are! What would you have more?

R. No dodging, sir! Who are *they*?

T. How should I know? I say *they* say, and you ask me *who* say. As if any better authority could be had!

R. Did *They Say* ever say that you are a meddling (*following him about the stage, TATTLE retreating at every step*), prying, gossiping, impertinent, mischievous, unscrupulous, malicious retailer of absurd slanders?

T. What do you mean, sir, by such language? I'll have you arrested. Lawyer Pettifog is my particular friend. If there was only a witness nearby I'd make you pay a pretty sum for this unparalleled outrage. Keep your hands off, sir! No matter; kick me—kick me! I see a witness yonder. I'll have you arrested for assault and battery. Kick me now, if you like.

R. I shall not indulge you so far. But take warning, sir, how you quote Mr. *They Say* for your scandalous reports. Old *They Say* is a liar and a coward.

T. That's libelous, sir. You are libeling the whole village in that remark: I wish I knew your name.

R. You shall be gratified; my name is Rollins, and that cottage on the hill there is mine.

T. Is it possible? You are Mr. Rollins?

R. The same. Nobody else.

T. Allow me to ask, didn't you once rob a bank?

R. I once plucked a rose from a flower-bank in a friend's garden; he playfully charged me with robbing a bank. Some stupid laborer nearby took it in earnest and reported it of me. Hence the preposterous story.

T. Doesn't your wife walk out with a young man?

R. That young man is her poor, consumptive brother, who is here for change of air. Let me advise you, Mr. *They Say*, to look before you leap the next time, or the consequences may be unpleasant.

T. What consequences, sir?

R. Why, the price of cowhides in this vil-

lage will go up, and Mr. *They Say* will be soundly thrashed. [Exit.

T. Now, isn't it provoking such a nice bit of gossip should be spoiled? No matter. There's a report the Rev. Mr. Pine plays at nine-pins. Does it for his health, he says. Ha, ha! For his health! We'll see. Won't I raise a pretty tempest in a tea-pot about his ears. The whole parish is in a stir—a meeting of ministers—an inquiry—a reprimand—perhaps a dismissal! More sport ahead—more sport! Rollins is played out. Now for Pine! [Exit.

"I DON'T SEE IT!"

(For a twelve-year-old boy.)

THEY tell about the happy days
And sunny hours of youth:
I'd like to know what means the phrase,
And if they tell the truth.

I've been a youth about twelve years—
Have had a sorry time;
And truly, friends, it still appears
Most anything but fine.

Just listen while I shall relate
Some of my woes to you:
I'll try and not exaggerate,
But only tell what's true.

When one year old (and ere that time
My sorrows were not few)
I first began to creep and climb,
And walk a little, too.

But, O, the falls,—why, Cæsar's fall
Was naught to be compared,—
I fell from table low and tall;
Falls hard and soft have shared.

I've cried alike for aches and pain,
From hunger and from cold,
Until the kind maternal dame
Her patience could not hold.

And then by her I've been chastised,
Because, as she has said,
I was so cross, and then advised
To travel straight to bed.

My shoes would always be in knot,
Whene'er the lamp was out;
The toys I wished were never bought—
The poor must go without.

And then, whenever we had planned
An interesting play,
A job was sure to be on hand,
Which must be done that day.

And as to food, although I had
Enough to satisfy,
They always passed ('twas quite too bad)
The smallest piece of pie.

Old clothes made over was my share,
Or those outgrown before;
But to complain I did not dare—
It would not bring me more.

The deepest griefs of later years,
Are lessons to prepare,
And home restraint, for—lend your ears—
I can't go anywhere!

Indeed, it's naught but grief and pain—
I never have my way;
There's no good time till you're a man
Is my belief to-day.

AUNTIE'S EDUCATION.

(Negro dialect. Special permission of the author.)

COME in, honey; how yo' do?
I jes know'd yuse comin' shuah,
Old red roosta crow'd so loud
In de doah lak he wuz proud,
Comp'ny comin'. Res' yo' hat?
Yuse too busy? Well, de lak,
T'ought yuse jes' had come to stay
Wid po' Auntie 'while to-day.
Bring me buk to read! why, chile,
'Nuf to make old Auntie smile.
Nevah larn'd but jes' one wud,
Spell it yet, chile; lor', it stirred
Dis ole bress to kno' 'twas me
Larn'd to spell dat one wud—free.
Whar I larn'd it? Nevah know'd;
Mebby from de wind dat blow'd.
'Specks God printed on de sky



"Out swept the squadrons, fated three hundred
Into the battle-line steady and full;"



"GALATEA."

(Suggestion For Tableau.)

"Then this is life? And not long since I was a cold dull stone. I recollect that by some means I knew that I was a stone."

Wid de stars a-shinin' high,
 Jes' so plain dat niggas, see !
 Larn to spell it jes' lak me.
 Chile, kno' why dis po' ole head
 Be so white an' eyes lak lead ?
 Once wuz black, jes' lak de crow,
 Eyes dey shine lak fiah's glow,
 When de darkies gather roun',
 Steps to music on de groun' ;
 Lor', chile, hu-la, hu-la, low,
 Kaint jes' help but sing it so,
 Tak's me back to long ago
 An' my Sambo bowin' low.
 'Scuse dese teahs, chile ; grasses wave
 Fru' de yeahs on Sambo's grave.
 Dats what makes my har so white ?
 No, no, chile ; de Lawd was right
 When he tole him res' a while,
 But he tuk' ole Auntie's smile.
 Mos' folks' white har comes wid yeahs,
 Not lak mine—it come wid teahs.
 Wuk by day an' teahs by night,—
 'Nuf to make dis ole head white.
 When de chickens crow at morn,
 Den yo' heah de darkies sorng
 Keepin' time wid medda lark,
 Greetin' mornin' from de dark.
 Sing as well as cry dey said
 Wid de dew upon de head,
 Mak' one feel lak had de right
 On God's erf jes' lak de white.
 Wuk all day till mos' drop dead,
 Cotton baskets on de head ;
 Eat de co'n pone in de heat,
 Wid fat bakin, nuth'n sweet.
 Den when flow'rs, tia'd to def,
 Wid de wind's too kissin' bref,
 Go to sleep, chile—Auntie try,
 But de flow'rs heah her cry,
 So dey tell de wind, and he
 Tuk it up to hebben ; yo' see,
 Po' ole Auntie couldn't read,
 But de Lawd in hebben he seed
 Auntie pray, so He larn'd me
 Jes' to spell dat one wud—free.

MAY RAPLEY MCNABB.

A BOY'S TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

(Boy ten to fifteen years of age.)

I WISH to say a few words on temperance. I suppose you'll say the subject is too deep for boys, and that this speech is altogether too old for me. Now, I will be honest with you, and say, in the first place, that these are not my words, or, rather, the thoughts are not really mine ; but it is what I think of other people's thoughts. And as for the subject being too deep for me, that is all mere nonsense. Small as I am, I have seen people drunk a great many times. And they are not men alone : I have seen women and children drunk, more than once ; and every time I see it, I feel sorry.

When I see men going into a lager beer saloon, day after day, or women carrying home liquor in a pitcher or bottle, then I think of the time when I saw them drunk on the sidewalk, or quarrelling with a lamp-post, or staggering home to beat their wife or children, and I know that one is the beginning of the other. That is not what somebody else says ; for I know that of myself.

I have been to temperance meetings some, and have heard about the best means of promoting the cause of temperance—and they tell about taking away the liberty of the people ! I confess I don't understand this ; but I want to ; for I want to be intelligent enough to vote one of these days, which some men are not, they say. But I'm going to tell you what I think about it, from what I do know. I think it is a strange liberty that men want—liberty to get drunk, and reel around the streets, and frighten children, and be made fun of by the boys, and to go home at two o'clock in the morning, and get into bed with their boots on and not know the difference.

Then my father interferes with my liberty when he won't let me swear ; for that don't hurt anybody. And the robber ought to have liberty to go into all the houses he wishes to, and take anything he pleases ; and the murderer ought not to be hung—that's interfering with his liberty. I must say I don't understand it.

Then, they say it is no sin to drink, but it is a

sin to get drunk. Now, my father and mother teach me that it is just as wrong to steal a pin as to steal money, and they would punish me just the same for it. If it is a sin to drink ten glasses of whiskey and get drunk, it is a sin to drink one glass; for some people can get more tipsy, disagreeable and dangerous on one glass than if they drank many and grew helplessly drunk. Take a boy's advice and don't touch it yourself and don't sell or give it to others.

LIST OF OUR PRESIDENTS.

(Memorizing this will help to remember names and order of the Presidents.)

COME, young folks all, and learn my rhyme,
Writ like the ones of olden time.

For linked together, name and name,
The whole a surer place will claim;
And firmly in your mind shall stand
The names of those who've ruled our land.
A noble list: George Washington,
John Adams, Thomas Jefferson,
James Madison and James Monroe,
John Quincy Adams—and below
Comes Andrew Jackson in his turn;
Martin Van Buren next we learn.
Then William Henry Harrison,
Whom soon John Tyler followed on.
And after Tyler, James K. Polk;
Then Zachary Taylor ruled the folk
Till death. Then Millard Fillmore came;
And Franklin Pierce we next must name.
And James Buchanan then appears,
Then Abraham Lincoln through those years
Of war. And when his life was lost
'Twas Andrew Johnson filled his post.
Then U. S. Grant and R. B. Hayes,
And James A. Garfield each had place,
Then Chester Arthur took command
Till Grover Cleveland ruled the land,
Who, when his first four years were done,
Gave way to Benjamin Harrison.
Then we have Grover Cleveland again,
For four more years he comes to reign.
Next, William McKinley's name we find,
To whom the office was consigned.

THE MOURNER.

(For church or Sunday-School entertainment. CHARACTERS.—One, a young lady, to represent the MOURNER, and five girls, ten to fourteen years old, to represent PATIENCE, RESIGNATION, FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY, each provided with a small Bible.)

The Mourner (soliloquizing). O, my poor sorrowing heart! What is earth? A fleeting show, soon past; a bubble, soon lost; a breath, soon spent! Why am I spared? Why may I not make my bed in the grave, and be free from earth's trials? I care not to live longer, now I am alone! There is no one to soothe my troubles, or to weep with me in my grief! Alone! alone! (*Enter PATIENCE.*)

Patience. "Behold, we count them happy which endure! Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." James v. 11.

(*Enter RESIGNATION, and stands by the side of PATIENCE.*)

Resignation. "Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator." 1 Peter iv. 19. (*Opening a Bible and handing it to mourner.*) Read that troubled one and be comforted.

(*Enter FAITH, who opens her Bible and reads:*) "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." 1 John v. 4. (*Lay the open book on her lap. Enter HOPE.*)

Hope (reading). "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." 1 Thess. iv. 13. Dear mourner that is for you. (*Hand her the open book. Enter CHARITY.*)

Charity. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind." "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth." 1 Cor. xiii. 4, 7, 8.

Mourner. Who are these that thus unbidden enter the house of mourning? that thus attempt to draw the afflicted heart from the contempla-

tion of those lost dear ones? Why do ye thus intrude, or with vain words seek to fill the heart already broken? Leave me alone; for I would fain be deaf to earth, and rest in solitude till life is past! (*The five then sing the following:*)

Mourner, do not sorrow longer!

Lift thou up thy drooping head!
Though the friends who fondly loved thee
Slumber now among the dead.
Though their pale and lifeless bodies
In the grave were buried low,
Yet the friends who tarried with thee
At the feet of Jesus bow.

Here, they suffered pain and anguish!

There, they lay them all aside!

Here, they battled with the waters,

Fiercely tossing o'er the tide:

Now, their bark has safely landed

*On the blessed heavenly shore,
And they meet the long-lost loved ones,
Meet them there, to part no more.*

Mourner, wouldst thou now recall them,
Wouldst thou call them back to earth?

Bid them tread again these portals,

And engage in scenes of mirth?

Or, while they their songs are singing,

"Glory, glory to our King!"

Wouldst thou sadly sit repining,

And with them refuse to sing?

(*All answer:*)

Mourner. Whence are these sweet sounds?
It is not like earthly music! Who are ye, and
by what names are ye known?

Patience. Patience.

Resignation. Resignation.

Faith. Faith.

Hope. Hope.

Charity. Charity.

Patience. Patience, duty to fulfil.

Resignation. Resignation to His will.

Faith. Faith in God, in Whom we trust,
Giveth life to all the just.

Hope. Hope, an anchor to the soul.

Charity. Charity to each an all.

All. These to suffering man are given.

To guide him in the way to heaven.

Mourner. On what errand are ye come?
What is your mission?

Patience. To sustain.

Resignation. To comfort.

Faith. To guide.

Hope. To cheer.

Charity. To relieve.

Patience. Sustaining grace you sure will find
If you in patience wait;
His ear to every call inclined,
To hear both small and great.

Resignation. To comfort when all things of earth
Fade from your sight away.
With resignation to His will,
He makes the night as day.

Faith. Faith dwells in the Christian's heart
His guide and inner light;
Pillar of cloud in sorrow's day,
Pillar of fire by night.

Hope. Hope is the Christian's anchor sure;
In grief, a blessing given;
His landmark on the shores of time,
His passport into heaven.

Charity. Have charity for erring ones;
The suffering relieve;
Your life may thus be spent for Him
In whom you now believe.

Mourner. Enough! These words have cheered
me; and whenever I am forgetting my mission
in life, may I be reminded of these kind admoni-
tions. Now, ere you depart, sing me one sweet
strain, that I may not soon forget.

Hope. I will repeat some verses, the senti-
ment of which befit this occasion. We will
afterwards sing them. (*Let her repeat them with
a sweet spirit and good elocution*). Now, let us
sing. (*They sing:*)

O, who, in such a world as this,
Could bear his lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?

That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
 Who reigns above the skies ;
 Hope that unites the soul to heaven,
 By faith's endearing ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
 Is sent in pitying love,
 To lift the lingering heart from earth,
 And speed its flight above.
 And every pang that wrings the breast,
 And every joy that dies,
 Tell us to seek a purer rest,
 And trust to holier ties.

THE RETORT.

(Narrative to be told in a conversational style. The enjoyment of jokes and incidents depends always upon the manner of the narrator. Enter fully into the spirit. Don't declaim this piece, but tell it good naturedly.)

ONE day, a rich man, flushed with pride and wine, sitting with guests at table, all quite merry, conceived it would be vastly fine to crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft or trade did your good father earn his livelihood?" "He was a saddler, sir," the young man said; "and in his line was always reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh? and had you stuffed with Greek, instead of teaching you like him to do! And pray, sir, why did not your father make a saddler, too, of you?" At this each flatterer, as in duty bound, the joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length the secretary, bowing low, said (craving pardon if too free he made), "Sir, by your leave, I fain would know *your* father's trade."

"*My* father's *trade*? Why, sir, but that's too bad! My father's trade! Why, block-head, art thou mad? My father, sir, was never brought so low: he was a *gentleman*, I'd have you know."

"Indeed? Excuse the liberty I take, but, if your story's true, how happened it your father did not make a *gentleman* of you?"

JOHN MAYNARD.

(Descriptive and dramatic.)

'T WAS on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
 One bright midsummer day,
 The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
 Swept proudly on her way.
 Bright faces clustered on the deck,
 Or leaning o'er the side,
 Watched carelessly the feathery foam,
 That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,
 That smiling bends serene,
 Could dream that danger, awful, vast,
 Impended o'er the scene—
 Could dream that ere an hour had sped,
 That frame of sturdy oak
 Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves
 Blackened with fire and smoke?

A seaman sought the captain's side,
 A moment whispered low;
 The captain's swarthy face grew pale,
 He hurried down below.
 Alas, too late! Though quick and sharp
 And clear his orders came,
 No human effort could avail
 To quench the insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck,
 It sped from lip to lip,
 And ghastly faces everywhere
 Looked from the doomed ship.
 "Is there no hope—no chance of life?"
 A hundred lips implore:
 "But one," the captain made reply,
 "To run the ship on shore."

A sailor, whose heroic soul
 That hour should yet reveal—
 By name John Maynard, eastern born,
 Stood calmly at the wheel.
 "Head her southeast!" the captain shouts,
 Above the smothered roar,
 "Head her southeast without delay!
 Make for the nearest shore!"

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,
 Or clouds his dauntless eye,

As in a sailor's measured tone

His voice responds, "Ay, ay!"

Three hundred souls,—the steamer's freight—

Crowd forward wild with fear,

While at the stern the dreadful flames

Above the deck appear.

John Maynard watched the nearing flame,

But still with steady hand

He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly

He steered the ship to land.

"John Maynard," with an anxious voice,

The captain cries once more,

"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet!

And we will reach the shore."

Through flames and smoke that dauntless heart

Responded firmly, still

Unawed, though face to face with death,

"With God's good help I will!"

The flames approach with giant strides,

They scorch his hands and brow;

One arm disabled seeks his side,

Ah, he is conquered now!

But no, his teeth are firmly set,

He crushes down the pain,—

His knee upon the stanchion pressed,

He guides the ship again.

One moment yet! one moment yet!

Brave heart thy task is o'er!

The pebbles grate beneath the keel,

The steamer touches shore.

Three hundred grateful voices rise,

In praise to God that He

Hath saved them from the fearful fire,

And from the engulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?

The captain saw him reel—

His nerveless hands released their task,

He sunk beside the wheel.

The waves received his lifeless corpse,

Blackened with smoke and fire,

God rest him! Hero never had

A nobler funeral pyre!

H. ALGER, JR.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough;

In youth it sheltered me,

And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot;

There, woodman, let it stand,

Thy axe shall harm it not.

When but an idle boy

I sought its grateful shade;

In all their gushing joy

Here, too, my sister played.

My mother kissed me here,

My father pressed my hand;

Forgive this foolish tear,

But let the old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling

Close as thy bark, old friend;

Here shall the wild bird sing,

And still thy branches bend.

Old tree, the storm still brave!

And, woodman, leave the spot;

While I've a hand to save,

Thy axe shall hurt it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I'M GETTING TOO BIG TO KISS.

(By permission of the author.)

THE friends of my childhood with pleasure
I greet,

Their faces I ever hold dear,

In palace or cottage, on meadow or street,

Wherever they chance to appear.

Then do not misjudge me, and deem me not cold,

Nor call me a queer, haughty miss,

Oh, no one can budge me, so do not be bold,

I'm getting too—too big to kiss.

'Tis hardly a year since the guests of the house,

On leaving, would kiss me adieu,

The parson, the deacon, old Schnider, Von

Krouse,

Ned Blanc, and the young squire, too.

They called me a treasure, a sweet, roguish maid ;
 Now nonsense like that is amiss,
 Though once 'twas a pleasure, I'm really afraid
 That somebody's too big to kiss.

Now if you should happen by moonlight to walk,
 With some one you know very well,
 Remember, 'tis harmless to laugh and to talk,
 Or sweet little stories to tell.

But oh, have a care, girls, and heed me, I
 pray,

For what I would counsel is this—
 Refuse, though his hair curls, and promptly this
 say :

I'm getting, sir, too big to kiss.

Oh, no, no, no, no, sir ! Allow me to pass ;

Oh, no, sir, 'tis more than I dare :

That game's out of fashion (I'm sorry, alas !)

You needn't look cross as a bear.

Yet still I've an ember of pity right here,

I'll throw you just one kiss like this,

But, sir, you'll remember, now don't come so
 near—

That really I'm too big to kiss.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

ARTIE'S "AMEN."

(Humorous. Sunday-school or church occasion.)

THEY were Methodists twain, of the ancient
 school,

Who always followed the wholesome rule
 That whenever the preacher in meeting said
 Aught that was good for the heart or head,
 His hearers should pour their feelings out
 In a loud "Amen" or a godly shout.

Three children had they—all honest boys—
 Whose youthful sorrows and youthful joys
 They shared, as all loving parents will,
 While tending them ever through good and ill.

One day—'twas a bleak, cold Sabbath morn,
 When the sky was dark and the earth forlorn—
 These boys, with a caution not to roam,
 Were left by the elder folk at home.

But scarce had they gone when the wooded frame
 By the tall stove-pipe was seen aflame ;
 And out of their reach, high, high, and higher,
 Rose the red coils of the serpent fire.

With startled sight for a while they gazed,
 As the pipe grew hot and the wood-work blazed ;
 Then up, though his heart beat wild with dread,
 The eldest climbed to a shelf o'erhead,
 And soon with a sputter and hiss of steam,
 The flame died out like an angry dream.

When the father and mother came back that
 day—

They had gone to a neighboring church to pray—
 Each looked, but with half-averted eye,
 On the awful doom which had just passed by.

And then the father began to praise
 His boys with a tender and sweet amaze.

"Why, how did you manage, Tom, to climb
 And quench the threatening flames in time
 To save your brothers and save yourself?"

"Well, father, I mounted the strong oak shelf
 By the help of the table standing nigh."

"And what?" quoth the father, suddenly,

Turning to Jemmy, the next in age,

"Did you to quiet the fiery rage?"

"I brought the pail and the dipper, too,

And so it was that the water flew

All over the flames and quenched them quite."

A mist came over the father's sight,
 A mist of pride and of righteous joy,
 As he turned at last to his youngest boy—
 A gleeful urchin scarce three years old,
 With his dimpling cheeks and his hair of gold.

"Come, Artie, I'm sure you weren't afraid ;

Now tell me in what way you tried to aid
 This fight with the fire?" "Too small am I,"

Artie replied, with a half-drawn sigh,

"To fetch like Jemmy, and work like Tom ;

So I stood just here for a minute dumb,

Because, papa, I was frightened some ;

But I prayed, 'Our Father,' and then—and then
 I shouted as loud as I could, 'Amen.'"

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE LITTLE MAID'S PRAYER at the

SHRINE OF ST VALENTINE

A quaint little maid, went tripping along
To the blessed shrine of the good old Saint
She wore on her breast a blue love knot true
And she bore in her hand a rush light faint

She kneeled at the shrine and the prayer she said
Was one that many maids have breathed before
And one that all maidens will whisper still,
So long as the best is love's true, sweet lore.

Saint Valentine, O' dear Saint Valentine
Grant me in love the gift for which I pray,
The same good Saint that all young maids desire
Send me a lover true this very day

Let him be tall, and straight of limb, and fair
A gracious, handsome, goodly man to see,
Let him wear courtly, gentle manners grave
And O! that he may bear great love to me

Let him have ample house and richest lands,
Let him have lowing herds and plenty kine,
Let him have shining gold, and silver too,
And let O! let the knight and these be mine

Up from before the kindly Saint she rose,
Upon the shrine she laid the love-knot true,
Next placed the dimly burning rush light there
And round it grouped of mystic charms a few

Then homeward went the lightly tripping maid,
To wait and watch, as maids are prone to do,
The coming of the gracious knight she prayed
Saint Valentine would send her love to woo

Few stish

WHERE THEY NEVER FEEL THE COLD.

(Reading: droll humor.)

“**Y**ES,” remarked the St. Paul man to a friend from Chicago, as he stood arrayed in his blanket suit, and adjusted a couple of buckskin chest protectors, “yes, there is something about the air in the Northwestern climate which causes a person not to notice the cold. Its extreme dryness,” he continued, as he drew on a couple of extra woolen socks, a pair of Scandinavian sheepskin boots, and some Alaska overshoes—“its extreme dryness makes a degree of cold, reckoned by the mercury, which would be unbearable in other latitudes, simply exhilarating here. I have suffered more with the cold in Michigan, for instance,” he added, as he drew on a pair of goatskin leggings, adjusted a double fur cap, and tied on some Esquimau ear-muffs, “in Michigan or Illinois, we will say, with the thermometer at zero or above, than I have here with it at from forty-five to fifty-five below. The dryness of our winter air is certainly remarkable,” he went on, as he wound a couple of rods of red woolen scarf about his neck, wrapped a dozen newspapers around his body, drew on a fall-cloth overcoat, a winter-cloth overcoat, a light buffalo-skin overcoat, and a heavy polar-bear-skin overcoat; “no, if you have never enjoyed our glorious Minnesota winter climate, with its dry atmosphere, its bright sunshine, and invigorating ozone, you would scarcely believe some things I could tell you about it. The air is dry,” he continued, as he adjusted his leather nose protector, drew on his reindeer-skin mittens, and carefully closed one eye-hole in the sealskin mask he drew down from his cap, “it is so dry that actually it seems next to impossible to feel the cold at all. We can scarcely realize in the spring that we have had winter, owing to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere. By the way,” he went on, turning to his wife, “just bring me a couple of blankets and those bed-quilts to throw over my shoulders, and hand me that muff with the hot soapstone in it, and now

I’ll take a pull at this jug of brandy and whale oil, and then, if you’ll have the girl bring my snow-shoes and iceberg scaling stick, I’ll step over and see them pry the workmen off the top of the ice-palace, who were frozen on yesterday. I tell you we wouldn’t be going on this way five hundred miles further south, where the air is damp and chilly. Nothing but our dry air makes it possible.”

PREACHING VERSUS PRACTICE.

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the rest,

Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was shocked, sir, like you, and answered,
“O, no!

What! rob our good neighbor? I pray you,
don’t go!

Besides, the man’s poor, his orchard’s his bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.”

“You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we’ll have:
If you will go with us, why, you’ll have a share;
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.”

They spoke, and Tom pondered—“I see they
will go:

Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!

Poor man! I would save him his fruit, if I
could,

But my staying behind will now do him no good.

“If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from
the tree;

But since they *will* take them, I think I’ll go, too;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.”

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

COWPER.



RECORDING THE VOW



JOSEPH JEFFERSON and BLANCHE BENDER

in "Rip Van Winkle."

(Suggestion for Tableau.)

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

THREE little words you often see
 Are articles—A, AN, and THE.
 A Noun is the name of anything,
 As SCHOOL or GARDEN, HOOP or SWING.
 Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
 As GREAT, SMALL, PRETTY, WHITE, or BROWN.
 Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—
 HER head, HIS face, YOUR arm, MY hand.
 Verbs tell of something to be done,
 To BEAR, COUNT, SING, LAUGH, STUDY, RUN.
 How things are done the Adverbs tell,
 As SLOWLY, QUICKLY, ILL, or WELL.
 Conjunctions join the words together,
 As man AND woman, wind OR weather.
 The prepositions stand before
 A Noun, as OF or THROUGH a door.
 The interjection shows surprise,
 As, AH! how pretty! OH! how wise!
 The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech
 Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

WHERE HONEYSUCKLES GROW.

(By special permission of the author.)

AND you have lost your little boy?
 Grieve not dear lady so,
 Perhaps you'll find him half asleep
 Where honeysuckles grow.
 For children tire of dusty streets
 And love to wander there,
 Where perfumed lips of pine and flowers
 Caress the wildwood air.
 They love to dip their tiny hands
 In cool waves of the grass,
 To count the leaves of gold which fall
 And heap in burnished mass.
 Ah, there he comes, your darling now,
 And they found him 'mongst the trees
 And sleeping there beneath the care
 Of lullabying breeze.
 How did I know? why once for me
 The whole world sang with joy,
 Then suddenly sang low a dirge,
 For I had lost my boy.

I knew he wearied of the town,
 And so he wandered far,
 I searched for him beneath the sun
 And 'neath the evening star.

And one day wandering in the wood,
 Where honeysuckles keep
 Their fragrant stores, I found the bed,
 Wherein he lay asleep.

And yet I could not raise my voice,
 To call him from his rest;
 For, oh, he was so sweetly still,
 I ended there my quest.

And left him 'neath the sheltering shade,
 Where slender flowers heap
 Their pure sweet blossoms ever o'er
 My little boy asleep.

MAY RAPLEY McNABB

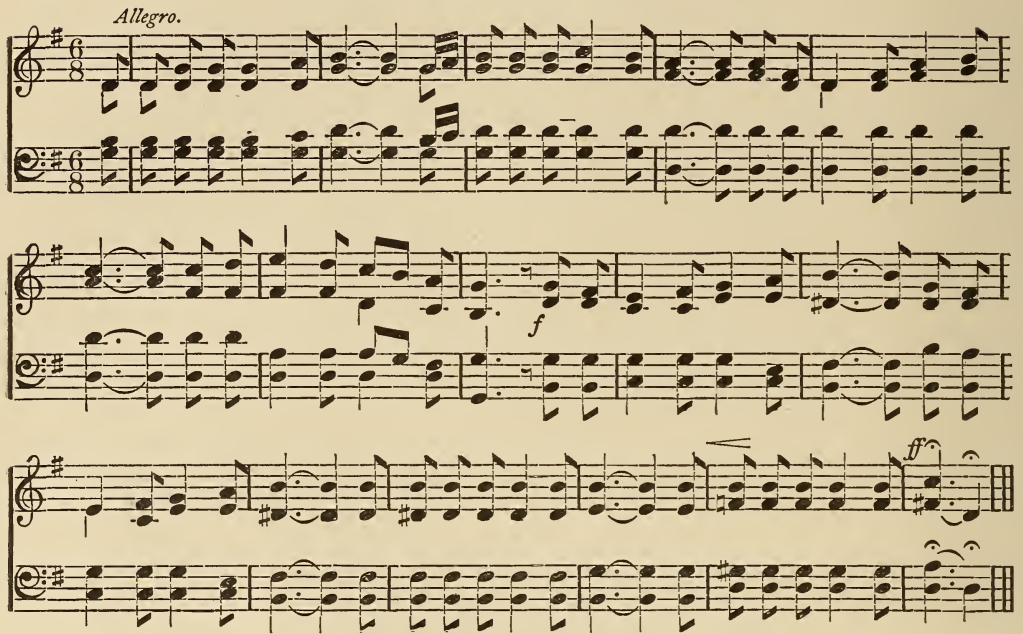
THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

THE old, old clock, of the household stock,
 Was the brightest thing and neatest;
 Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
 And its chime rang still the sweetest.
 'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
 Yet they lived, though nations altered;
 And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
 When the voice of friendship faltered!
 "Tick, tick," it said; "quick, quick, to bed,—
 For ten I've given warning;
 Up, up, and go, or else you know
 You'll never rise *soon* in the morning!"
 A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
 As it stood in the corner smiling,
 And blessed the time with a merry chime,
 The wintry hours beguiling;
 But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
 As it called at daybreak boldly,
 When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
 And the early air blew coldly.
 "Tick, tick," it said; "quick out of bed,
 For five I've given warning;
 You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
 Unless you're up soon in the morning."

THE SAILOR'S STORY.—Geo. M. Vickers.

(Temperance recitation with musical accompaniment. Prepared expressly for this volume.)

PRELUDE.

(The recitation begins when the music ceases.)

1. Flood tide. "All strangers leave the ship!"

The boatswain hoarsely cried.
Then hand grasped hand in fervent grip
And lips pressed lips in fond adieu,
As o'er the vessel's side
Each loved one parted from her crew.

2. "Dear mother," keep this flageolet

'Till I come home from sea—
I'll often write, nor shall forget
I am a widow's only stay—
God bless you, pray for me,
Be quick! the vessel's under weigh!"

3. The ship sailed off. The sailor boy,
-
- That woman's darling child,
-
- So late her sad life's only joy,
-
- Soon grew to like his new friends' ways,
-
- To join their revels wild—
-
- While lone his mother passed her days.

4. In far-off lands he learned to love

The soul-distressing cup,
Nor ever sought for help above;
Home, mother, God, all were forgot,
Good thoughts rum swallowed up
And left him but a helpless sot.

(Music begins softly.)

5. At home, his mother, bent and wan,
-
- Toils patient day and night,
-
- Oft bending o'er her work till dawn;
-
- And oft against the window pressed
-
- Her face is seen, a sight
-
- Most touching, care-worn, grief-distressed.
-
6. The letter-man has passed the door,
-
- He does so ev'ry day;
-
- The widow's heart is sick and sore,
-
- For not a line in three long years
-
- Has come to light her way
-
- Or stop the flowing of her tears.

(The following music is to be played softly, as an accompaniment to the reader's voice, beginning with the fifth and continuing to the end of the eighth stanza.)

Tenderly.

p

cres. *dim.* *FINE.*

D. C.

7. By piecemeal all her scanty store
Has gone to buy her bread,
Yet sickness, want, claim one thing more,
The thing she fain would cling to yet,
And fainting, almost dead,
She pawns her darling's flageolet.

(At this point the music ceases, the recitation continuing.)

9. A broker's sale. The room is filled
(For Christmas time is near)
With some to buy, while others chilled
Have slipped in from the biting cold.
"We want a bid, look here,
Silver-keyed, and washed with gold!"

10. The auctioneer then paused, for, lo!
A man leaped on his stand,
My flageolet! oh, mother's woe!"
And sobs choked up the sailor's throat,
As with his brawny hand
His heaving bosom wild he smote.

8. The awning's flap, the shutter's bang,
The night's air filled with sleet;
Three golden balls above us hang,
Below, a woman, stiff and cold
Lies, friendless, in the street—
Dead, near the flageolet she sold!

11. He learned, though late, that wine deceives,
That strong drink leads to death;
That abstinence alone relieves
The drunkard from disgrace, distress,
Makes pure his rum-fouled breath,
That temperance doth ever bless.

12. And thus the sailor's story ends,
A story all too true;
Yet judge not harshly, gentle friends,
He was a loving boy and brave,
Loved by a reckless crew,
Whose lesson is a mother's grave.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

(Arranged for five speakers. The first speaker may carry an American flag, or plant it on the stage.)

First Speaker.

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
 Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
 With burning star and flaming band
 It kindles all the sunset land;
 Oh tell us what its name may be!
 Is this the Flower of Liberty?
 It is the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

Second Speaker.

In savage Nature's fair abode
 Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
 The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
 Its opening leaves were streaked with blood;
 Till, lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
 The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

Third Speaker.

Behold its streaming rays unite
 One mingling flood of braided light—
 The red that fires the Southern rose
 With spotless white from Northern snows,
 And, spangled o'er its azure, see
 The sister Stars of Liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

Fourth Speaker.

The blades of heroes fence it round;
 Where'er it springs is holy ground;
 From tower and dome its glories spread;
 It waves where lonely sentries tread;
 It makes the land as ocean free,
 And plants an empire on the sea!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

Fifth Speaker.

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
 Shall ever float on dome and tower,

To all their heavenly colors true,
 In blackening frost or crimson dew;
 And God love us as we love Thee,
 Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

All at Once.

And God love us as we love Thee,
 Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!

HOLMES.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

(Sunday-school exercise.)

(The Superintendent might print or write these questions and give them out to the school, withholding the references. Offer a book, or some prize to the scholar answering the most of them correctly before school two weeks later. Ten minutes to be devoted before the lesson is taken up to reading only the correct answers, placing those of each individual in a separate pile. The one having the largest number of correct answers takes the prize. The answers should contain the Scripture references. Teachers may also employ this plan in their individual classes with good effect.)

1. What was David doing when he was called to be king? 1 Sam. xvi. 11, 12.
2. What sign was given Moses that his call was divine? Ex. iv. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.
3. What sign did Gideon ask of the Lord, that he should save Israel? Judges vi. 36, 40.
4. What miracle did God work over a borrowed axe? 2 Kings vi. 5, 6, 7.
5. How did Jonathan's son become lame? 2 Sam. iv. 4.
6. What woman called her husband foolish? 1 Sam. xxv. 3, 25.
7. How did David act before the king of Achish? 1 Sam. xxi. 13.
8. When did David scorn to offer sacrifice at the expense of another? 2 Sam. xxiv. 24.
9. How were the men of Shechem destroyed? Judges ix. 48, 49.
10. What tribe obtained a league with the Israelites by craft? Joshua ix. 3, 4, 5, 14, 15.
11. What was the ancient law in harvesting? Deut. xxiv. 19.
12. What was the bedstead of Og? Deut. iii. 21.

PLAYING DRUNKARD.

(Temperance selection.)

JONES was a kind, good-natured man as one might wish to see,
 He had a buxom, tidy wife and bright-eyed children three,
 But Jones was weak in one respect—he had a love for rum,
 And often from the drinking-shop would, staggering, homeward come.

His good wife grieved to see him thus, but bore all patiently,
 And prayed and hoped that in some way he would reformed be ;
 She never waver'd in her faith, but toiled with hand and brain,
 And in the end with joy she found her prayers were not in vain.

Thus it occurred. One Sunday morn, while Jones lay on the floor,
 Sleeping away the outcome of his spree the night before.
 His wife had gone to church to pray that his reform might come,
 Leaving, with much regret, her ill-clad little ones at home.

When passed away the lethargy, caused by the flowing bowl,
 Jones gazed around, and saw a sight which shocked his very soul.
 His eldest child, a boy of six, with frowzy, unkempt hair,
 Was staggering around the room with idiotic stare,
 The while his other little ones laughed loudly in their glee,
 His grimaces, and flounderings, and antics queer to see.

“I'm only playing drunk,” he said, “to imitate papa,
 But if I had some liquor, I could do it better, far.

But children ain't allowed to drink, so I know what I'll do,
 I'll wait till I grow up, and then, I'll be a drunkard, too.”

“I reckon not,” Jones muttered. “With Heaven's help I'll try
 To do my duty after this in strict sobriety.
 My eyes shall ne'er again behold a scene so sad as this ;
 Come here, my precious little ones, and give papa a kiss !”

* * * * *

When Mrs. Jones came home from church, he met her at the door,
 And tenderly embracing her, said : “Wife, I'll drink no more !”
 She saw the truth shine in his eyes, and wept for very joy,
 But never knew the change was wrought by her unthinking boy.

FRANCIS S. SMITH.

CLOSING ADDRESS.

(To close a Sunday-school entertainment. For a little Christian boy of twelve to fourteen years.)

DEAR FRIENDS: We have now finished what we have to say, and come to thank you for your kind attention during the evening. We have not said anything *great*, we know, but we have tried to say all the *good* things we could. We are yet small, and our powers of mind, as well as of body, are feeble. We cannot talk as you can ; we cannot think so fast, or reason so well ; but as we grow older we hope to grow in wisdom and in strength. This is one of the ways by which we gain strength, and the Sunday-school instruction is good to make us wise.

Who knows but some day one of us here may be the President of the United States ? or, better still, may go to foreign lands, to proclaim the gospel to those who sit in darkness ? We may be called to fill high places of honor and trust, and it is important that we prepare ourselves now for the stations which we soon may fill.

Life is passing by, and youth will soon be gone, or the night of death may overtake us. Many little ones we remember who once stood where we now stand; many faces that beamed with love and expectation, as they stood before you on an occasion like this; but to-night they look on us, seeing but unseen. They have crossed the narrow river, have entered the gate to that beautiful city, and we are left to follow. We would not forget that life with us may close as suddenly, and we hope to live so that when we die we may join the blest above. We want your prayers for us, that we may be pure and good, that Jesus may love us, and make us his own.

(*Turning to the superintendent.*) Now, Mr. Superintendent, I suggest that we close by asking the audience to rise and join with us in singing that beautiful Sunday-school song, "*God Be with You Till We Meet Again.*"

(All rise and sing. If the Sunday-school book does not contain it, it should be printed on slips and distributed through the audience.)

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF PEACE.

WHILE we act, sir, upon the maxim, "In peace prepare for war," let us also remember that the best preparation for war is peace. This swells your numbers; this augments your means; this knits the sinews of your strength; this covers you all over with a panoply of might. And, then, if war must come in a just cause, no foreign state—no, sir, not all combined—can send forth an adversary that you need fear to encounter.

But, sir, give us these twenty-five years of peace. I do believe, sir, that this coming quarter of a century is to be the most important in our whole history. I do beseech you to let us have these twenty-five years, at least, of peace. Let these fertile wastes be filled up with swarming millions; let this tide of emigration from Europe go on; let the steamer, the canal, the railway, and especially let this great Pacific railway, subdue these mighty distances, and bring this vast extension into a span.

Let us pay back the ingots of California gold with bars of Atlantic iron; let agriculture clothe

our vast wastes with waving plenty; let the industrial and mechanic arts erect their peaceful fortresses at the waterfalls; and then, sir, in the train of this growing population, let the printing office, the lecture-room, the village school-house, and the village church, be scattered over the country. And in these twenty-five years we shall exhibit a spectacle of national prosperity such as the world has never seen on so large a scale, and yet within the reach of a sober, practical contemplation. EDWARD EVERETT.

A TRAGEDY.

HOW many acts are there in a tragedy? Five, I believe.

Act I.—Young man starting from home. Parents and sisters weeping to see him go. Wagon passing over the hill. Farewell kiss thrown back. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act II.—Marriage altar. Bright lights. Full organ. White veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulations, and exclamations of "How well she looks!" Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act III.—Midnight. Woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into broken window-panes. Many marks of hardship on the face. Biting the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty, disgrace. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act IV.—Three graves in a very dark place. Grave of a child, who died from want of medicine; grave of husband and father, who died of dissipation; grave of wife and mother, who died of a broken heart. Plenty of weeds but no flowers! Oh! what a blasted heath with three graves! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act V.—A destroyed soul's eternity. No light; no music; no hope! Despair coiling around the heart with unutterable anguish. Blackness of darkness forever! Woe! woe! woe! I cannot bear longer to look. I close my eyes at this last act of tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY,**February 22, 1732.**

"**T**HE first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! Washington has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men before his day in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It is still her proud ejaculation, and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life.

Yes! Others of our great men have been appreciated—many admired—by all. But him we love. Him we all love. No sectional prejudice or bias, no party, no creed, no dogma of politics—none of these shall assail him. Yes, when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, commended by his words, consecrated by his example!

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one; the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one."

RUFUS CHOATE.

**THE TWENTY-SECOND OF
FEBRUARY.**

(Suited to Washington's Birthday celebration.)

GENTLEMEN, a most auspicious omen salutes and cheers us, this day. This day is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. Washington birthday is celebrated from one end of this land to the other. The whole atmosphere of the country is this day redolent of his principles,—the hills, the rocks, the groves,

the vales, and the rivers, shout their praises, and resound with his fame. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day that there is one treasure common to them all; and that is the fame of Washington. They all recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

To the old and the young, to all born in this land, and to all whose preferences have led them to make it the home of their adoption, Washington is an exhilarating theme. Americans are proud of his character; all exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, everywhere, all over the world, more an object of regard than on any former day since his birth.

Gentlemen, by his example, and under the guidance of his precepts, will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership, our fathers conquered their ancient enemies; and, under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles, will we conquer *now*. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it, through evil report and good report. We will sustain it, and meet death itself, if it come; we will ever encounter and defeat error, by day and by night, in light or in darkness—thick darkness—if it come, till

"Danger's troubled night is o'er,
And the star of peace return,"

WEBSTER.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

(Pathetic. May be made very effective by a girl of twelve or thirteen, dressed in ragged clothes. The stage should be darkened, and soft, subdued music may be played as the lines are recited.)

ALONE, in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold
feet,
All day I wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.

I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavements alone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers have
said,

And mammas have tucked them up snugly in
bed.

No dear mother ever upon me smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little dogs
run

When I wander too near them; 'tis wondrous to
see,

How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame;

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above,
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary night,
I am going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so wild—
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

(Humorous reading.)

A MEMBER of the Æsculapian line lived at
Newcastle-upon-Tyne: no man could
better gild a pill, or make a bill, or mix
a draught, or bleed, or blister; or draw a tooth
out of your head; or chatter scandal by your
bed; or spread a plaster. His fame full six
miles round the country ran; in short, in repu-
tation he was *solus*: all the old women called
him "a fine man!" His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade (which often-
times will genius fether), read works of fancy, it
is said, and cultivated the "*belles lettres*."*
Bolus loved verse;—and took so much delight
in't, all his prescriptions he resolved to write
in't. No opportunity he e'er let pass of writing
the directions on his labels in dapper couplets,
like Gay Fables, or, rather, like the lines in
Hudibras.

He had a patient lying at death's door, some
three miles from the town, it might be four,—to
whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article—in
pharmacy that's called cathartical: and on the
label of the stuff he wrote this verse, which one
would think was clear enough, and terse,—

"When taken,
To be well shaken."

Next morning early Bolus rose, and to the
patient's house he goes, upon his pad, who a vile
trick of stumbling had: but he arrived, and gave
a tap, between a single and a double rap. The
servant lets him in, with dismal face, long as a
courtier's out of place,—portending some dis-
aster. John's countenance as rueful looked and
grim, as if the apothecary had physicked him,
and not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said.
John shook his head. "Indeed!—hum!—ha!
that's very odd!—He took the draught?" John
gave a nod. "Well?—how?—what then?—
speak out, you dunce!" "Why, then," says
John, "we shook him once."—"Shook him!
how? how?" friend Bolus stammered out.—
"We jolted him about."

*In both of these French words the *s* is unsounded.



LULU GLASER.
"They laugh that win."
OTHELLO.



E. H. SOTHERN.

““Home, mother, wife 'ere he reeled down 'mong the dead.”

"What! shake the patient, man!—why, that won't do." "No, sir," quoth John, "and so we gave him two." "Two shakes! O, luckless verse! 'Twould make the patient worse!" "It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."—"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master—died!"

COLMAN.

BUYING GAPE-SEED.

(Humorous Reading.)

A YANKEE, walking the streets of London, looked through a window upon a group of men writing very rapidly; and one of them said to him in an insulting manner, "Do you wish to buy some gape-seed?" Passing on a short distance the Yankee met a man, and asked him what the business of those men was in the office he had just passed. He was told that they wrote letters dictated by others, and transcribed all sorts of documents; in short, they were writers. The Yankee returned to the office, and inquired if one of the men would write a letter for him, and was answered in the affirmative. He asked the price, and was told one dollar. After considerable talk, the bargain was made; one of the conditions of which was that the scribe should write just what the Yankee told him to, or he should receive no pay. The scribe told the Yankee he was ready to begin; and the latter said:

"Dear marm:" and then asked, "Have you got that deown?"

"Yes," was the reply; "*go on.*"

"I went to ride t'other day—have you got that deown?"

"*Yes; go on; go on.*"

"And I harnessed up the old mare into the wagon—have you got that deown?"

"Yes, yes, long ago; *go on.*"

"Why, how fast you write! And I got into the wagon and sat deown, and drew up the reins, and took the whip in my right hand—have you got that deown?"

"Yes, long ago; *go on.*"

"Dear me, how fast you write! I never saw your equal. And I said to the old mare, '*Go 'long,*' and jerked the reins pretty hard—have you got that deown?"

"Yes; and I am impatiently waiting for more. I wish you wouldn't bother me with so many foolish questions. Go on with your letter."

"Well, the old mare wouldn't stir out of her tracks, and I hollered, '*Go 'long, you old jade! go 'long.*' Have you got that deown?"

"Yes, indeed, *you pestersome fellow; go on.*"

"And I licked her, and licked her, and licked her." (*Continuing to repeat these words as rapidly as possible.*)

"Hold on there! I have written two pages of 'licked her,' and I want the rest of the letter."

"Well, and she kicked, and she kicked, and she kicked." (*Continuing to repeat these words with great rapidity.*)

"Do go on with your letter; I have several pages of '*she kicked.*'"

(*The Yankee clucks as in urging horses to move, and continues the clucking noise with rapid repetition for some time. The scribe throws down his pen.*)

"*Write it deown! write it deown!*"

"I can't!"

"Well, then, I won't pay you."

(*The scribe, gathering up his papers:*) "What shall I do with all these sheets upon which I have written your nonsense."

"You may use them in doing up your *gape-seed*. Good-by!" JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE MINUET.

(Suited to girl of thirteen to fourteen years of age.)

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,

How she danced—my grandma danced,
Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!—

Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny ;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny !

Really quite a pretty girl,

Long ago.

Bless her ! why she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day ; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet

Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking—

(Every girl was taught to knit

Long ago,)

Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,

Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk

Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,

Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says ; but boys were charming—

Girls and boys, I mean, of course—

Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet

Long ago ?

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion ?

All would wear the calm they wore

Long ago.

In time to come, if I perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of *our* dance,
I should really like to say,

“We did it, dear, in some such way,

Long ago.” MARY M. DODGE.

THE GIGGLETY GIRL.

OH ! the gigglety girl—
Gee whiz !

From her toe to her curl

What a bother she is !

For whatever you do and whatever you say,
She is laughing away through the whole of the day,
And sometimes her noisy, unwearying zeal
Will make a man feel

So all fired

Excessively tired

That far into space he'd be willing to hurl
The gigglety, gigglety, gigglety girl.

Oh ! the gigglety girl—

Great Scott !

What a scurry and whirl

She can bring to the spot !

And yet, when her light-hearted freedom from
care

Kind of gets in the air—well, you can't be a
bear—

And you feel that your blood wouldn't stand it to
see

And man who could be

So downright

Ill-bred as to slight

Or in any way hurt, with the mood of a churl,
This gigglety, gigglety, gigglety girl. JUDGE.

A CASE OF INDIGESTION.

SCENE.—{ DR. GREGORY'S study.
A table and two chairs.

Enter PATIENT (*an unhappy Scotch merchant*) *from left.* DR. GREGORY *discovered reading* (*on right*).

PATIENT. Good morning, Dr. Gregory !
I'm just come into Edinburgh about some
law business, and I thought when I was
here, at any rate, I might just as weel take your
advice, sir, about my trouble.

Doctor. Pray, sir, sit down. (*Patient sits on left.*) And now, my good sir, what may your
trouble be ?

Pa. Indeed, doctor, I'm not very sure, but
I'm thinking it's a kind of weakness that makes
me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about
my stomach—I'm just na right.

Dr. You are from the west country, I should suppose, sir?

Pa. Yes, sir; from Glasgow.

Dr. Ay, pray, sir, are you a glutton?

Pa. Heaven forbid, sir! I am one of the plainest men living in the west country.

Dr. Then, perhaps, you are a drunkard?

Pa. No, Dr. Gregory, thank Heaven, no one can accuse me of that! I'm of the dissenting persuasion, doctor, and an elder, so you may suppose I'm na drunkard.

Dr. I'll suppose no such thing till you tell me your mode of living. I'm so much puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you do eat and drink, When do you breakfast, and what do you take at it?

Pa. I breakfast at nine o'clock; take a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea, a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or kippered salmon, or, maybe, both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr. Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, at breakfast?

Pa. O, yes, sir! but I don't count that as anything.

Dr. Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of a dinner do you make?

Pa. O, sir, I eat a very plain dinner, indeed. Some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think, some way, they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr. You take a little pudding, then, and afterwards some cheese?

Pa. O, yes! though I don't care much about them.

Dr. You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?

Pa. Yes, one or the other; but seldom both.

Dr. You west-country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner.

Pa. Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr. Do you take any wine during dinner?

Pa. Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr. What quantity of port do you drink?

Pa. O, very little; not above half a dozen glasses or so.

Dr. In the west country, it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch?

Pa. Yes, sir; indeed, 'tis punch we drink chiefly; but, for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never take more than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's moderate.

Dr. O, exceedingly moderate, indeed! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter?

Pa. Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr. And on your return you take supper, I suppose?

Pa. No, sir, I canna be said to take supper; just something before going to bed;—a rizztered haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or a half-hundred oysters, or the like o' that, and, maybe, two-thirds of a bottle of ale; but I take no *regular* supper.

Dr. But you take a little more punch after that?

Pa. No, sir, punch does not agree with me at bedtime. I take a tumbler of warm whiskey-toddy at night; it is lighter to sleep on.

Dr. So it must be, no doubt. This, you say, is your everyday life; but, upon great occasions, you perhaps exceed a little?

Pa. No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr. Not above twice a week?

Pa. No; not oftener.

Dr. Of course you sleep well and have a good appetite?

Pa. Yes, sir, thank Heaven, I have; indeed, any ill health that I have is about meal-time.

Dr. (*Rising with a severe air—the PATIENT also rises.*) Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed! You come here and tell me you are a moderate man; but, upon examination, I find, by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton. You said you were a sober man; yet, by your own showing, you are a beer-swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a

guzzler of punch. You tell me you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep. I see that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this? Go home, sir, and leave your present course of riotous living, and there are hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health, like your neighbors.

Pa. I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you. (*Taking out a bundle of bank-notes.*) I shall endeavor to—

Dr. Sir, you are not obliged to me :—put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee for telling you what you know as well as myself? Though you're no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. Go home, sir, and reform, or, take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

Pa. Thank you, doctor, thank you. Good-day, doctor.

(*Exit on right, followed by DOCTOR.*)

MR. CROSS AND SERVANT JOHN.

Mr. Cross. Why do you keep me knocking all day at the door?

John. I was at work, sir, in the garden. ; soon as I heard your knock, I ran to open the door with such haste that I fell down and hurt myself.

Mr. C. Why didn't you leave the door open?

John. Why, sir, you scolded me yesterday because I did so; When the door is open, you scold; when it is shut, you scold. I should like to know what to do?

Mr. C. What to do? What to do, did you say?

John. I said it. Shall I leave the door open?

Mr. C. No. I tell you, no!

John. Shall I keep the door shut?

Mr. C. Shall you keep the door shut? No, I say.

John. But, sir, a door must be either open or—

Mr. C. Don't presume to argue with me, fellow!

John. But doesn't it hold to reason that a door—

Mr. C. Silence, I say. Hold your tongue!

John. And I say that a door must be either open or shut. Now, how will you have it?

Mr. C. I have told you a thousand times, you provoking fellow—I have told you that I wished it— But what do you mean by cross-questioning me, sir? Have you trimmed the grape-vine, as I ordered you?

John. I did that three days'ago, sir.

Mr. C. Have you washed the carriage? Eh?

John. I washed it before breakfast, sir, as usual.

Mr. C. You haven't watered the horses to-day!

John. Go and see, sir, if you can make them drink any more. They have had their fill.

Mr. C. Have you given them their oats?

John. Ask William; he saw me do it.

Mr. C. But you have forgotten to take the brown mare to be shod. Ah! I have you now!

John. I have the blacksmith's bill, and here it is.

Mr. C. My letters!—Did you take them to the post-office? Ha! You forgot that, did you?

John. I forgot nothing, sir. The letters were in the mail ten minutes after you handed them to me.

Mr. C. How often have I told you not to scrape on that abominable violin of yours? And yet this very morning—

John. This morning? You forget, sir. You broke the violin all to pieces for me last Saturday night.

Mr. C. I'm glad of it! Come, now; that wood which I told you to saw and put into the shed—why is it not done? Answer me that!

John. The wood is all sawed, split, and housed, sir; besides doing that, I have watered all the trees in the garden, dug over three of the beds, and was digging another when you knocked.

Mr. C. Oh, I must get rid of this fellow! He will plague my life out of me. Out of my sight, sir! (*John rushes out.*)

“MUSIC.”—Geo. M. Vickers.

(A recitation with musical accompaniment. Prepared expressly for this volume.)

(The music to be played softly while the first two stanzas are being recited. At the end of second stanza the music continues for a few seconds, the reciter standing in rapt attention. When the instrument ceases the speaker recites the last stanza.)

When rustling leaves in whispers tell
That summer bids her sad farewell ;
When mountain, lake, and blooming plain
Are wrapped in solitude again,
Ah, then to pleasure's pilgrims fair
Is lost sweet nature's music rare ;
When chill have grown the zephyrs mild
That oft their idle hours beguiled,
No more to them the moonlit sea
Gives forth its grand old melody.

'Tis then that home seems doubly sweet,
As rain-drops on the windows beat,
Or snow-clad trees all leafless sway
As fades the bleak and wintry day ;
But sweeter far the charms that dwell

Where music wields her mystic spell ;
How oft the rich piano's tone
Makes guests of peerless masters gone !
And hearts unite in loved refrain
When blended with the organ's strain--

O music, gift beyond compare,
How oft thy beauties blessings bear !
How strong thy pow'r that binds to home
And bids the wayward cease to roam—
How sweet when wearied out with care
Some half forgot, familiar air !
The hearth-stone seems to brighter glow
When cheerful numbers gayly flow—
Good will, content, and peace belong
Where music reigns with merry song.

HOW TO BREAK BAD NEWS.

Mr. H. Ha, steward! how are you, my old boy? How do things go on at home?

Steward. Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.

Mr. H. Poor Mag! so he's gone. How came he to die?

Steward. Over-ate himself, sir.

Mr. H. Did he, indeed? a greedy villain! Why, what did he get he liked so well?

Steward. Horse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.

Mr. H. How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

Steward. All your father's horses, sir.

Mr. H. What! are they dead, too?

Steward. Ay, sir; they died of over-work.

Mr. H. And why were they over-worked, pray?

Steward. To carry water, sir.

Mr. H. To carry water! What did they carry water for?

Steward. Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

Mr. H. Fire! What fire?

Steward. Oh, sir, your father's house is burned to the ground.

Mr. H. My father's house! How come it set on fire?

Steward. I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

Mr. H. Torches! What torches?

Steward. At your mother's funeral.

Mr. H. Alas! my mother dead?

Steward. Ah, poor lady, she never looked up after it!

Mr. H. After what?

Steward. The loss of your father.

Mr. H. My father gone, too?

Steward. Yes, poor man, he took to his bed soon as he heard of it.

Mr. H. Heard of what?

Steward. The bad news, sir, an' please your honor.

Mr. H. What! more miseries? more bad news? No! you can add nothing more!

Steward. Yes, sir; your bank has failed, and

your credit is lost, and you are not worth a dollar in the world. I made bold, sir, to come to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

DAME PARTINGTON AND THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

GENTLEMEN: I would not be disrespectful, but the attempt of the House of Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction.

In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean!

The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up likewise, but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease; be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington. SYDNEY SMITH.

WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF.

By J. Q. ADAMS, in the United States House of Representatives, on reception of these memorials by Congress, to be deposited in the State archives.

THE sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! O, Sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the plough-share!—What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind? Washington and Franklin!

What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race,—ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

Franklin!—The mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wrestling from the tyrant's hand the still more afflicted sceptre of oppression: while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created Nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the Repre-

sentatives of the North American People, to receive, in their name and for them these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic,—these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our Government! And may every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more!

DEFENCE OF JEFFERSON, 1813.

NEXT to the notice which the opposition has found itself called upon to bestow upon the French emperor, a distinguished citizen of Virginia, formerly President of the United States, has never for a moment failed to receive their kindest and most respectful attention. An honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, of whom I am sorry to say, it becomes necessary for me, in the course of my remarks, to take some notice, has alluded to him in a remarkable manner. Neither his retirement from public office, his eminent services, nor his advanced age, can exempt this patriot from the coarse assaults of party malevolence. No, sir! In 1801, he snatched from the rude hand of usurpation the violated Constitution of his country,—and *that* is his crime. He preserved that instrument, in form, and substance, and spirit, a precious inheritance for generations to come, and for *this* he can never be forgiven. How vain and impotent is party rage, directed against such a man! He is not more elevated by his lofty residence, upon the summit of his own favorite mountain, than he is lifted, by the serenity of his mind and the consciousness of a well-spent life, above the malignant passions and bitter feelings of the day. No! his own beloved Monticello is not less moved by the

storms that beat against its sides, than is this illustrious man, by the howlings of the whole British pack, let loose from the Essex kennel. When the gentleman to whom I have been compelled to allude shall have mingled his dust with that of his abused ancestors,—when he shall have been consigned to oblivion, or, if he lives at all, shall live only in the treasonable annals of a certain junto,—the name of Jefferson will be hailed with gratitude, his memory honored and cherished as the second founder of the liberties of the People, and the period of his administration will be looked back to as one of the happiest and brightest epochs in American history!

HENRY CLAY.

A PLEA FOR THE SAILOR.

LIVING here comfortably at home, do we ever think of the perils of the poor sailor? Do we ever recall how much we owe him? Live comfortably we cannot—live at all, perhaps, we cannot—without seamen will expose themselves for us, risk themselves for us, and, alas! often, very often, drown—drown in our service—drown and leave widows and orphans destitute.

To beg with me, to plead with me for the destitute ones, there comes from many a place where seamen have died a call, a prayer, a beseeching voice; a cry from the coast of Guinea, where there is fever evermore: a cry from Arctic seas, where icebergs are death; a cry from coral reefs, that ships are wrecked on horribly; a cry from mid-ocean, where many a sailor drops into a sudden grave! They ask your help, your charity, for the widows and orphans of those who have gone down to the sea—have gone down to the sea in ships.

PRIDE REBUKED.

(Suitable for school, or Sunday-school entertainment. For girls of twelve to fourteen years.)

Laura. Why, Rachel, how can you wear that old winter dress to church this fine spring morning? Look at me.

Rachel. What a pretty overskirt! And what a becoming hat and plume!

L. I gave my mother no peace till she got them for me. Why don't you make your father buy you a new spring dress, Rachel?

R. He would have given me such a dress if I had not told him I should like something else better.

L. Indeed! Pray what else would you like better than a beautiful spring dress?

R. I knew my father could not afford to let me take music lessons this spring if he gave me a silk dress, so I told him I would rather learn music than have a new dress.

L. What a silly girl, not to get the dress when you could!

R. Hark! What is that harsh noise?

L. It is the cry of that foolish peacock in the garden yonder. He wants us to admire him.

R. How he struts about, and arches his neck, and shows his fine feathers, blue, orange, and gold, in the sunlight!

L. Who is that man there standing by the garden gate?

R. It is the clergyman who is to preach for us to-day.

L. He looks at me; and now he looks at the peacock; and now he looks at me again—and now at the peacock again; and now—Oh, I know what he is thinking!

R. Let us hurry on to church.

L. Ah! Rachel, he tells me, plainly as words can tell, that I am vain as a peacock.

R. Why, your face is covered with blushes, Laura! Do you think you merit his reproof?

L. I do, I do. It is I who have been the silly girl. Let us hurry on to church. I will not play the peacock again if I can help it.

THE HUNTER AND THE CHILD.

(Big boy with a gun and hunter's trappings, and little girl dressed in country style with a tin bucket or some plaything in her hand.)

Sportsman. Little girl, did you see a rabbit cross this road just now?

Girl. Was it a large rabbit?

S. Yes, it was quite a large one.

G. Was it gray, with a little mark of white on each ear?

S. Yes; I believe it was. Which way did it go?

G. Did it have pink eyes and a thick fur?

S. Yes; be quick, or the creature will regain its hole.

G. Did he have big ears, and long legs behind?

S. To be sure he had! All rabbits have big ears, and long legs behind.

G. Did he make long jumps in running?

S. Yes, yes; he made long jumps.

G. Are you sure the rabbit had that white spot on one of his ears?

S. I told you I believed so. Which way did he go?

G. Let me see. He had big ears—pink eyes—was of a gray color—

S. Come, miss, I can wait no longer.

G. You are sure he made long jumps in running?

S. Of course he did! All rabbits do that.

G. Well, sir, I have not seen any such creature cross this road; and so I will bid you good-morning. I think the rabbit must be out of your reach by this time, and I must be out of your reach, too.

S. Stop, little girl, I must punish you for trifling with me.

G. You are welcome to whip me if you can catch me. You only wanted to kill the poor rabbit for sport.

S. And so you thought you would delay me till the rabbit could run into his hole?

G. That was just it. I saw no rabbit, but do not doubt *you* saw one. And so, Mr. Sportsman, when you come to shoot in our woods again, you had better ask leave of my father.

DE PINT WID OLD PETE.

(Humorous reading.)

UPON the hurrican deck of one of our gun-boats, an elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted on his bundle, toasting his shins against the chimney and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation.

Finding, upon inquiry, that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy losing regiments at the Fort Donaldson battle, I began to interrogate him upon the subject.

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa, and would hab run soona, had I know'd it war comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Massa, dat isn't my line, sa; cookin's my profeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Yah, yah! reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider *your* life worth more than other people's?"

"It is worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does; more dan all dis world, more dan a million ob dollars, sa; for what would dat be worth to a man wid the bref out of him? Self-preservation am de first law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men set different values upon their lives; mine is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me when de power ob feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa; I regard them as among the vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sa; dar would hab been no help for it."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sa; a dead white man aint much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigga; but I'd miss myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

THE FUNNY STORY.

(Laughing recitation. The speaker should appear in a smiling good humor throughout the recitation, bursting into outright laughter at the points indicated.)

IT was such a funny story! how I wish you could have heard it;

For it set us all a laughing from the little to the big.

I'd really like to tell it, but I don't know how to word it,

Though it travels to the music of a very lively jig.

If Sally just began it, then Amelia Jane would giggle,

And Mehitable and Susan put on their broadest grin.

And the infant Zachariah on his mother's lap would wriggle

And add a lusty chorus to the very merry din.

It was such a funny story with its cherry snap and crackle,

And Sally always told it with so much dramatic art

That the chickens in the door-yard would begin to cackle, cackle,

As if in such a frolic they were willing to take part.

(Laughing.)

It was all about a—ha! ha!—and a ho! ho! ho! well really; It is he! he! he! I never could begin to tell you half of the nonsense in it, for I just remember clearly, it began with ha! ha! ha! ha! and it ended with a laugh.

But Sally, she could tell it, looking at you so demurely,

With a woe-begone expression that no actress would despise.

And if you'd never heard it, why you would imagine surely,

That you'd need your pocket handkerchief to wipe your weeping eyes;

When age my hair has silvered and my step has grown unsteady

And the nearest to my visions are the scenes of long ago.

I shall see the pretty picture and the tears may come as ready

As the laugh did when I used to—ha! ha! ha! and ho! ho! ho!

ARTEMUS WARD VISITS THE SHAKERS.

(Humorous reading.)

"MR. SHAKER," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes a shelter of you."

"Yay," said the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another bein sent to put my horse and wagon under kiver.

A solum female, lookin somewhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag, cum in and axed me was I athirst and did I hunger? To which I asserted, "A few." She went off, and I endeavored to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he said.

"Health's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understands his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitous?"

"Yay."

"Storm nigh, sir?"

"Yay."

"If the storm continues there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of wesket you wear, includin trimmins?"

"Yay."

I pawsed a minit, and, thinkin I'd be fashesus

with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, burst into a hearty larf, and told him that as a yayer he had no living ekel.

He jumped up as if bilin water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin, and sed:

"You're a man of sin!"

He then walked out of the room.

Directly thar cum in two Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin galls as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal-bags, like the old one I'd met prevिसly, and their shiny, silky hair was hid from sight by long, white caps, such as I spose female gosts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diamonds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearing away the dishes, casting shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I fargot Betsey Jane in my rapter, and sez I:

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We are well," they solumly sed.

"Where is the old man?" said I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak, Brother Uriah?"

"I mean that gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name wasn't Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have some fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they asked.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they wus all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I am willing to be Shaker protemporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em puss in the corner, and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet, of course, so that the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I:

"My pretty dears, ear I go, you have no objections, have you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they said, and I—yayed.

CHARLES F. BROWN.

BROTHER JIM.

(By permission of the Author.)

IT was Christmas time, and over the world
The winter her snowy flags unfurled,
And they fluttered and waved through the
starry night,
And dazzled the eyes with their brilliant white.

There was Christmas cheer and the land was gay,
And I was glad in a quiet way,
For friends were true and love was warm;
Why should I care for the cold or storm?

So I lifted my voice and caroled long
To join in a school-boy's cheerful song
Of * "Merry, merry Christmas, everywhere,
Cheerily it ringeth through the air."

"Christmas bells," how it rang to the skies,
Then sank in the distance, and raising my eyes,
I checked my joy at the miserable sight
Of a beggar who pleaded for alms in the night.

A beggar—why is it they ever will stand,
To shatter our joy with a trembling hand?
Why don't they work? I smothered a sigh,
And a vision of years went hurrying by.

I had a brother once—brother Jim;
Many the years since I parted with him;
A long-ago Christmas—we quarreled—a blow,
And Jim went his way through the dark and the
snow.

(How wan is this man with his dark, furrowed
brow;

Was that head ever proud, so meekly bowed
now?)

(My brother was proud for he never would
write.)

Strange this beggar should bring me such
thoughts Christmas night.

And his form, how it stoops as if weighted with
care.

How oddly his hat shadows over his hair,

* These two lines to be sung (tune of "Merry, Merry Christmas") by the speaker or some one from behind the scene.

And his voice, O his voice—lift your face, that
I see,
For I hear, and that voice brings—a memory
to me.

A memory—how soft the bells chime on the air,
Christmas cheer, Christmas cheer, Christmas
cheer, everywhere,
Everywhere? Lift your head, that I see or I
die.

And your name? Breath it quick, though your
breath be a sigh.

It is Jim? Lift your head! O, I see and I know,
Your name is his name that I loved long ago,
Your voice is his voice—Christmas bells, sweet
the sound,—

I fall on my knees with my face to the ground.

Ring the new—Christmas bells—the old is at
rest;

The beggar—the rags—to my bosom I pressed,
His tears with my tears—chant your heavenly
hymn,

“Of peace unto men”—I have peace now—
and Jim. MAY RAPLEY-McNABB.

JOE.

(Suited to soldiers' reunion.)

WE don't take vagrants in, sir,
And I am alone to-day,
Leastwise, I could call the good man—
He's not so far away.

You are welcome to a breakfast—
I'll bring you some bread and tea;
You might sit on the old stone yonder,
Under the chestnut stree.

You're traveling, stranger? Mebbe
You've got some notions to sell?
We hev a sight of peddlers,
But we allers treat them well.

For they, poor souls, are trying
Like the rest of us to live:
And it's not like tramping the country
And calling on folks to give.

Not that I meant a word, sir—
No offence in the world to you:
I think, now I look at it closer,
Your coat is an army blue.

Don't say? Under Sherman, were you?
That was—how many years ago?
I had a boy at Shiloh,
Kearney—a sergeant—Joe!

Joe Kearney, you might a' met him?
But in course you were miles apart,
He was a tall, straight boy, sir,
The pride of his mother's heart.

We were off to Kittery, then, sir,
Small farmers in dear old Maine;
It's a long stretch from there to Kansas,
But I couldn't go back again.

He was all we had, was Joseph;
He and my old man and me
Had sort o' growed together,
And were happy as we could be.

I wasn't a lookin' for trouble
When the terrible war begun,
And I wrestled for grace to be able
To give up our only son.

Well, well, 'taint no use o' talking.
My old man said, said he:
“The Lord loves a willing giver;”
And that's what I tried to be.

Well, the heart and the flesh are rebels,
And hev to be fought with grace;
But I'd give my life—yes, willin'—
To look on my dead boy's face.

Take care, you are spillin' your tea, sir,
Poor soul! don't cry: I'm sure
You've had a good mother sometime—
Your wounds, were they hard to cure?

Andersonville! God help you!
Hunted by dogs, did you say?
Hospital! crazy, seven years, sir?
I wonder you're living to-day.

I'm thankful my Joe was shot, sir.

"How do you know that he died?"

'Twas certified, sir, by the surgeon.

Here's the letter, and—"mebbe he lied!"

Well, I never! you shake like the ager.

My Joe! there's his name and the date;

"Joe Kearney, 7th Maine, sir, a sergeant—
Lies here in a critical state—

Just died—will be buried to-morrow—

Can't wait for his parents to come."

Well, I thought God had left us that hour,

As for John, my poor man, he was dumb.

Didn't speak for a month to the neighbors,

Scarce spoke in a week, sir, to me;

Never been the same man since that Monday

They brought us this letter you see.

And you are from Maine! from old Kittery?

What time in the year did you go?

I just disremember the fellows

That marched out of town with our Joe.

Lord love ye! come into the house, sir;

It's gettin' too warm out o' door.

If I'd known you'd been gone for a sojer

I'd taken you in here afore.

Now make yourself easy. We're humbler,

We Kansas folks don't go for show,—

Set here—it's Joe's chair—take your hat off;

"Call father!" My God! *you* are Joe!

ALICE ROBBINS.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

AT BALAKLAVA.

(The following poem is printed in prose form to assist the reciter in better interpreting its meaning. It is very effective when well rendered.)

HALF a league, half a league, half a league
onward, all in the valley of Death, rode
the six hundred. "Charge!" was the
captain's cry: theirs not to reason why; theirs
not to make reply; theirs but to do and die!
Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of
them, cannon in front of them, volleyed and
thundered. Stormed at with shot and shell,

boldly they rode and well; into the jaws of
Death, into the mouth of Hell, rode the six hun-
dred.

Flashed all their sabers bare, flashed all at
once in air, sabering the gunners there, charging
an army, while all the world wondered. Plunged
in the battery smoke, fiercely the line they
broke; strong was the saber-stroke, making an
army reel, shaken and sundered. Then they
rode back; but not—not the six hundred!

Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of
them, cannon behind them, volleyed and thun-
dered; stormed at with shot and shell, they that
had struck so well rode through the jaws of
Death, half a league back again, up from the
mouth of Hell, all that was left of them—left of
six hundred! When can their glory fade? O,
the wild charge they made!—all the world won-
dered. Honor the charge they made—honor
the Light Brigade! Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

NOW nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot:
The timid good may stand aloof.

The sage may frown, yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,

The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;

For with thy side shall dwell at last

The victory of endurance born.

Yea, though thou die upon the dust,

When those who helped thee flee in fear,

Die full of hope and manly trust,

Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,

Another hand the standard wave.

Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed

The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:

The eternal years of God are hers;

But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,

And dies among his worshippers.

BRYANT.

A COUNTRY THANKSGIVING.

HARVEST is home. The bins are full,
 The barns are running o'er ;
 Both grains and fruits we've garnered in
 Till we've no space for more.
 We've worked and toiled through heat and
 cold,
 To plant, to sow, to reap ;
 And now for all this bounteous store
 Let us Thanksgiving keep.

The nuts have ripened on the trees,
 The golden pumpkins round
 Have yielded to our industry
 Their wealth from out the ground.
 The cattle lowing in the fields,
 The horses in their stalls,
 The sheep and fowls all gave increase,
 Until our very walls
 Are bending out with God's good gifts.
 And now the day is here
 When we should show the Giver that
 We hold those mercies dear.

We take our lives, our joys, our wealth,
 Unthanking every day ;
 If we deserve or we do not,
 The sun it shines away.
 So in this life of daily toil,
 That leaves short time to pray,
 With brimming hearts let's humbly keep
 One true Thanksgiving Day.
 And if there be some sorrowing ones,
 Less favored than we are,
 A generous gift to them, I think,
 Is just as good as prayer.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

IF thou thinkest twice before thou speakest
 once, thou wilt speak twice the better for it.
 Better say nothing than not to the purpose.
 And, to speak pertinently, consider both what is
 fit and when it is fit to speak. In all debates let
 truth be thy aim, not victory, or an unjust in-
 terest ; and endeavor to gain rather than to
 expose thy antagonist. WM. PENN.

REPLY TO JOHN RANDOLPH.

(From speech in the House of Representatives, 1834.)

SIR, I am growing old. I have had some
 little measure of experience in public life,
 and the result of that experience has
 brought me to this conclusion, that when busi-
 ness, of whatever nature, is to be transacted in
 a deliberative assembly, or in private life, cour-
 tesy, forbearance, and moderation, are best cal-
 culated to bring it to a successful conclusion.
 Sir, my age admonishes me to abstain from in-
 volving myself in personal difficulties ; would to
 God that I could say, I am also restrained by
 higher motives. I certainly never sought any
 collision with the gentleman from Virginia. My
 situation at this time is peculiar, if it be nothing
 else, and might, I should think, dissuade, at
 least, a generous heart from any wish to draw me
 into circumstances of personal altercation. I
 have experienced this magnanimity from some
 quarters of the House. But I regret, that from
 others it appears to have no such consideration.

The gentleman from Virginia was pleased to
 say, that in one point, at least, he coincided
 with me—in an humble estimate of my gram-
 matical and philological acquirements. I know
 my deficiencies. I was born to no proud patri-
 monial estate ; from my father I inherited only
 infancy, ignorance, and indigence. I feel my
 defects ; but, so far as my situation in early life
 is concerned, I may, without presumption, say
 they are more my misfortune than my fault.
 But, however, I regret my want of ability to
 furnish to the gentleman a better specimen of
 powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say,
 it is not greater than the disappointment of this
 committee as to the strength of his argument.
 It is not a few abstractions engrossed on parch-
 ment, that make free Governments. No, sir ;
 the law of liberty must be inscribed on the heart
 of the citizen : THE WORD, if I may use the
 expression without irreverence, MUST BECOME
 FLESH. You must have a whole People trained,
 disciplined, bred,—yea, and born,—as our
 fathers were, to institutions like ours.

Before the Colonies existed, the Petition of

Rights, that Magna Charta of a more enlightened age, had been presented, in 1628, by Lord Coke and his immortal compeers. Our founders brought it with them, and we have not gone one step beyond them. They brought these maxims of civil liberty, not in their libraries, but in their souls; not as philosophical prattle, not as barren generalities, but as rules of conduct; as a symbol of public duty and private right, to be adhered to with religious fidelity; and the very first pilgrim that set his foot upon the rock of Plymouth stepped forth a LIVING CONSTITUTION, armed at all points to defend and to perpetuate the liberty to which he had devoted his whole being.

HENRY CLAY.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

GIVE me the hand that is kind, warm, and ready;

Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;

Give me the hand that will never deceive me;

Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.

Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;

Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman;

Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!

Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;

Give me the hand that has harmed not another;

Give me the hand that has never forsworn it!

Give me the grasp that I aye may adore it!

Lovely the palm of the fair blue-veined maiden;

Horney the hand of the workman o'erladen;

Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!

Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty

Free as the breeze and unshackled by party:

Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,

Close as the twine of the vines of the summer,—

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;

Give me the hand that has wronged not another;

Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!

Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

GOODMAN BARNABY.

SONG OF THE DECANter.

(Temperance selection.)

There was an old decanter,
and its mouth was gaping

wide; the rosy wine

had ebbed away

and left

its crys-

tal side;

and the wind

went humming,

humming;

up and

down the

sides it flew,

and through the

reed-like,

hollow neck

the wildest notes it

blew. I placed it in the

window, where the blast was

blowing free, and fancied that its

pale mouth sang the queerest strains

to me. "They tell me—puny con-

querors!—the Plague has slain his ten,

and War his hundred thousands of the

very best of men; but I"—'twas thus

the bottle spoke—"but I have con-

quered more than all your famous con-

querers, so feared and famed of yore.

Then come, ye youths and maidens,

come drink from out my cup, the bev-

erage that dulls the brain and burns

the spirit up; that puts to shame

the conquerors that slay their

scores below; for this has del-

uged millions with the lava tide

of woe. Though, in the path

of battle, darkest waves of

blood may roll; yet while

I killed the body, I have

damned the very soul.

The cholera, the sword,

such ruin never wrought,

as I, in mirth or malice, on

the innocent have brought.

And still I breathe upon them,

and they shrink before my breath;

and year by year my thousands tread

THE FEARFUL ROAD TO DEATH.

THE NEW ROSETTE.—*Geo. M. Vickers.*

(Recitation with musical accompaniment. Prepared expressly for this volume.)

RECITED AT THE REUNION OF UNION AND CONFEDERATE VETERANS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

On September 16, 1896, the first Reunion of Union and Confederate soldiers was held at Washington, D. C. Thirty-one years had past since the echo of the last cannon had died away at Appomattox, and the weary heroes of two magnificent armies closed the bloodiest fratricidal strife in the annals of time. On that eventful day they parted; one turned to the North, the other to the South, to beat their swords into plow-shares and take up again the pursuits of peace.

After thirty-one years these veterans meet again—not the young and buoyant soldiers with martial tread, but grizzled old heroes. Deeds of bravery are acknowledged and praised on both sides. Time, that mighty healer, had closed the bloody chasm; animosities were consumed in the fire of a common patriotism; hands were clasped in friendship which had formerly raised against each other the deadly sword; hearts were melted and welded together as these old enemies faced each other on the streets of our National Capital; together they rejoiced over the preservation of the Union, cemented with their blood.

Many were the tales they told and many the songs they sung, and roval was the welcome given them by their Nation's capital city. They were brothers again. Love and good cheer ruled the hour, and their joys were unconcealed. A New Rosette, composed of blue and gray, was worn. George M. Vickers, a "Yankee" soldier, composed the following poem, which was recited. By special request of the compiler of this book, Mr. Vickers has arranged appropriate musical airs as an accompaniment, and it is here published in this form for the first time, as a fitting memorial to the "Old Soldiers," both North and South, whose example, on this occasion, admonishes the youth of our whole country that the war is over, and that the bitterness, no longer cherished by those who fought, should not be harbored by their descendants.—[Ed.]



Let us sing a song
That all may hear;
Sound the death of wrong,
The knell of fear;
For in this cordial clasp of hands
America united stands.

The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray,
Without regret,
Is worn to-day.

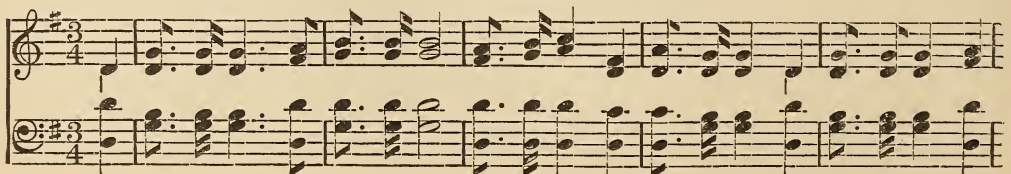
Fire the signal gun,
Proclaim our creed;
Liberty has won,
And we are freed;
Our country's creed is Liberty,

And Freedom shall our watchword be;
The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray,
Love's amulet,
Shall be to-day.

Ring the bells with pride,
The brave are here;
Heroes true and tried,
And each a peer;
Their deeds and valor e'er shall be
Our caveat on land and sea.
The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray,
A pledge, a threat,
Is worn to-day.

INTERLUDE ACCOMPANIMENT.—"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

(To be played softly while the two following stanzas are recited. The speaker and accompanist should practice, that the music and recitation may be properly timed.)



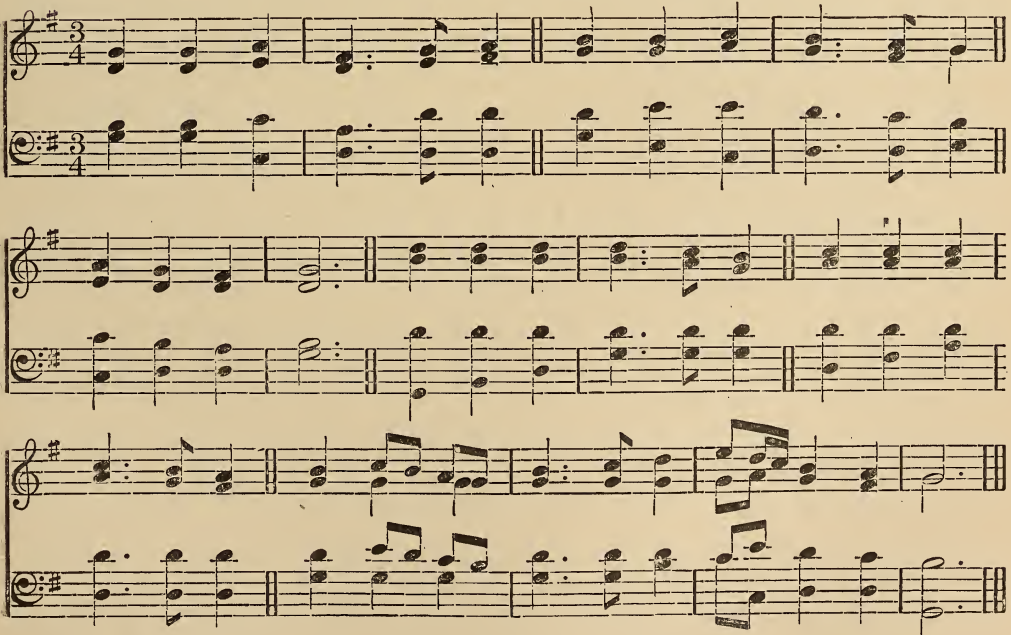


Give the armies praise,
of Grant, of Lee,
Shafts in honor raise,
That all may see;
Proclaim that as they did, so we
Would do and die for liberty;
The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray
Bids none forget
Their dead to-day.

Let the broadsides roar
From ship to ship;
Shout your cheers from shore,
Let colors dip;
Brave Farragut, Buchanan, too,
Showed what our gallant tars can do.
The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray,
Shall homage get
From all to-day.

CONCLUDING ACCOMPANIMENT.—“MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.”

(To be played softly while the last stanza is being recited.)



Give thanks to God,
That we are one;
He withholds the rod,
Our strife is done;
One flag alone shall o'er us wave,

One Country, or for each a grave.
The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray,
With love's tears wet,
Is worn to-day.

THE EXCELLENT MAN.

THEY gave me advice and plenty of praise,
 Promised to help me in various ways ;
 Said that I only should " wait a while,"
 And offered their pat'ronage with a smile.

But with all their honor and approbation,
 I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
 If an excellent man, with a resolute heart,
 Hadn't come forward to take my part.

Good fellow ! he got me the food I ate :
 His kindness and care I shall never forget ;
 Yet I cannot embrace him, though *other* folks *can*,
 For I myself am that excellent man.

HEINE.

CIVIL WAR.

(Dramatic and pathetic.)

" RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
 Straight at the heart of yon prowling
 vidette ;
 Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
 That shines on his breast like an amulet ! "

" Ah, captain ! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
 There's music around when my barrel's in
 tune ! "

Crack ! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
 And dead from his horse fell the ringing
 dragoon.

" Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes and
 snatch
 From your victim some trinket to hansom first
 blood ;
 A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
 That gleams in the moon like a diamond
 stud ! "

" Oh, captain ! I staggered and sunk on my
 track,
 When I gazed on the face of that fallen
 vidette,
 For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
 That my heart rose upon me, and masters
 me yet.

" But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket of
 gold ;
 An inch from the centre my lead broke
 its way,
 Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
 Of a beautiful lady in bridal array. "

" Ha ! rifleman, fling me the locket !—'tis she,
 My brother's young bride,—and the fallen
 dragoon
 Was her husband—Hush ! soldier, 'twas Heaven's
 decree,
 We must bury him there, by the light of the
 moon !

" But hark ! the far bugles their warnings unite ;
 War is a virtue,—weakness a sin ;
 There's a lurking and loping around us to-night ;—
 Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in ! "

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

TAKE some quiet, sober moment of life,
 and add together the two ideas of pride
 and of man : behold him, a creature of
 a span high, stalking through infinite space in
 all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a
 little speck of the universe, every wind of
 heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of
 death ; his soul fleets from his body, like mel-
 ody from the string ; day and night, as dust on
 the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through
 a labyrinth of worlds, and all the systems and
 creations of God are flaming above and beneath.

Is this a creature to revel in his greatness ?
 Is this a creature to make to himself a crown of
 glory, to deny his own flesh and blood, and to
 mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to
 which they both will soon return ? Does the
 proud man not err ? Does he not suffer ? Does
 he not die ? When he reasons, is he never
 stopped by difficulties ? When he acts, is he
 never tempted by pleasures ? When he lives, is
 he free from pain ? When he dies, can he
 escape from the common grave ? Pride is not
 the heritage of man ; humility should dwell
 with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and
 imperfection.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

THE SONG OF MINA'S SOLDIERS.

WE heard thy name, O Mina !
 Far through our hills it rang ;
 A sound more strong than tempests,
 More keen than armor's clang.
 The peasant left his vintage,
 The shepherd grasped the spear—
 We heard thy name, O Mina !
 The mountain bands are here.

As eagles to the day-spring,
 As torrents to the sea,
 From every dark sierra
 So rushed our hearts to thee.
 Thy spirit is our banner,
 Thine eye our beacon-sign.
 Thy name our trumpet, Mina !
 The mountain bands are thine.

MRS. HEMANS.

HIGHLAND WAR-SONG.

PIBROCH* of Donuil Dhu, pibroch of
 Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan-
 Conuil

Come away, come away, hark to the summons !
 Come in your war array, gentles and commons !

Come from deep glen, and from mountain so
 rocky,

The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlochty ;
 Come every hill-plaid and true heart that wears
 one,

Come every steel-blade, and strong hand that
 bears one.

Leave untended the herd, the flock without
 shelter ;

Leave the corpse uninterred, the bride at the
 altar ;

Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and
 barges ;

Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and
 targes.

* A pibroch (pronounced *pi'brok*) is a martial air played with the bagpipe. Donuil, pronounced *Fou'nil*.

Come as the winds come, when forests are
 rended ;

Come as the waves come, when navies are
 stranded :

Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ; see how they
 gather !

Wide waves the eagle-plume, blended with
 heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each
 man set !

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A BATTLE-SONG FOR FREEDOM.

MEN of action ! men of might !
 Stern defenders of the right !
 Are you girded for the fight ?

Have you marked and trenched the ground,
 Where the din of arms must sound.
 Ere the victor can be crowned ?

Have you guarded well the coast ?
 Have you marshaled all your host ?
 Standeth each man at his post ?

Have you counted up the cost ?
 What is gained and what is lost,
 When the foe your lines have crost ?

Gained—the infamy of fame.
 Gained—a dastard's spotted name.
 Gained—eternity of shame.

Lost—desert of manly worth.
 Lost—the right you had by birth.
 Lost—lost !—freedom for the earth.

Freemen, up ! The foe is nearing !
 Haughty banners high uprearing—
 Lo, their serried ranks appearing !

Freemen, on ! The drums are beating !
 Will you shrink from such a meeting ?
 Forward ! Give them hero greeting !

From your hearths, and homes, and altars,
Backward hurl your proud assaulters,
He is not a man that falters.

Hush! The hour of fate is nigh.
On the help of God rely!
Forward! We will do or die!

G. HAMILTON.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,—our
leader frank and bold,
The British soldier trembles when Marion's
name is told.

Our fortress is the good green wood, our tent
the cypress tree;

We know the forest round us as seamen know
the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines, its glades of
reedy grass,

Its safe and silent islands within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery that little dread us
near

On them shall light, at midnight, a strange and
sudden fear;

When, waking to their tents on fire, they grasp
their arms in vain,

And they who stand to face us are beat to earth
again;

And they who fly in terror deem a mighty host
behind,

And hear the tramp of thousands upon the
hollow wind.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon the band
that Marion leads—

The glitter of their rifles, the scampering of
their steeds.

'Tis life to guide the fiery barb across the moon-
lit plain;

'Tis life to feel the night-wind that lifts his toss-
ing mane.

A moment in the British camp—a moment—and
away,

Back to the pathless forest before the peep of
day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee, grave
men with hoary hairs:

Their hearts are all with Marion, for Marion are
their prayers.

And lovely ladies greet our band with kindest
welcoming,

With smiles like those of summer, and tears like
those of spring.

For them we wear these trusty arms, and lay
them down no more

Till we have driven the Briton forever from
our shore.

BRYANT.

AMERICA'S GIFTS TO EUROPE.

AMERICA has furnished to Europe proof of
the fact that popular institutions, founded
on equality and the principle of repre-
sentation, are capable of maintaining govern-
ments, able to secure the rights of person,
property and reputation. America has proved
that it is practicable to elevate the mass of man-
kind—that portion which in Europe is called the
laboring or lower class—to raise them to self-
respect, to make them competent to act a part
in the great right and great duty of self-govern-
ment; and she has proved that this may be done
by education and the diffusion of knowledge.
She holds out an example, a thousand times more
encouraging than ever was presented before, to
those nine-tenths of the human race who are
born without hereditary fortune or hereditary
rank.

America has furnished to the world the charac-
ter of Washington; and if our American institu-
tions had done nothing else, that alone would
have entitled them to the respect of mankind.
Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and
first in the hearts of his countrymen," Washing-
ton is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration
and regard in which the people of the United
States hold him, prove them to be worthy of
such a countryman, while his reputation abroad
reflects the highest honor on his country.

I would cheerfully put the question to-day to
the intelligence of Europe and the world, What
character of the century, upon the whole, stands

out, in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime? and I doubt not that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be, Washington! WEBSTER.

ENOCH ARDEN AT THE WINDOW.

BUT Enoch yearned to see her face again;
 "If I might look on her sweet face again
 And know that she is happy." So the thought

Haunted and harassed him and drove him forth
 At evening when the dull November day
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
 There he sat down gazing on all below:
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
 The bird of passage, till he madly strike
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
 The latest house to landward; but **behind**,
 With one small gate that opened on the waste,
 Flourished a little garden square and walled:
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
 A yew-tree, and all around it ran a walk
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
 But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole
 Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
 That which he better might have shunned, if
 griefs

Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board
 Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth;
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees
 And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
 Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
 To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
 Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed:
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw

The mother glancing often at her babe,
 But turning now and then to speak with him,
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man came to life beheld
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
 Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
 Because things seen are mightier than things
 heard,

Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and
 feared

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
 Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his
 knees
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
 His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SALUTATORY ADDRESS.

(The following speech should be delivered by a droll boy who can keep his face straight while others do the laughing. He should act out the spirit of the piece with appropriate gestures.)

I AM requested to open our performances by a salutatory address. It needs but one honest Saxon word for that—one homely, pertinent word; but before I utter a pertinent word, allow me, like other great speakers, to indulge in a few *impertinent* words.

And first, let me ask if there is a critic among us; for this is a sort of family gathering. We

allow no critics! No reporters! No interviewers! (Do I see a boy taking notes? Put him out. No! It's a false alarm, I believe.)

Pardon me if, with the help of my mother's eye-glass (*lifts eye-glasses*), I look round on your phys—phys—physiognomies. (That's the word, I'm very certain, for I practiced on it a good half hour.) Without flattery I say it, I like your countenances—with one exception.

A critic! If there is anything I detest it is a critic. One who cannot bear a little nonsense, and who shakes his head at a little salutary (not salutatory) fun. Salutary fun? Did anybody hiss? Point him out. (*Speaker folds his arms, advances, fixes his eyes on some one in the audience, and shakes his fist at him.*) Yes, sir, I said salutary fun. Salutary! You needn't put on such a grave look. Salutary! You needn't sneer at that ep—ep—epithet. (Yes, I'm quite positive that's the word I was drilled on. Epi—*that!* That's it.)

But I was speaking of critics. If there is any one of that tribe in this assembly—any dear friend of Cæsar—I mean any stupid friend of Pompey, no, of pomposity—to him I say—no, to you I say—Go mark him well; for him no minstrel raptures swell; despite his titles, power and pelf, the wretch (rather rough on him, that!)—the wretch, concentrated all in self, living shall forfeit fair renown, and, doubly dying, shall go down to the vile dust from whence he sprung, unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

There! If any member of Congress could do it better, bring him on. Excuse me if I sop my brow. (*Wiping it with handkerchief.*)

But enough! Let us now put by the cap and bells. Enough of nonsense! As a great philosopher, who had been frolicking, once said: "Hush! Let us be grave! Here comes a fool." Nothing personal, sir, in that! Let us be grave.

And so friends, relatives, ladies, and gentlemen, I shall conclude by uttering from an overflowing heart that one word to which I alluded at the beginning—that one pertinent Saxon

word; that is—(*flourishes his hand as if about to utter it; then suddenly puts his hand to his forehead as if trying to remember.*)

Forgotten? Confusion! Not a big word either! Not half as big as some I have spoken! What—where—when—whence—what has become of it? Must I break down, after all? Must I retire in disgrace from public life! Never! I have it. Here it is! Here it is in big capitals: WELCOME!

YOU PUT NO FLOWERS ON MY PAPA'S GRAVE.

(Pathetic. Suited to Decoration Day occasions.)

WITH sable-draped banners, and slow
measured tread,

The flower-laden ranks pass the gates
of the dead;

And seeking each mound where a comrade's form
rests,

Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his
breast.

Ended at last is the labor of love;

Once more through the gateway the saddened
lines move—

A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,
Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief;
Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired
child

Besought him in accents with grief rendered
wild:

"Oh! sir, he was good, and they say he died
brave—

Why! why! did you pass by my dear papa's
grave?

I know he was poor, but as kind and as true

As ever marched into the battle with you—

His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,
You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!
For my poor heart will break if you knew he was
there,

And thought him too lowly your offerings to
share.

He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood,
In rich crimson streams, from the top-crowning
sod

Of the breastworks which stood in front of the
fight—

And died shouting, 'Onward! for God and the
right!'

O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands
wave,

But you haven't put *one* on *my* papa's grave.

If mamma were here—but she lies by his side,

Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa
died."

"Battalion! file left! countermarch!" cried
the chief,

"This young orphan'd maid hath full cause for
her grief."

Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street,
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate
The long line repasses, and many an eye
Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.

"This way, it is—here, sir—right under this tree;
They lie close together, with just room for me."

"Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green
mound—

A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed
ground."

"Oh! thank you, kind sir! I ne'er can repay
The kindness you've shown little Daisy to-day;
But I'll pray for you here, each day while I live,
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.
I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma too—
I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come
true;

And they will both bless you, I know, when I say
How you folded your arms round their dear one
to-day—

How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed it
to rest,

And hushed its wild throbs on your strong, noble
breast;

And when the kind angels shall call *you* to come,
We'll welcome you there to our beautiful home,
Where death never comes, his black banners to
wave,

And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a
grave."

C. E. L. HOLMES.

TWO LITTLE KITTENS.

(Suited to a girl of twelve years.)

TWO little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"*I'll* have that mouse," said the biggest cat.
"*You'll* have that mouse, we'll see about that."
"*I will* have that mouse," said the eldest son.
"*You shan't* have that mouse," said the little
one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping-broom
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go,
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they both crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow and cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

BEAUTY, WIT AND GOLD.

IN a bower a widow dwelt;
At her feet three suitors knelt;
Each adored the widow much,
Each essayed her heart to touch;
One had wit, and one had gold,
And one was cast in beauty's mould;
Guess which was it won the prize,
Purse, or tongue, or handsome eyes?

First appeared the handsome man,
Proudly peeping o'er her fan;
Red his lips, and white his skin,—
Could such beauty fail to win?
Then stepped forth the man of gold;
Cash he counted, coin he told,
Wealth the burden of his tale,—
Could such golden projects fail?

Then the man of wit and sense
Wooded her with his eloquence.

Now she blushed, she knew not why ;
 Now a tear was in her eye ;
 Then she smiled, to hear him speak ;
 Then the tear was on her cheek ;
Beauty, vanish ! Gold, depart !
 Wit has won the widow's heart ! MOORE.

HOW TWO MEN SPOKE THE SAME WORDS.

(The words of the *first* traveler should be delivered in a languid, drawling tone ; those of the *second* with great animation and enthusiasm.)

SPEAKER, hark here ! How can you hope
 to reach
My heart if *yours* is languid, and your speech
 Tame and without a sympathetic tone,
 Showing the words, in feeling, are your own ?

A man returned one pleasant afternoon
 From a long walk amid the wealth of June,
 And all the folks at home drew near to learn
 What he might have to say at his return.
 Said they, "You've been more fortunate than we :
 Tell us, where have you been ? What did you
 see ?"
 "Not much," said he, "in two long, stupid
 hours :—
 Blue skies, hills, plains, streams, trees and birds
 and flowers."

No pulse of feeling throbbed in what he said ;
 Each word fell flat, emotionless and dead ;
 And all his hearers were dejected so,
 They said, "How dull ! We're glad we did not
 go."

Another man, that pleasant afternoon,
 Took that same walk, amid the wealth of June ;
 To the same house came back, and was surrounded
 By the same folks, who the same words pro-
 pounded.
 Said they, "You've been more fortunate than we :
 Tell us, where have you been ? What did you
 see ?"
 "What did I see ? Much, much in two swift
 hours :—
 Blue skies, hills, plains, streams, trees and birds
 and flowers."

Each word came forth with such a gush of feeling
 You saw the sky its tender blue revealing,
 Trees waving in the fragrant summer air,
 Streams flashing in the sunshine, meadows fair,
 Hills purple in the distance, twittering birds.
 Flowers on the turf, green slopes and lowing
 herds—

All sounds and sights that thrill the attentive
 soul
 And lift it to the great, pervading whole ;—
 So that his hearers, while they nearer drew,
 Cried, "Beautiful ! We wish we'd been with
 you !"

Speaker, hark here ! Would you *my* heart impel,
 First must your *own* feel the awakening spell ;
 Hope not to make your hearer weep or smile
 If apathy is freezing *you* the while.
 No mimic fervor will attention gain ;
 The *heart* must speak, or all your toil is vain.
 SARGEANT.

SYMPATHY.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
 While each was in quest of a fugitive
 love ;

A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
 And they wept in its waters for sympathy.
 "O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore !"
 "O, never was maid so deserted before !"
 "From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
 And jump in together for company."

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
 But here was a bramble, and there was a weed ;
 "How tiresome it is !" said the maid, with a
 sigh ;
 So they sat down to rest them in company.
 They gazed on each other, the maid and the
 knight ;
 And they did not seem very averse to the sight :
 "One mournful embrace," said the youth, "ere
 we die !"
 So, kissing and crying, kept company.

"O, had I but wooed such an angel as you !"
 "O, had but my swain been one quarter as true !"

For niss such perfection how blinded was I!"
 Sure, now they were excellent company.
 At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a
 tear:
 "The weather is cold for a watery bier.
 When the summer returns we may easily die;
 Till then let us sorrow in company."

BISHOP HEBER.

THE HAPPY MILLER.

(This little piece has been made quite entertaining at parlor exhibitions by the use of a rattle in the delivery of the second and fourth lines of each stanza, but the speaker must be careful not to overdo the rattle.)

ROBIN the Miller, he kept a mill,
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 The noise of the hopper it never was still,
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 A perpetual clatter that, you'd have thought,
 Was more than enough to drive him distraught.

Robin the Miller, he heeded it not,
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 Though he was not dull of his hearing, I wot,
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 The neighbors wondered what was the matter
 With Robin, to make him enjoy such a clatter.

Robin the Miller, he once had a wife;
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 After ten years of marriage she quitted this life,
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 And Robin he was not a miller then,
 But a farmer employing his forty men.

But Robin, when of his wife bereft,
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 Felt life had little of pleasure left,
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 Most wretched then was his lonely case,
 His home it was such a quiet place.

He grew more pale and thin each day,
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 They feared that he would waste away,
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 Said they, "How odd he mourns so!" She
 Was known a terrible scold to be.

At length poor Robin he took the mill,
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 Where the noise of the hopper it never is still,
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 And Robin, recovering quiet, at length,
 Began to regain his health and strength.

And this is why the endless noise—
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!—
 Old Robin, the Miller, he so enjoys.
 Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
 For while the mill goes he does not fret,
 But fancies his wife is living yet. HOOD.

THE RIVAL SPEAKERS.

Enter THOMAS, followed by SAMUEL, a much smaller boy.

Thomas (turning to Samuel). What do you want here?

Samuel. I want to speak my piece, to be sure.

T. Well, you'll be sure to wait; 'tis my turn now.

S. No, it isn't, my learn'ed friend; excuse me, but my turn came before that fellow's who spoke last—him whose voice "was still for open war."

T. It's your own fault if you lost your turn. Go.

S. Well, that's cool—as cool as an iced cucumber. Can't you ask some other favor, Mr. Trotter?

T. Yes. Hold your tongue.

S. Can't do it. Am bound to let off my speech: here goes:

"My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills—"

T. (in a louder tone). "Friends, Romans, countrymen!"

S. "Greeks, Regicides, and fellow-sojers!"

T. "Lend me your ears."

S. Don't do it; he has enough of his own.

T. "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

S. (mimic gestures). I come to speak my piece, and I'll do it, Cæsar or no Cæsar:

"My name is Norval"—

T. Sam Sly, stop your fooling, or I'll put you off the stage.

S. Don't, Tom; you'll joggle my piece all out of me.

T. Then keep still till I get through:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

S. I say, Tommy, whose calf have you been trying to imitate?

T. "The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar."

(*Again interrupted by Sam's mimicking his gestures.*)

Now, Sam, I tell you to stop your monkey-shines; if you don't I'll make you.

S. Try it on. Oh, you needn't think you can bully me because you wear higher heeled shoes than I do.

T. Nothing but your size, sir, saves you from a flogging.

S. Well, that *is* a queer coincidence; for nothing but *your* size saves *you* from the same. (*To the audience.*) What can be done with him? He's too big to be whipped, and he isn't big enough to behave himself. Now all keep still while I try it again:

"My name is Norval—"

T. "I come to bury Cæsar—"

S. How many more times are you going to do it? A nice man you'd be for an undertaker.

T. Sam, I'm for peace, but if you—

S. You're for peace? I'm for *piece*, too, but for *my* piece, not yours. As I was saying,

"My name is—"

T. "Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man—

So are they all, all honorable men),

Come I to speak at Cæsar's funeral."

S. Cæsar is played out I tell you. "My name is—"

T. "He was my friend, faithful and just to me;

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man."

S. No such thing! Brutus was a brutal fellow.

T. Come, Sammy, let me finish my piece and then you can have the whole platform to yourself.

S. You're very kind, Mr. Trotter; kind as the Irishman who couldn't live peaceably with his wife, and so they agreed to divide the house between them. "Biddy," said he, "you'll just take the outside of the house, and I'll kape the inside."

T. (*To the audience.*) You see it is useless for me to attempt to proceed, so I trust you will excuse me. (*Exit.*)

S. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you'll excuse him. He means well enough, but he's lacking here (*touching head*). He might make a decent crier or auctioneer, but when it comes to oratory—to playing the part of a Marc Antony—well, modesty forbids me to say more, except as the coast is now clear, I will proceed with my part:

"My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills

My father feeds his flocks—a frugal swain—

Whose—whose—whose—"

(*Aside to a boy near*). What is it? "A frugal swain, whose—whose—" There! if I'm not stuck already! So much for that fellow's attempt to bury Cæsar! He buried my memory instead, and your patience, too, I fear. "A frugal swain—whose—whose—" I must give it up! (*Exit with hands over face.*)

HANDY ANDY AND THE SQUIRE.

Squire. It is time for that stupid fellow to be back from the post-office. The chances are ten to one he has made some exasperating blunder. Ah! here he comes. (*Enter ANDY.*) Well, Andy, what luck?

Andy. I've been to the post-office, your honor.

S. And what did you find?

A. I found a most impudent fellow indade, bad luck to him! Said I—as dacent like as any gentleman—says I, "I want a letter, sir, if you plaze." "And who do you want it for?" says the ill-mannered spalpeen. "What's that to you?" says I.

S. You incredible blockhead ! What did the postmaster say to that ?

A. He laughed at me, your honor, and said he could not tell what letter to give me unless I told him the direction.

S. Well, did you give him the direction ?

A. "The directions I got," says I, "was to get a letter here—that's the direction." "Who gave you those directions?" says he. "The master," says I. "And who's your master?" says he. "What consarn is that of yours?" says I.

S. Did he break your head then ? or what did he do ?

A. Said he, "Why, you stupid rascal, if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you his letter?" "You could give it if you liked," said I, "but you're fond of axin impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple." "Go along out o' this," says he ; your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."

S. Well, after that, how did you save my honor, Andy ?

A. Says I to the fellow, "Bad luck to your impudence ; is it Squire Egan you dare say goose to?" "Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then,?" says he. "Yes," says I, "have you anything to say agin it?"

S. Well, well, he gave you the letter, then, did he ?

A. No, he didn't ; but after he found out I was your honor's servant, "Here's a letter for the squire," says he ; "you are to pay me eleven pence postage."

S. Well, Andy, you paid it, didn't you, and got the letter ?

A. Wait a bit, your honor. "What would I pay eleven pence for?" says I. "For postage," says he. "You old chate," says I, "didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letter for fourpence this minute, and a bigger letter than that ? And now you want me to pay eleven pence for that scrap of a thing ? Do you think I'm a fool ?" says I. "Here's fourpence for you—and give me the letter."

S. I wonder he did not break your skull and try to let some light into it.

A. "Go along, you stupid thafe," says he ; and all bekase I wouldn't let him chate your honor.

S. Well, I can't hear any more of your nonsense. Give me the letter, Andy.

A. I haven't it, sir. The old chate wouldn't give it to me. He wanted me to pay eleven pence for it, when he had just sold one twice the size before my face for a fourpence.

S. You impenetrable blockhead, you'll provoke me to knock you flat some day. Ride back for your life, you vagabond, and pay whatever he asks and get me the letter.

A. I tell you, your honor, he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence apiece.

S. Go back, you scoundrel, or I'll horsewhip you ; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horsepond !

A. Is this the thanks I get for— (*Exit.*)

S. (*Threatening him.*) Go, you blockhead of blockheads ! Was there ever such a fellow who had such a knack of doing everything the wrong way ?

TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES.

TAKE care of the minutes, they are priceless, you know ;

Will you value them less that so quickly they go ?

"It is but a minute," the trifler will say ;

But the minutes make hours, and hours make the day.

The gold-dust of time are these minutes so small ;
Will you lose even one ? why not treasure them all ?
As each broken petal disfigures the flower,
So each wasted minute despoils the full hour.

Take care of the minutes ; they come and are gone ;

Yet in each there is space for some good to be done.

Our time is a talent we hold from above :

May each hour leave us richer in wisdom and love !

THE IMAGINARY SICK MAN.

Enter BURLY from left, and SERVANT from right.

BURLEY. Can I see your master?

Servant. Master can't see anybody, sir, except the doctor.

Bur. Why, what's the matter?

Ser. Why, you see, ever since he had that large fortune left him, master has a fancy that he has all sorts of complaints on him, and that he isn't long for this world.

Bur. Poor Fidget! Has such been the effect of his good fortune? Well, tell him that an old friend whom he hasn't seen for ten years wishes to see him.

Ser. It's no use, sir. Unless you be a doctor of some sort, he'll shut the door on you.

Bur. (*Aside.*) A doctor of some sort! Let me see. I surely am a sort of a doctor. Didn't I physic Prince Sackatoo, the black steward on board the Thunder Cloud, for an attack of colic? And haven't I a vial of *nux vomica*, that my good aunt gave me? To be sure I am a sort of a doctor! (*Aloud.*) Tell your master that Doctor Bughummm, late physician to his highness Prince Sackatoo, has called to see him.

Ser. Ay, sir; he'll see Doctor Bughummm, and no mistake. (*Exit to right.*)

Bur. Now, with the knob of my cane to my nose, thus, I think I may pass muster. (*Enter FIDGET from right.*) Sir, your obedient servant. I have the honor of addressing Mr. Frederic Fidget, I believe.

Fidget. Why, Burly, is that you?

Bur. Sir!

Fidg. Excuse me, doctor, but, really, your resemblance to an old friend of mine is very remarkable.

Bur. Very probable, sir; I am often mistaken for other people. But look at me well, sir, and tell me what age you take me to be.

Fidg. Well, sir, I should think you might be about twenty-two or twenty-three.

Bur. Ha, ha! Sir, I was ninety-five last Christmas.

Fidg. Ninety-five? Impossible!

Bur. It's as true, sir, as that you are a sick

man. Why, sir, you see in me one of the wonderful effects of my art—of my system of practice.

Fidg. Upon my word, you are a very young-looking man for ninety-five.

Bur. Sir, I am a traveling physician, and pass from city to city, from country to country, in search of distinguished subjects, for whose benefit I may put in practice some of the wonderful secrets I have discovered in medicine. Sir, I disdain to trouble myself with ordinary maladies—with common fevers, colds, and such bagatelles. I seek such maladies as are pronounced incurable by other physicians: a good desperate case of cholera, or of dropsy—a good plague—a good hopeless case of fever or inflammation. It is such cases that I seek, and in such that I triumph; and I only wish, sir, that you had a complication of all these maladies upon you, and were given over by all other physicians, in order that I might show you the excellence of my remedies, and do you a service. (*Crosses to right.*)

Fidg. (*from left*). Really, sir, I am much obliged for this visit, for I am in a bad way, and the doctors give me no relief.

Bur. Sir, let me feel your pulse. (*Feels his pulse.*) Don't be alarmed, sir. No matter how it beats—the worse the better. Ah? this pulse doesn't yet know who has got hold of it. It is a bad pulse—a very bad pulse.

Fidg. I was sure of it, doctor, and yet there are those who make light of it.

Bur. Who attends you now?

Fidg. Doctor Purjum.

Bur. His name isn't on my tablets in the list of great physicians. What does he say ails you?

Fidg. He says my *liver* is affected; others say, my *spleen*.

Bur. They are all ignoramuses! The trouble is in your lungs.

Fidg. (*very loud*). In my lungs?

Bur. Yes, allow me. (*Taps him on the breast.*) Don't you feel a sort of tenderness—a pain there?

Fidg. Well, doctor, I don't perceive that I do.

Bur. Is it possible you don't? (*Gives him something of a thump.*)

Fidg. O! now I do, doctor. You almost doubled me up.

Bur. I knew it was the lungs!

Fidg. Well, doctor, I don't know but what you are right. Is there any other inquiry?

Bur. Yes. What are your symptoms?

Fidg. An occasional head-ache.

Bur. Exactly. The lungs.

Fidg. I have now and then a sort of mist before my eyes.

Bur. All right. The lungs.

Fidg. I have a sort of a feeling at my heart.

Bur. Of course you have. The lungs, I say.

Fidg. Sometimes I have a lassitude in all my limbs.

Bur. Well and good. The lungs again.

Fidg. And sometimes I have a sort of colicky pain hereabouts.

Bur. No doubt of it. The lungs. You have an appetite for what you eat?

Fidg. Yes, doctor.

Bur. The lungs. You don't object to a little wine?

Fidg. Not at all, doctor.

Bur. The lungs. You are a little drowsy after eating, and are glad of a nap?

Fidg. Yes, doctor.

Bur. The lungs, the lungs, I tell you! What does your physician order for you by way of nourishment?

Fidg. He prescribes a plain porridge.

Bur. The ignoramus! (*Crosses and recrosses.*)

Fidg. Some chicken.

Bur. The ignoramus!

Fidg. Now and then, some veal.

Bur. The ignoramus!

Fidg. Boiled meats, occasionally.

Bur. The ignoramus!

Fidg. Fresh eggs.

Bur. The ignoramus!

Fidg. And at night some stewed prunes, to keep my bowels in good order.

Bur. The ignoramus!

Fidg. And, above all, if I take wine, I must take it well diluted with water.

Bur. *Ignorans', ignoran'tior, ignorantis' sinus!* Your physician is a blockhead! Throw his physic to the dogs! Throw your wine out of the window. Eat coarse bread, vegetables, fruits—as much as you want. Get a trotting-horse. Take plenty of exercise.

Fidg. Exercise. Dear doctor, I haven't stirred out of the house for a month. It would be the death of me!

Bur. Allow me to be the judge of that. Sir, I haven't been physician-in-chief to Prince Sackatoo for nothing. I do not mean, sir, that you should do all these things until I have fortified you with some of my medicines. (*Takes out vial of homœopathic medicines.*) Behold those little glöb'ules!

Fidg. Shall I take them all at a dose?

Bur. All? Three of them, my dear sir, put under a mountain, would work it from its base! (*Gives him three.*) Swallow them. Don't be afraid! Should they prove too powerful, I have an antidote at hand.

Fidg. (*Swallows them.*) There is nothing unpleasant in the taste.

Bur. No; nor in the effect, you'll find. Don't you begin to feel a thrill, as it were—a sort of expansion—a sort of—eh?—that you haven't felt before? (*Slaps him on back.*)

Fidg. O! my dear doctor, that was rather hard! But, really, I do begin to feel a change—a sort of—

Bur. Exactly. You feel stronger.

Fidg. I do, indeed.

Bur. More wide awake?

Fidg. I do.

Bur. Let me see you walk.

Fidg. (*Walks briskly across stage.*) There! I haven't walked like that these six weeks.

Bur. To be sure you haven't! Now for the trotting-horse! Come with me. I will accompany you. Come on.

Fidg. Doctor, the effect is wonderful! Venerable man! Ninety-five, did you say?

Bur. Ninety-five and a fraction.—But wait till you see me on horseback ! (*Exeunt, arm in arm, left.*)
MOLIÈRE.

KATE KETCHEM.

(Parody on Maud Muller.)

KATE Ketchem, on a winter's night,
Went to a party, dressed in white.

Her chignon in a net of gold
Was about as large as they ever sold.

Gayly she went because her "pap"
Was supposed to be a rich old chap.

But when by chance her glances fell
On a friend who lately had married well,

Her spirits sunk, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish she wouldn't have made known,
To have an establishment of her own.

Tom Fudge came slowly through the throng,
With chestnut hair, worn pretty long.

He saw Kate Ketcham in the crowd,
And, knowing her slightly, stopped and bowed.

Then asked her to give him a single flower,
Saying he'd think it a priceless dower.

Out from those with which she was decked
She took the poorest she could select,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
To call attention to her gown.

"Thanks," said Fudge, as he thought how dear
Flowers must be at this time of year.

Then several charming remarks he made,
Asked if she sang, or danced, or played ;

And being exhausted, inquired whether
She thought it was going to be pleasant weather.

And Kate displayed her jewelry,
And dropped her lashes becomingly ;

And listened with no attempt to disguise
The admiration in her eyes.

At last, like one who has nothing to say,
He turned around and walked away.

Kate Ketchem smiled, and said "You bet
I'll catch that Fudge and his money yet.

"He's rich enough to keep me in clothes,
And I think I could manage him if I chose.

"He could aid my father as well as not,
And buy my brother a splendid yacht.

"My mother for money should never fret,
And all that it cried for the baby should get ;

"And after that, with what he could spare,
I'd make a show at a charity fair."

Tom Fudge looked back as he crossed the sill,
And saw Kate Ketchem standing still.

"A girl more suited to my mind
It isn't an easy thing to find ;

"And everything that she has to wear
Proves her as rich as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and that I to-day
Had the old man's cash my debts to pay ;

"No creditors with a long account,
No tradesmen waiting 'that little amount ;'

"But all my scores paid up when due
By a father as rich as any Jew !"

But he thought of her brother, not worth a straw,
And her mother, that would be his, in law ;

So, undecided, he walked along,
And Kate was left alone in the throng.

But a lawyer smiled, when he sought by stealth,
To ascertain old Ketchem's wealth ;

And as for Kate, she schemed and planned
Till one of the dancers claimed her hand.

He married her for her father's cash—
She married him to cut a dash.

But as to paying his debts, do you know
The father couldn't see it so ;

And at hints for help Kate's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

And when Tom thought of the way he had wed,
He longed for a single life instead,

And closed his eyes in a sulky mood
Regretting the days of his bachelorhood;

And said in a sort of reckless vein,
"I'd like to see her catch me again,

"If I were free as on that night
I saw Kate Ketchem dressed in white!"

She wedded him to be rich and gay;
But husband and children didn't pay.

He wasn't the prize she hoped to draw,
And wouldn't live with his mother-in-law.

And oft when she had to coax and pout
In order to get him to take her out,

She thought how very attentive and bright
He seemed at the party that winter's night.

Of his laugh, as soft as a breeze of the south,
('Twas now on the other side of his mouth:)

How he praised her dress and gems in his talk,
As he took a careful account of stock.

Sometimes she hated the very walls—
Hated her friends, her dinners, and calls:

Till her weak affections, to hatred turned,
Like a dying tallow candle burned.

And for him who sat there, her peace to mar,
Smoking his everlasting segar—

He wasn't the man she thought she saw,
And grief was duty, and hate was law.

So she took up her burden with a groan,
Saying only, "I might have known!"

Alas for Kate! and alas for Fudge!
Though I do not owe them any grudge;

And alas for any that find to their shame
That two can play at their little game!

For of all hard things to bear and grin,
The hardest is knowing you're taken in.

Ah well! as a general thing we fret
About the one we didn't get;

But I think we needn't make a fuss
If the one we don't want didn't get us.

PHCEBE CARY.

ROME AND CARTHAGE.

ROME and Carthage!—behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world! Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burthened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization. She can mount no higher. Any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is demi-barbarous, and has her education and her fortune both to make. All is before her, nothing behind. For a time these two nations exist in distinct view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor; the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each, for the development of each. Rome begins to systematically perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart. Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity, they impend. With their contact must come the thunder-shock.

The catastrophe of this stupendous drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races,—that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two Nations,—the one dominant by gold the other by steel; two Republics,—the one theocratic, the other aristocratic. Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage old, rich, and crafty,—Rome young, poor, and robust; the past and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, the demon of war; the East and the South on one side, the West and the North on the other; in short, two worlds,—the civilization of Africa and the civilization of Europe. They measured each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The

world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome the seas. The two Nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers.—She utters that cry of anguish—*Hannibal at the gates!* But she rallies,—collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort,—throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth.

VICTOR HUGO.

SELLING A COAT; Or, How a Jew Trained a Clerk.

(Humorous and suggestive reading.)

A STORY is told of a clothing merchant on Chatham street, New York, who kept a very open store and drove a thriving trade, the natural consequence being that he waxed wealthy and indolent. He finally concluded to get an assistant to take his place on the sidewalk to “run in” customers, while he himself would enjoy his *otium cum dig* within the store. Having advertised for a suitable clerk, he awaited application, determined to engage none but a good talker who would be sure to promote his interest.

Several unsuccessful applicants were dismissed, when a smart looking Americanized Jew came along and applied for the situation. The “boss” was determined not to engage the fellow without proof of his thorough capability and sharpness. Hence the following dialogue:

“Look here, young man! I told you somedings. I vill gone up de street und valk me back past dis shop yust like I vas coundrymans, and if you can make me buy a coat of you, I vill hire you right away quick.”

“All right,” said the young man, “go ahead, and if I don’t sell you a coat I won’t ask the situation.”

The proprietor proceeded a short distance up the street, then sauntered back toward the shop, where the young man was on the alert for him.

“Hi! look here! Don’t you want some clothes to-day?”

“No, I don’t vant me nothing,” returned the boss.

“Step inside and let me show you what an elegant stock we have,” said the “spider to the fly,” catching him by the arm, and forcing him into the store.

After considerable palaver, the clerk expectant got down a coat, on the merits of which he expatiated at length, and finally offered it to “the countryman” at thirty dollars, remarking that it was “dirt cheap.”

“Dirty tollar? My kracious! I wouldn’t give you dwenty. But I don’t vant de coat anyways.”

“You had better take it, my friend; you don’t get a bargain like this every day.”

“No; I don’t vant it. I gone me out. Good-day.”

“Hold on! don’t be in such a hurry,” answered the anxious clerk. “See here, now the boss has been out all day, and I haven’t sold a dollar’s worth. I want to have something to show when he comes back, so take the coat at twenty-five dollars; that is just what it cost. I don’t make a cent on it; but take it along.”

“Young man, don’d I told you three, four, couple of dimes dat I don’t vant de coat?”

“Well, take it at twenty dollars; I’ll lose money on it, but I want to make one sale anyhow before the boss comes in. Take it at twenty dollars.”

“Vell, I don’t vant de coat, but I’ll give you fifteen tollar, and not one cent more.”

“Oh, my friend, I couldn’t do it! Why, the coat cost twenty-five; yet sooner than not make a sale, I’ll let you have it for eighteen dollars, and stand the loss.”

“No; I don’t vant it anyways. It ain’t vurth no more as fifteen tollar, but I wouldn’t give a cent more, so help me kracious.”

Here the counterfeit rustic turned to depart, pleased to think that he had got the best of the young clerk; but the individual was equal to the emergency. Knowing that he must sell the

garment to secure his place, he seized the parting boss, saying :

"Well, I'll tell you how it is. The man who keeps this store is an uncle of mine, and as he is a mean old cuss, I want to bust him. Here, take the coat at fifteen dollars."

This settled the business. The proprietor saw that this was too valuable a salesman to let slip, and so engaged him at once ; and he may be seen every day standing in front of the shop, urging innocent countrymen to buy clothes which are "just de fit," at sacrificial prices.

RIENZI TO THE ROMAN CONSPIRATORS IN 1347.

ROMANS! look round you—on this sacred place

There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men.

What see you now?—what solitary trace

Is left of all that made Rome's glory then?

The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft

Even of its name—and nothing now remains
But the deep memory of that glory, left

To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!
But *shall* this be? Our sun and sky the same,—

Treading the very soil our fathers trod,—
What withering curse hath fallen on soul and frame,

What visitation hath there come from God,
'To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,
Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?
It can not be! Rise up, ye mighty dead,—

If we, the living, are too weak to crush
These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,
'Till all but Romans at Rome's tameness blush!

Happy, Palmyra, in thy desert domes,

Where only date-trees sigh, and serpents hiss!
And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes

For the stork's brood, superb Per-sep'olis!
Thrice happy both, that your extinguished race
Have left no embers—no half-living trace—
No slaves to crawl around the once proud spot,
Till past renown in present shame's forgot;
While Rome, the queen of all, whose very wrecks,

If lone and lifeless through a desert hurled,
Would wear more true magnificence than decks
The assembled thrones of all the existing
world—

Rome, Rome alone is haunted, stained, and cursed,

Through every spot her princely Tiber laves,
By living human things—the deadliest, worst,

This earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves!
And we—O, shame! we, who have pondered o'er

The patriot's lesson, and the poet's lay;
Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,

Tracking our country's glories all the way—
Even *we* have tamely, basely kissed the ground,

Before that tyrant power, that ghost of her,
The world's imperial mistress—sitting crowned
And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulcher!

But this is past!—too long have lordly priests

And priestly lords led us, with all our pride
Withering about us,—like devoted beasts,

Dragged to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.

'Tis o'er—the dawn of our deliverance breaks!

Up from his sleep of centuries awakes

The Genius of the old republic, free

As first he stood, in chainless majesty,

And sends his voice through ages yet to come,

Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome, Eternal Rome!

THOMAS MOORE.

BLINDNESS.

IT would be a dreadful thing to me to lose my sight, to see no more the faces of those I love, nor the sweet blue of heaven, nor the myriad stars that gem the sky, nor the dissolving clouds that pass over it, nor the battling ships upon the sea, nor the mountains with their changing lines of light and shade, nor the loveliness of flowers, nor the burnished mail of insects. But I should do as other blind men have done before me: I should take God's rod and staff for my guide and comfort, and wait patiently for death to bring better light to nobler eyes. O ye who are living in the darkness of sin! turn before it is too late to the light of holiness, else death will bring to you

not recreation, but retribution. Earthly blindness can be borne, for it is but for a day; but who could bear to be blind through eternity?

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE 'POSSOM-RUN DEBATING SOCIETY.

(An Ethiopian forensic tussle.)

CHARACTERS.

THE CHAIRMAN. PROFESSOR MOREHOUSE.

DR. CRANE. MR. JULIUS.

MR. HUNNICUT.

SCENE.—*Room with platform and arm-chair for CHAIRMAN. Four chairs for the speakers, and benches for audience. Table, with a few books and writing materials. Performers all discovered sitting.*

Chairman (rising). I rise, gemmen an' ladies, for de puppose of calling de meeting to order. De object ob dis meeting is to debate a scientific question, de nature an' scope ob which might engage de noble faculties ob Professor Huxley—a question ob de mos' significant interest to ebery culled pusson in dis cultivated audience now befo' me. De question for debate am dis:—"Which has produced de mos' wonders—de lan' or de water?" I ask for de learned speakers who will address the char, ladies and gemmen, your mos' 'spectful 'tention. I am awar ob de fac' dat for more reasons dan one, water am not a popular subjec' with mos' pussons in dis audience, but I trus'—(*Business here, several of the audience, including the speakers, press forward and try to borrow a quarter of the CHAIRMAN—emphatically.*) As I was about to say when I was interrupted—I trus' you will not let your prejudices interfer' with de freedom ob debate. De debate will now be opened, an' water takes de lead. (*Sits down, amid applause from audience.*)

Dr. Crane (rising, and bowing to the CHAIRMAN). Mr. Chaarman, geografers tell us dat one-quarter ob de yaarth's surface is lan' an' three-quarters is water; in one squaar foot of dat water is more wonders dan in forty squaar rods of lan'. Dese chillen settin' round hyar

can figger on dat. Dat's a argyment I introduce jus' to keep de chillen quiet awhile. When you spill water on a table it spreads all out thin—on a clean table, I mean. Now, s'posen de table dusty. Note de change. De water seperates in globules. (*Turning towards the audience.*) (For de information of some ob be folks, I would explain dat globules is drops, seperated drops.) Now, why is dat? Isn't *dat* wonderful? Can de lan' do like dat? No saar. Dere's no such wonder in the lan'. (*Sits down, amid applause.*)

Prof. Morehouse (rising, and bowing to the CHAIRMAN). Mr. Chaarman, I don't see nothing wonderful in de water gettin' in drops on de dusty table. *Dat's de natcher ob de water.* Dere's nothing *wonderful* in anything actin' accordin to natcher. S'posen it wasn't natcher, what causes it to get into draps? *De dust. DE DUST! de lan'! de lan'!* De wonder's in de lan', after all. Mr. Chaarman, Dr. Crane makes no argyment for de water at all, but all for lan'. He makes a p'int dat de table should be dusty. De dust makes de wonderful change in de water, an' *dust is lan'.* I wants no better argyment for de lan' dan Dr. Crane makes. (*Sits down, amid applause.*)

Mr. Hunnicut (rising and bowing to the CHAIRMAN). Mr. Chaarman, speakin' ob de wonders in de water, I take my position on Niagary Falls—de gran' stupenjus, majestick wonder ob de hole world. Dere's no such or-inspiring object in de lan' Den, see de water-falls ob minor importance scattered all ober de face ob de yaarth. Whoever saw de lan' rollin' ober de precipice, like de water? See de mitey oshun. She hole up de ship full ob frate an' passengers, widout props, an' yit de ship move along in de water if jus' a little wind touch her. Put de ship on de lan' an' load her; forty locomotives tear her all to pieces 'fore she move. Dr. Crane tells us dere's more wonders in one square foot of water, dan in forty rods ob lan'. He's right. Why, one night las' week, I's ober to Doc Russel's house, an' de ole doctor he ax me would I like to see a drop ob water in

his glass (his magnifyin' glass, I mean.) I tole um sartainly. So he rig up de glass an' when he get um all right he tole me to take a good look. Wa'al, Mr. Chaarman, in dat *one* drop ob water I seed more wonders dan I eber saw in the hole course ob my life. Dere was a animal like a gran'mother's night-cap wid one string, a-scootin' roun' after another thing, like a curry-comb wid a flounced handle. Dere was a year ob corn wid a ruffle down each side, an' de fuss t'ing I know, a six-legged base-drum come swimmin' along, an' jus' swallowed it. Talk about wonders on de lan'! dey ain't a patchin' to de water. (*Sits down, amid applause.*)

Mr. Julius (rising and bowing to the CHAIRMAN). De fuss part of Mr. Hunnicut's argyment seems to me is all for de lan'. Dere would be no Niagary, or any udder falls, if de lan' wasn't in such a mos' wonderful shape to make falls. De water falls, cause *dat's its natcher*. Jus' look right here in Mount Vernon. Dere's Norton's dam; dere's de same principle, de same law of natcher. Take away de dam, de water is no more dan common water. No, sair, dere's no wonder in de water at Niagary. De wonder is in de lan'. (*Sits down.*)

Dr. Crane (looking at the CHAIRMAN for a moment, and then towards the audience.) Perhaps it is not generally known, but still it is a fac, dat if it's not for de water in de air, we'd all die. Dere mus' be water in de air we take into our lungs to sustain life. An', strange as it may seem, dere mus' be water in de air to sustain combustion. You could not kindle a fire were it not for de aqueous gases ob de air. (By aqueous I mean watery.) I call dat wonderful—I can see nothing like it in de lan'—dat de water which put out de fire is necessary to make de fire burn. (*Sits down, amid applause.*)

Prof. Morehouse (rising). Mr. Chaarman, I hope dat you'll rule out all dat Dr. Crane jus' said. Instruct de committee not to take no 'count ob it. Sich talk's too much fool nonsense. Dr. Crane says we must have water to breeve. I daar him to a trial. He may go down an' stick his college hed ('scuse me, saar),

his eddicated hed, in de creek, an' take his breevin' dar, saar, and I'll take my stan' an' my breevin', on dis platform, by de stove, an' let de committee decide de case on de merits of de proof of who holes out de longest. Den listen to what he sez about water makin' de fire burn. Did you eber—did you eber hyaar de like? Now, 'cordin to Dr. Crane, s'posen, I wants to start a fire in dis yar stove. I gits some shavin's an' puts in, den some pine kindlin's, den berry carefully pour on a little, 'jus a little, karaysene, den puts on a few nice pieces of coal, lights a match, sticks her to de sheavin's, and she don't burn; I lights a newspaper, and frows her under de grate; de shavin's don't light. I gits mad, an' I slaps in a bucket ob water, an' away she goes, all a-blazin in a second. Oh, shaw, sich bosh! Don't take no 'count ob dat. It *would* be a wonder if it was *true*; but, oh, my! what cabbage it is! Jedges, don' take no 'count ob sich idle talk. I say, saar, dat de lan' produces de mos' wonders. Look at de trees, de flowers, de grain, de cabbages, de inguns, dat spring up out of de lan' Look at de Mammoth Cave, more wonderful than all the falls that eber fell. See how dey bore in de groun' fifteen hundred feet an' more, an' out come coal oil, two t'ousan bar'l a minit. I'd jus' like to see any dese water folks bore a hole fifteen hundred feet down into the ocean, an' *pump* out one gallon of coal-oil in an hour. Can you dig down in de ocean, or in de lakes, an' git out gold, an' silber, an' iron, and coal? Can you build a railroad on de ocean, an' cut a tunnel thru' de waters? No, saar, Mr. Chaarman, I am satisfied to close de subjec' befo' de meetin', so far as de side ob lan' am concerned. (*Sits down, amid tremendous applause.*)

Mr. Hunnicut (rising). It's jus' 'curred to my mind, on Prof. Morehouse speakin' 'bout trees, an' de grass, an' de inguns, an' cabbages, dat when I was out in de far West, I allus notice dat on de plains, on de mountains, anywheres away from de streems, no timber grows, no wegitation, no grass, mostly barr'n; but all along de streems, dere's de grass, de trees, de wegita-

tion. Why? 'Cause of de moistureness, de water. So, 'pears to me dat de cause of all de b'utiful wegitation, after all, is de *water*. Mr. Chaarman, we hab close de debate on dis subjec', and I hab no fear dat you will decide dat my worthy colleague, an' de unworthy speaker, hab demonstrated beyond de power of contradiction—dat de water am greater dan de lan'. (*Sits down, amid applause.*)

Chairman (rising). Ladies and gemmen,—de question befo' de meetin' hab been discussed with marked ability on bofe sides. De advocates ob water hab made a good showin', considerin' how little we *really know about water*. But, as I'm mos' shu' ob de lan', I mus' decide in favor ob de lan', but I recommend de water side as deserbin' high credit for deir investigations, an' de instruction an' edification ob de meetin'. [CURTAIN.]

TIM MURPHY'S IRISH STEW.

(An Irish sketch.)

TIM MURPHY (*solus*). I saw Teddy Reagan, the other day; he told me he had been dealing in hogs. Is business good? sez I. Yis, sez he. Talking about hogs, Teddy, how do you find yourself? sez I. I wint to buy a clock the other day, to make a present to Mary Jane. Will you have a Frinch clock? says the jeweler. The divil take your Frinch clock, sez I. I want a clock that my sister can understand when it sthrikes. I have a Dutch clock, sez he, an' you can put that on the sthairs. It might run down if I put it there, sez I. Well, sez he, here's a Yankee clock, with a lookin'-glass in the front, so that you can see yourself, sez he. It's too ugly, sez I. Thin I'll take the lookin'-glass out, an' whin you look at it you'll not find it so ugly, sez he.

I wint to Chatham street, to buy a shirt, for the one I had on was a thrifle soiled. The Jew who kept the sthore looked at my bosom, an' said:—Mine Got, how long do you veer a shirt? Twenty-eight inches, sez I. Have you any fine shirts? sez I. Yis, sez he. Are they clane? sez

I. Yis, sez he. Then, you had betther put on one, sez I.

You may talk about bringing up childher in the way they should go, but I believe in bringing them up by the hair of the head. Talking about bringing up childher—I hear my childher's prayers every night—the other night I let him up to bed without him. I skipped and sthooed behind the door. I heard the big boy say—"Give us this day our daily bread." The little fellow said—"Sthrike him for pie, Johnny." I have one of the most economical boys in the city of New York; he hasn't spint one cint for the last two years. I am expecting him down from Sing-Sing next week.

Talking about boys—I have a nephew who five years ago couldn't write a word. Last week he wrote his name for \$10,000—he'll git tin years in Auburn.

They had a fight at Tim Owen's wake, last week. Mary Jane was there. She says that, barrin' herself, there was only one whole nose left in the party, an' that belonged to the tea-kettle.

A HARD-SHELL SERMON.

(Must be read in a ranting, sing-song monotone, increasing in loudness to the close.)

MY BELOVED BREATHERING: I am a unlarnt hard-shell Baptist preacher, of whom you've no doubt hearn afore, and I now appear here to expound the scripters and pint out the narrow way which leads from a vain world to the streets of Jaroosalem; and my tex, which I shall choose for the occasion, is in the leds of the Bible, somewhar between the second Chronikills and the last chapter of Timothy Titus, and when you find it, you'll find it in these words: "And they shall knaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth, and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

Now, my brethering, as I have before told you, I am an oneddedicated man, and know nothing about grammar talk and collidge highfalutin, but I am a plain, unlarnt preacher, what's been

foreordaned and called to prepare a pervarse generation for the day of wrath—ah! “For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth, and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born,”—ah!

My beloved brethering, the tex says, they shall gnaw a file. It does not say they *may*, but *shall*. Now, there is more than one kind of file. There's the hand-saw file, the rat-tail file, the single file, the double file, and profile; but the kind spoken of here isn't one of them kind, nayther, bekaus it's a figger of speech, and means going it alone, and getting ukered. “For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth, and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born,”—ah!

And now, there be some here with fine clothes on thar backs, brass rings on thar fingers, and lard on thar har, what goes it while tha're yung; and thar be others here what, as long as thar constitooshins and forty-cent whiskey last, goes it blind. Thar be sisters here what, when they get sixteen years old, cut thar tiller-rope, and goes it with a rush. But I say, my dear brethering, take care you don't find, when Gabriel blows his last trump, your hand played out, and you've got ukered—ah! “For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth, and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born.”

My brethering, I am the captain of the flat-boat you see tied up thar, and have got aboard of her flour and bacon, 'taters, and as good Monongahela whiskey as ever was drunk, and am mighty apt to get a big price for them all; but what, my dear brethering, would it all be worth if I hadn't got religion? Thar's nothing like religion, my brethering; it's better nor silver, or gold jimcracks; and you can no more get to heaven without 'it than a jay-bird can fly without a tail—ah! Thank the Lord! I'm a oneddedicated man, my brethering; but I've sarched the Scripters from Dan to Beersheba, and found Zion right side up, and hard-shell religion the best kind of religion—ah. 'Tis not like the Methodies, what specks to get to heaven

by hollerin' hell fire; nor like the Univarsalists, that gets on the broad guage and goes the hull hog—ah! nor like the Yewnited Brethering, that takes each other by the slack of thar briches and hists themselves in; nor like the Katherlicks, that buys threw tickets from their priests; but it may be likened unto a man what has to cross the river—ah!—and the ferry-boat was gone; so he tucked up his breeches and waded across—ah! “For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth, and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born!”

Pass the hat, Brother Fluit, and let every hard-shell Baptist shell out.

UNCLE PETE'S SERMON.

(Humorous and dialectic.)

BELUBBED fellow-travelers, in holding forth to-day,

I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say;

De sarmon will be very short, and dis here am de text:

Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count, for dis world, or de nex.

Dis world dat we's a libbin in is like a cotton row,

Whar ebbyr cullud gemmen has got his line to hoe;

An' ebbyr time a lazy niggarr stops to take a nap,

De grass keeps on a growin' to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews across de waters ob de sea,

Dey had to keep a goin', jes as fas' as fas' could be.

Do you s'pose dat dey could ebber have succeeded in deir wish,

An' reached de promised land at last, if dey had stopped to fish?

My friends, dar was a garden once, whar Addem libed wid Eve,

Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbor for to t'ieve;

An' ebbry day was Christmas, an' dey got deir
rations free,
An' ebbryt'ing belonged to dem excep' an apple
tree.
You all know 'bout de story—how de snake
came swooping 'round,
A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a-crawlin' on de
groun'—
How Eve an' Addem eat deir fruit, an' went
an' hid deir face,
Till de angel-oberseer came, an' drove 'em off
de place.
Now, s'pose dat man an' woman hadn't 'tempted
for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', an' 'tended
to deir work;
Dey wouldn't hab been a-loafin' whar dey had
no bizness to,
And de debbel'd nebber had a chance to tell
'em what to do.
No half-way doin's bruddren! It'll nebber do,
I say!
Go at your task and finish it, an' den's de time
to play;
For eben if de crap is good, de rain'll spoil de
bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin in de garden ob your
souls.
Keep a-plowin', and a-hoin', and a-scrapin' ob
de rows.
And when de ginnin's ober, you can pay up
what you owes.
But if you quit a-workin' ebbry time de sun
is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebbby on ebbryt'ing you's
got.
What ebber 'tis you's dribin' at, be sure and
dribe it through;
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what
you's *gwine* to do;
For when you sees a niggarr foolin', den as sho's
you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end
ob de horn.
I t'anks you for de 'tention you hab gib dis
arternoon.

Sister Williams will 'blige us by de raisin' ob a
tune;
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass round
de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it
comes to dat.

THE BEREAVED EDITOR'S SPEECH.

(Humorous.)

MY house and barn have recently been de-
stroyed by fire, together with two
valuable horses. My dear wife has also
just been called away, and now *another horse* has
gone; yet, notwithstanding all this, I never
felt more resigned in my life! Blessed faith!
Wife *and* horses all gone, yet resignation and
confidence triumphant! Still it is hard to bear
with the stings of adversity.

No more will those loving hands pull off my
boots, and part my hair, as only a true wife can.
No more will those willing feet replenish the coal-
hod and water-pail. No more will she arise, 'mid
the tempestuous storms of winter, and gayly hie
herself away to build the fire, without disturbing
the slumbers of the man who doted on her so
artlessly. Her memory is embalmed in my heart
of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I
found that I could embalm her money much
cheaper.

I procured from Eli Mudget, a neighbor of
mine, a very pretty grave-stone. His wife was
a consumptive, and he had kept it on hand
several years, in expectation of her death. But
she rallied that spring, and his hopes were blasted.
Never shall I forget this poor man's grief, when
I asked him to part with it. "Take it, Skinner,"
said he; "take it; and may you never know
what it is to have your soul racked with disap-
pointment, as mine has been." And he burst
into a flood of tears. His spirit was indeed ut-
terly crushed.

I have the following epistle engraved on the
grave-stone:

"To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses
Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the *Trom-
bone*. A kind mother and exemplary wife.

Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights. Knock hard. We shall miss thee, mother; we shall miss thee, mother; we shall miss thee, mother. Job printing solicited."

Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony, even as Rachel weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his pay in job printing, and the sexton owed me a little account I should not have gotten in any other way. Why should we pine at the mysterious ways of Providence and vicinity? (Not a conundrum.)

I here pause to drop a silent tear to the memory of Tabitha Ripley, that was. She was an eminently pious woman, and could fry the best piece of tripe I ever slung under my vest. Her picked-up dinners were a perfect success, and she always doted on foreign missions.

She sometimes made it warm for me; but, she's quiet now. (*Aside.*) And I love her *still*.

THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER.

SIR, in the efforts of the People,—of the People struggling for their rights,—moving, not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle without intrenchments to cover or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching heart, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble. Their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the life of others; but in the strength and spirit of the CAUSE alone, they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer.

The People always conquer. They always *must* conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings

may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjections runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the People never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado; and nature, God, is their ally! Now He overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now He buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; He lets loose His tempests on their fleets; He puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; He never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant People, *resolved* to be free.

"For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

EDWARD EVERETT.

APPEAL TO THE HUNGARIANS, 1849.

Kossuth.

LOUIS KOSSUTH. Born, 1802; died, 1894. An eminent Hungarian patriot, orator, and statesman. As a result of the following speech, the Hungarians threw off the Austrian yoke, and elected Kossuth Dictator. Through the influence of Russia, Kossuth was forced into exile. In 1851 he visited the United States and England, where he made a number of speeches.

OUR Fatherland is in danger! Citizens! to arms! to arms. Unless the whole Nation rise up, as one man, to defend itself, all noble blood already shed is in vain; and, on the ground where the ashes of our ancestors repose, the Russian knout will rule over an enslaved People! Be it known to all Hungary, that the Austrian Emperor has let loose upon us the barbarous hordes of Russia; that a Russian army of forty-six thousand men has broken into our country from Galicia, and is on the march; that another has entered Transylvania; and that, finally, we can expect no foreign assistance, as the People that sympathize with us are kept

down by their rulers, and gaze only in dumb silence on our struggle. We have nothing to rest our hopes upon but a righteous God and our own strength. If we do not put forth that strength, God will also forsake us.

Hungary's struggle is no longer our struggle alone. It is the struggle of popular freedom against tyranny. Our victory is the victory of freedom,—our fall is the fall of freedom. God has chosen us to free the Nations from bodily servitude. In the wake of our victory will follow liberty to the Italians, Germans, Poles, Vallahians, Sclavonians, Servians, and Croatsians. With our fall goes down the star of freedom over all.

People of Hungary! will you die under the exterminating sword of the savage Russians? If not, defend yourselves! Will you look on while the Cossacks of the far North tread under foot the bodies of your fathers, mothers, wives, and children? If not, defend yourselves! Will you see a part of your fellow-citizens sent to the wilds of Siberia, made to serve in the wars of tyrants, or bleed under the murderous knout? If not, defend yourselves! Will you behold your villages in flames and your harvests destroyed? Will you die of hunger on the land which your sweat has made fertile? If not, defend yourselves!

We call upon the People, in the name of God and the Country, to rise up in arms. In virtue of our powers and duty, we order a general crusade of the People against the enemy, to be declared from every pulpit and from every town house of the country, and made known by the continual ringing of bells. One great effort, and the country is forever saved! We have, indeed, an army which numbers some two hundred thousand determined men; but the struggle is no longer one between two hostile camps; it is the struggle of tyranny against freedom,—of barbarism against all free Nations. Therefore must all the People seize arms and support the army, that, thus united, the victory of freedom for Europe may be won. Fly, then, united with the army, to arms, every citizen of the land, and the victory is sure!

THE RUINS OF ROME.

O, ROME! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,

Lone mother of dead empires! and control

In their shut breasts their petty misery.

What are our woes and sufferance? Come
and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way

O'er steps of broken thrones, and temples, ye,
Whose agonies are evils of a day—

A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay.

The Ni'o-be of nations! there she stands

Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;

An empty urn within her withered hands,

Whose holy dust was scattered long ago:

The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;

The very sepulchres lie tenantless

Of their heroic dwellers; dost thou flow,

Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?

Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and
Fire,

Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;

They saw her glories star by star expire,

And, up the steep, barbarian monarchs ride

Where the car climbed the capitol; far and
wide

Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—

Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void?

O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,

And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly
night?

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!

The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day

When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass

The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away?

Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,

And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be

Her resurrection; all beside—decay.

Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see

That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome
was free!

BYRON.



"What change has now come o'er the spirit of thy dreams?
Answer me in a word."

(Suggestion For Tableau.)



"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on her breast like an amulet!"

THE POWER OF HABIT.

(Descriptive, spirited, and dramatic.)

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman,

"What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it *possible* that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys, don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below you!"

"Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over they go."

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through *the power of habit*, crying all the while, "*When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!*"

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE LABORING CLASSES.

SIR, it is an insult to our laboring classes to compare them with the debased poor of Europe. Why, sir, we of this country do not know what poverty is. We have no poor in this country, in the sense in which that word is used abroad. Every laborer, even the most humble, in the United States, soon becomes a capitalist, and even, if he choose, a proprietor of land; for the West, with all its boundless fertility, is open to him.

How can any one dare to compare the mechanics of this land (whose inferiority, in any substantial particular, in intelligence, in virtue, in wealth, to the other classes of our society, I have yet to learn) with that race of outcasts, of which so terrific a picture is presented by recent writers—the poor of Europe?—a race among no inconsiderable portion of whom famine and pestilence may be said to dwell continually; many of whom are without morals, without education, without a country, without a God! and may be said to know society only by the terrors of its penal code, and to live in perpetual war with it. Poor bondmen! mocked with the name of liberty, that they may be sometimes tempted to break their chains, in order that, after a few days of starvation in idleness and dissipation, they may be driven back to their prison-house to take

their shackles up again, heavier and more galling than before ; severed, as it has been touchingly expressed, from nature, from the common air, and the light of the sun ; knowing only by hearsay that the fields are green, that the birds sing, and that there is a per'fume in flowers !

And is it with a race whom the perverse institutions of Europe have thus degraded beneath the condition of humanity that the advocates, the patrons, the protectors, of our working-men, presume to compare them ? Sir, it is to treat them with a scorn at which their spirit should revolt, and does revolt.

HUGH LEGARÉ.

DANGERS OF OUR PROSPERITY.

THE danger, my countrymen, is that we shall become intoxicated by our amazing physical triumphs. Because, within the memory of most of us, the lightning has been harnessed to the newsman's car, and the steam-engine has not only brought the ends of the earth into proximity, but has also provided a working power, which, requiring no nutriment, and susceptible of no fatigue, almost releases living creatures from the necessity of toil,—because of these most marvelous discoveries, we are in danger of believing that like wonders may be achieved in the social and moral world.

But be it remembered that, in all our discoveries, no substitute has been found for conscience, and no machine to take the place of reason. The telegraph cannot legislate, nor the locomotive educate. The mind is still the mind, and must obey its own higher laws. Our most pressing needs are such as no mechanism can supply. What we most lack is true, earnest, sincere, faithful, loyal, self-sacrificing men. Without these, it is in vain that we extend our territory from ocean to ocean, and quarry gold as we do rocks. These physical accessions, coming so suddenly upon us, do but increase our peril. Adversity we might bear, and be the better for it. But how shall we bear this gush of seeming prosperity ? Seeming, I say, because time alone can determine whether it is real.

If, my countrymen, with all these excitements, we do not become a nation of reckless adventurers,—gamblers, perhaps, would be the proper word,—if we do not cut ourselves entirely loose from our ancient moorings, but still hold fast to our integrity, our very continence will prove that there is still some sterling virtue left. For never was there so much reason for the prayer, “ Deliver us from temptation.” After all our conquests, the most difficult yet remains,—the victory over ourselves. We have now to answer, under untried difficulties, that gravest of questions, “ What constitutes a State ? ” And the answer must be like that which was given long, long ago :

“ Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate ;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned ;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride.
* * * * *
No ;—men, high-minded men,—
* * * * *
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.”

TIMOTHY WALKER.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—
roll !

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in
vain ;

Man marks the earth with ruin ; his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
form

Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime—

The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ! even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
 alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers ;—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear ;
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.
 BYRON.

ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

(Sheridan was a great Irish orator, poet, statesman and dramatist. He was distinguished in many respects. Byron considers him as the greatest genius of his day.)

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
 In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
 Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
 Sink on the heart, as dew along the
 flower ?

'Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe,
 Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below ;
 Felt without bitterness—but full and clear.
 A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,
 Unmixed with worldly grief or selfish stain,
 Shed without shame, and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instills
 When summer's day declines along the hills,
 So feels the fullness of our heart and eyes
 When all of Genius which can perish dies !
 Almighty spirit is eclipsed—a power
 Hath passed from day to darkness—to whose hour
 Of light no likeness is bequeathed—no name,
 Focus at once of all the rays of Fame !

The flash of Wit, the bright Intelligence,
 The beam of Song, the blaze of Eloquence,
 Set with their sun—but still have left behind
 The enduring produce of immortal Mind ;
 Fruits of a genial morn and glorious noon,
 A deathless part of him who died too soon.

Ye orators ! whom yet our councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran hero of your field !
 The worthy rival of the wondrous Three,*
 Whose words were sparks of immortality !
 Ye bards ! to whom the drama's muse is dear,
 He was your master—emulate him here !
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence !
 He was your brother—bear his ashes hence !

While powers of mind almost of boundless range,
 Complete in kind, as various in their change,—
 While Eloquence, Wit, Poesy, and Mirth,
 That humbler harmonist of care on earth,
 Survive within our souls,—while lives our sense
 Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan !
 BYRON.

OPPORTUNITIES OF THE SCHOLAR.

(From "Henry W. Grady. His Life, Writings, and Speeches." Permission of C. H. Hudgins & Co.

WE are standing in the daybreak of the
 second century of this Republic. The
 fixed stars are fading from the sky, and
 we grope in uncertain light. Strange shapes
 have come with the night. Established ways are
 lost—new roads perplex, and widening fields
 stretch beyond the sight. The unrest of dawn
 impels us to and fro—but Doubt stalks amid the
 confusion, and even on the beaten paths the
 shifting crowds are halted, and from the shadows
 the sentries cry : "Who comes there ?" In the
 obscurity of the morning tremendous forces are
 at work. Nothing is steadfast or approved.
 The miracles of the present belie the simple
 truths of the past. The Church is besieged
 from without and betrayed from within. Be-
 hind the courts smoulders the rioter's torch and
 looms the gibbet of the anarchists. Gov-
 ernment is the contention of partisans and the
 prey of spoilers. Trade is restless in the
 grasp of monopoly, and commerce shackled with

* Pitt, Fox, and Burke.

limitation. The cities are swollen and the fields are stripped. Splendor streams from the castle, and squalor crouches in the home. The universal brotherhood is dissolving, and the People are huddling into classes. The hiss of the Nihilist disturbs the covert, and the roar of the mob murmurs along the highway. Amid it all beats the great American heart undismayed, and standing fast by the challenge of his conscience, the citizen of the Republic, tranquil and resolute, notes the drifting of the spectral currents, and calmly awaits the full disclosures of the day.

Who shall be the heralds of this coming day? Who shall thread the way of honor and safety through these besetting problems? Who shall rally the People to the defence of their liberties, and stir them until they shall cry aloud to be led against the enemies of the Republic? You, my countrymen, you! The university is the training camp of the future. The scholar the champion of the coming years. Napoleon overran Europe with drum-tap and bivouac—the next Napoleon shall form his battalions at the tap of the school-house bell, and his captains shall come with cap and gown. Waterloo was won at Oxford—Sedan at Berlin. So Germany plants her colleges in the shadow of the French forts, and the professor smiles amid his students as he notes the sentinel stalking against the sky. The farmer has learned that brains mix better with his soil than the waste of sea-birds, and the professor walks by his side as he spreads the showers in the verdure of his field, and locks the sunshine in the glory of his harvest. A button is pressed by a child's finger and the work of a million men is done. The hand is nothing—the brain everything. Physical prowess has had its day, and the age of reason has come. The lion-hearted Richard challenging Saladin to single combat is absurd, for even Gog and Magog shall wage the Armageddon from their closets and look not upon the blood that runs to the bridle-bit. Science is everything! She butchers a hog in Chicago, draws Boston within three hours of New York, renews the famished soil, routs her viewless bondsmen

from the electric centre of the earth, and then turns to watch the new Icarus, as mounting in his flight to the sun, he darkens the burnished ceiling of the sky with the shadow of his wing.

Learning is supreme, and you are its prophets. Here the Olympic games of the Republic—and you its chosen athletes. It is yours, then, to grapple with these problems, to confront and master these dangers. Yours to decide whether the tremendous forces of this Republic shall be kept in balance, or, whether unbalanced they shall bring chaos; whether 60,000,000 men are capable of self-government, or whether liberty shall be lost to them who would give their lives to maintain it. Your responsibility is appalling. You stand in the pass behind which the world's liberties are guarded. This government carries the hopes of the human race. Blot out the beacon that lights the portals of this Republic and the world is adrift again. But save the Republic; establish the light of its beacon over the troubled waters, and one by one the nations of the earth shall drop anchor and be at rest in the harbor of universal liberty.

THE UNBELIEVER.

I PITY the unbeliever,—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, and glory, and beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over, and with, and above all; from my very heart I do commiserate his condition. The unbeliever! one whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars, and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a drear and cheerless void. In him, mind—the god-like gift of intellect—is debased, destroyed; all is dark,—a fearful chaotic labyrinth—rayless—cheerless—hopeless! No gleam of light from heaven penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion; no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of seraphim arouse the dull

spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason is prostrate; and passion, prejudice, and superstition have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect.

I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high but a sealed book? He sees nothing above, or around, or beneath him that evinces the existence of a God; and he denies—yea, while standing on the footstool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and denies there is a God.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

OVER the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—

I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—

I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,

As many another woman, that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't make it quite clear!

Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!

Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,

But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?

Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?

True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout,

But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day,
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;

For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,

If anybody only is willin' to have me 'round.

Once I was young and han'some—I was, upon my soul—

Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;

And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,

For any kind of reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,

But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part:

For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong.

And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together: and life was hard but gay,

With now and then a baby, for to cheer us on our way;

Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,

An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised 'em every one;

Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to've done;

Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,

But every couple's child'r'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones?—

I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;

And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,

I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing : when our boys an' girls
was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charlie, they'd left us there
alone ;

When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer
seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts He come one day an' took
him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe
or fall—

Still I worked for Charlie, for Charlie was now
my all ;

And Charlie was pretty good to me, with scarce
a word or frown,

Till at last he went a courtin', and brought a
wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant
smile—

She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o'
style ;

But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her,
I know ;

But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make
it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her ;
But when she twitted me on mine 'twas carryin'
things too fur ;

An' I told her once 'fore company (an' it almost
made her sick),

That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rith-
matic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was
done—

They was a family of themselves, and I another
one ;

And a very little cottage for one family will do,
But I have never seen a house that was big
enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could
please her eye,

An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't
try ;

But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charlie turned ag'in me, an' told me I
could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was
small,

And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was
for us all ;

And what with her husband's sisters, and what
with her childr'n three,

'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room
for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've
got,

For Thomas' buildings'd cover the half of an
acre lot ;

But all the childr'n was on me—I couldn't stand
their sauce—

And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin'
there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebeeca,—my girl who lives
out West,

And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty
miles at best ;

An' one of 'em said 'twas too warm there, for
any one so old,

And t'other had an opinion the climate was too
cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted
me about—

So they have well-nigh soured me, an' worn my
old heart out ;

But still I've born up pretty well, an' wasn't
much put down,

Till Charlie went to the poor-master, an' put me
on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my childr'n
dear, good-bye !

Many a night I've watched you when only God
was nigh ;

And God'll judge between us ; but I will al'ays
pray

That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

WILL M. CARLETON.

OVER THE HILLS FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

OVER the hills to the poor-house sad paths
have been made to-day,
For sorrow is near, such as maketh the
heads of the young turn gray,
Causing the heart of the careless to throb with
a fevered breath—
The sorrow that leads to the chamber whose
light has gone out in death.

To Susan, Rebecca and Isaac, to Thomas and
Charley, word sped
That mother was ill and fast failing, perhaps
when they heard might be dead;
But e'en while they wrote she was praying that
some of her children might come,
To hear from her lips their last blessing before
she should start for her home.

To Susan, poor Susan! how bitter the agony
brought by the call,
For deep in her heart for her mother wide rooms
had been left after all;
And now, that she thought, by her fireside one
place had been vacant for years,—
And while "o'er the hills" she was speeding
her path might be traced by her tears.

Rebecca! she heard not the tidings, but those
who bent over her knew
That led by the Angel of Death, near the waves
of the river she drew;
Delirious, ever she told them her mother was
cooling her head,
While, weeping, they thought that ere morning
both mother and child might be dead,

And, kneeling beside her, stern Isaac was
quiv'ring in aspen-like grief,
While waves of sad mem'ry surged o'er him
like billows of wind o'er the leaf;
"Too late," were the words that had humbled
his cold, haughty pride to the dust,
And Peace, with her olive-boughs laden, crowned
loving forgiveness with trust.

Bowed over his letters and papers, sat Thomas,
his brow lined by thought,
But little he heeded the markets or news of his
gains that they brought;
His lips grew as pale as his cheek, but new pur-
pose seemed born in his eye,
And Thomas went "over the hills," to the
mother that shortly must die.

To Charley, her youngest, her pride, came the
mother's message that morn,
And he was away "o'er the hills" ere the sun-
light blushed over the corn;
And, strangest of all, by his side, was the wife
he had "brought from the town."
And silently wept, while her tears strung with
diamonds her plain mourning gown.

For each had been thinking, of late, how they
missed the old mother's sweet smile,
And wond'ring how they could have been so
blind and unjust all that while;
They thought of their harsh, cruel words, and
longed to atone for the past,
When swift o'er the heart of vain dreams swept
the presence of death's chilling blast.

So into the chamber of death, one by one, these
sad children had crept,
As they, in their childhood had done, when
mother was tired and slept,—
And peace, rich as then, came to each, as they
drank in her blessing, so deep,
That, breathing into her *life*, she fell back in her
last blessed sleep.

And when "o'er the hills from the poor-house,"
that mother is tenderly borne,
The life of her life, her loved children, tread
softly, and silently mourn,
For theirs is no rivulet sorrow, but deep as the
ocean is deep,
And into our lives, with sweet healing, the balm
of their bruising may creep.

For swift come the flashings of temper, and tor-
rents of words come as swift,

Till out 'mong the tide-waves of anger, how often
 we thoughtlessly drift !
 And heads that are gray with life's ashes, and
 feet that walk down 'mong the dead,
 We send "o'er the hills to the poor-house" for
 love, and, it may be, for bread.

Oh ! when shall we value the living while yet
 the keen sickle is stayed,
 Nor slight the wild flower in its blooming, till
 all its sweet life is decayed ?
 Yet often the fragrance is *richest*, when poured
 from the bruised blossom's soul,
 And "over the hills from the poor-house" the
 rarest of melodies roll.

MAY MIGNONETTE.

THE BELLS.

(Good for voice culture. Imitate the tones of the bells.)

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells !
 What a world of merriment their melody
 fortells !
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night !
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells !
 What a world of happiness their harmony fore-
 tells !
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 . How it swells !
 How it dwells

On the future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the
 fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic
 fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of
 the bells—



MISSSES SANDALL AND CRIDER.
(Neff College of Oratory.)

"BACK, RUFFIANS, BACK!"



MISS MARY SANDALL.

(Neff College of Oratory.)

"WITH A SMILE THAT WAS CHILDLIKE AND BLAND."

BRET HARTE.

Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody
 compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright,
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells,
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
 EDGAR A. POE.

"THEM YANKEE BLANKITS."

HOW SUFFERING AND BROTHERLY KINDNESS
 BROUGHT HEARTS TOGETHER.

YES, John, I was down thar at Memphis,
 A-workin' around at the boats,
 A-heavin' o' cotton with emph'sis,
 An' a-loadin' her onter the floats.
 I was comin' away from Ole Texas,
 Whar I went, you know, arter the wah—
 'Bout it now I'll make no reflexes,
 But wait till I get ter long taw.

Well, while I was down thar, the fever,
 As yaller an' pizen as sin,
 Broke out; an' ef you'll beleieve her,
 Wharever she hit she struck in!
 It didn't take long in the hatchin',
 It jes' fa'rly bred in the air,
 Till a hospittel camp warn't a patchin'
 An' we'd plenty o' corpses to spare.

I volunteer'd then with the Howards,—
 I thought that my duty was clear,—
 An' I didn't look back'ards, but for'ards,
 An' went ter my work 'ithout fear.
 One day, howsomever, she got me
 As quick as the shot of a gun,
 An' they toted me off ter allot me
 A bunk tell my life-race was run.

The doctor and nurses they wrestled,
 But it didn't do me any good;
 An' the druggier he pounded and pestled,
 But he didn't get up the right food.
 "No blankits ner ice in the city!"—
 I hear'd 'em say that from my bed,—
 An' some cried, "O God! who'll take pity
 On the dyin' that soon'll be dead?"

Next day, howsomever, the doctor
 Came in with a smile on his brow.
 "Old boy, jest as yit we hain't knocked her,"
 Said he, "but we'll do fer her now!"

Fer, yer see, John, them folks ter the Nor'ward
 Hed hear'd us afore we call'd twice,
 An' they'd sent us a full cargo forward
 Of them much-needed blankits an' ice!

Well, brother, I've been mighty solid
 Agin' Yankees, yer know, since the wah,
 An' agin' reconstrucktin' was stolid,
 Not kearin' fer Kongriss ner law;
 But, John, I got onder thet kiver,
 That God-blessed gift o' the Yanks,
 An' it sav'd me from fordin' "the river,"
 An' I'm prayin' 'em oceans o' thanks!

I tell yer, old boy, thar's er streak in us
 Old Rebels an' Yanks thet is warm;
 It's er brotherly love thet'll speak in us,
 An' fetch us together in storm:
 We may snarl about "niggers an' franchisee,"
 But whenever thar's sufferin' afoot,
 The two trees'll unite in the branches
 The same as they do at the root!

SAMUEL W. SMALL.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

(Dialectic.)

I'M a proken-hearted Deutscher,
 Vot's villed mit crief und shame.
 I dells you vot der drouple ish:
I doosn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh?
 Ven you der schtory hear,
 You vill not vonder den so mooch,
 It vas so schtrange und queer.

Mine moder had dwo leedle twins;
 Dey vas me und mine broder:
 Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
 No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys vas "Yawcob,"
 Und "Hans" de oder's name:
 But den it made no tifferent;
 Ve both got called der same.

Vell! von off us got tead,—
 Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so!

But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
 Mine moder she don'd know.

Und so I am in drouples:
 I gan't kit droo mine hed
*Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing,
 Or Yawcob vot is tead!*

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

MRS. LOFTY keeps a carriage,
 So do I;
 She has dapple grays to draw it,
 None have I;
 She's no prouder with her coachman
 Than am I
 With my blue-eyed laughing baby
 Trundling by;
 I hide his face, lest she should see
 The cherub boy, and envy me.
 Her fine husband has white fingers,
 Mine has not;
 He could give his bride a palace,
 Mine a cot;
 Her's comes beneath the star-light,
 Ne'er cares she;
 Mine comes in the purple twilight,
 Kisses me.
 And prays that He who turns life's sands,
 Will hold his lov'd ones in His hands.
 Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
 So have I;
 She wears her's upon her bosom,
 Inside I;
 She will leave her's at death's portals,
 By and by;
 I shall bear the treasure with me,
 When I die:
 For I have love, and she has gold;
 She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.
 She has those that love her station,
 None have I;
 But I've one true heart beside me,
 Glad am I;

I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I,
God will weigh it in His balance,
By and by ;
And then the diff'rence 'twill define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE.

H. W. Grady.

(In no cause in which his sympathies were enlisted was Mr. Grady more active and earnest than in that of temperance. The following extract is from one of his speeches delivered during the exciting local campaign in Georgia in 1887. Permission of C. H. Hudgins & Co.)

MY friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back into Atlanta, now that it is shut out. Don't trust it. It is powerful, aggressive and universal in its attacks. To-night it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and to-morrow it challenges this Republic in the halls of Congress. To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the government itself. There is no cottage in this city humble enough to escape it—no palace strong enough to shut it out. It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory. It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment, than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho. O my countrymen! loving God and humanity, do not bring this grand old city again under the dominion of that power. It can profit no man by its return. It can uplift no industry, revive no interest, remedy no wrong. You know that it cannot. It comes to turn, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine. It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair and

her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children. It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows that it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this work.

HIS FIRST AND LAST DRINK.

(Dialectic and humorous. A good reading for temperance entertainment. The reader should be careful to give the proper German accent.)

“POY PILLY” was the adopted son of Father Zende, an eccentric Teuton, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a lager beer saloon taking off a foaming glass of lager. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing about the matter till evening. After tea Zende seated himself at the table and placed before him a variety of queer things, whereon Billy looked with curiosity.

“Kommer zie hier, Pilly,” cried Christian.
“Vy vas du in te peer shops, to-tay, hein? Vy
drinks peer, mein poy?”

"O—O—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.

“No, Pilly, it was not gute to dein mout. I did see neffer so pig faces als didst make, Pilly. Pilly, you dinks it vill daste gute py-and-py, and it ees like a man to trinks, and so you trinks, Pilly. Now, Pilly, eef it ees gute, haf it ; if it ees like ein man, trink it, Pilly, I vill not hinders you vrom vat ees gute and manly, mein shilt ; but—trinks at home, dakes your trink pure, Pilly, and lets me pay for it. Kom, mein poy ! You likes peer. Vell, kom, open dein mout ; heir I haf all te peer stuff Simons pure vrom te schops, mein poy. Kom, opens dein mout, ant I vill puts it een.”

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende :

“Don you makes me madt, Pilly! Opens dein mout!”

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Christian put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face, but boys can stand alum.

After a little, Christian cried, "Opens dein mout, peer is't not all alums!" and he dropped in a bit of aloes. This was worse; Billy winced. Again, "Opens dein mout!" The least morsel of red pepper, now, from a knife point; but Billy howled.

"Vat! not likes dein peer?" said Zende. "Opens dein mout!" Just touched, now, with a knife point dipped in oil of turpentine. Billy began to cry. "Opens dein mout, dein peer is not hafs mate yet, Pilly!" And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime and potash and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly.

"Opens dein mout!" Unlucky Billy! This time about a grain of liquorice, hop pollen, and salpetre.

"Looks, Pilly! Here ist some arsenic, and some strychnine; dese pelongs in te peer. Opens dein mout!"

"I can't, I can't!" roared Billy. "Arsenic and strychnine are to kill rats! I shall die! O-O-O! do you want to kill me, Father Zende?"

"Kills him; joost py ein leetle peer! All gute and pure! He dells me he likes peer, and it ees manly to trinks eet, and ven I gives him te peer, he cries kills him! So, Pilly, heir is water, dere ist mooch water in peer—trinks dat!"

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on, "And dere is mooch alcohol in peer. Heir! opens dein mout!" and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

"Kommer zie heir, dein peer ist not done, Pilly," shouted Christian; and, seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall; then "Pilly, heir is more of dein peer! Heir is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, acetic acid, and nux vomica; opens dein mout!"

"O, no, no!" moaned Billy. "Let me go! I hate beer! I'll never drink any more! I'll never go in that shop again! I'll be a good boy! I'll sign the pledge! Oh, let me be! I can't eat those things! I'll die! My mouth

tastes awful now. Oh, take 'em away, Father Zende!"

"Dakes 'em away! dakes away dein goot peer!" cried the old man, innocently, "ven I hafs paid vor eet, ant mein Pilly can trinks eet pure at his home, likes ein shentleman! Vy, poy, dese ist te makins of peer, and you no likes dem? All dese honey ant sugar ant water, poy?"

"But the other things," said Billy. "O, the other things—they are the biggest part—ugh—they make me sick."

"Mein poy, you trinks dem fast to-tay! Looks, Pilly, a man he trinks all dese pad things mix up in vater, and call peer. Ach! he gets red in hees faces, he gets pig in hees poddy, he gets shaky in hees hands, he gets clumsy on hees toes, he gets weak in hees eyes, he gets pad in hees breat', he gets mean in hees manners. Vy, Pilly, you sees vy. All dese dings on mein table ees vy!"

Happy Billy! Few boys get so good a temperance lecture, such home thrusts, such practical experiments as fall to your lot. Billy was satisfied on the beer question.

"He ees all goot now," said Zende. "I hafs no more droubles mit mein Pilly."

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

SOME men look upon this temperance cause as whining bigotry, narrow asceticism, or a vulgar sentimentality, fit for little minds, weak women, and weaker men. On the contrary, I regard it as second only to one or two others of the primary reforms of this age, and for this reason: every race has its peculiar temptation; every clime has its specific sin. The tropics and tropical races are tempted to one form of sensuality; the colder and temperate regions, and our Saxon blood, find their peculiar temptation in the stimulus of drink and food. In old times our heaven was a drunken revel. We relieve ourselves from the overweariness of constant and exhausting toil by intoxication. Science has brought a cheap means of drunkenness within the reach of every individual. National prosperity and free insti-

tutions have put into the hands of almost every workman the means of being drunk for a week on the labor of two or three hours. With that blood and that temptation, we have adopted democratic institutions, where the law has no sanctions but the purpose and virtue of the masses. The statute-book rests not on bayonets, as in Europe, but on the hearts of the people. A drunken people can never be the basis of a free government. It is the corner-stone neither of virtue, prosperity, nor progress. To us, therefore, the title-deeds of whose estates and the safety of whose lives depend upon the tranquillity of the streets, upon the virtue of the masses, the presence of any vice which brutalizes the average mass of mankind, and tends to make it more readily the tool of intriguing and corrupt leaders, is necessarily a stab at the very life of the nation. Against such a vice is marshaled the Temperance Reformation. That my sketch is no fancy picture every one of you knows. Every one of you can glance back over your own path, and count many and many a one among those who started from the goal at your side, with equal energy and perhaps greater promise, who has found a drunkard's grave long before this. The brightness of the bar, the ornament of the pulpit, the hope, and blessing, and stay of many a family—you know, every one of you who has reached middle life, how often on your path you set up the warning, "Fallen before the temptations of the street!" Hardly one house in this city, whether it be full and warm with all the luxury of wealth, or whether it find hard, cold maintenance by the most earnest economy: no matter which—hardly a house that does not count among sons or nephews some victim of this vice. The skeleton of this warning sits at every board. The whole world is kindred in this suffering. The country mother launches her boy with trembling upon the temptations of city life; the father trusts his daughter anxiously to the young man she has chosen, knowing what a wreck intoxication may make of the house-tree they set up. Alas! how often are their worst

forebodings more than fulfilled: I have known a case—probably many of you recall some almost equal to it—where one worthy woman could count father, brother, husband, and son-in-law all drunkards—no man among her near kindred, except her son, who was not a victim of this vice. Like all other appetites, this finds resolution weak when set against the constant presence of temptation. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A DELSARTEN PLEA.

DEAR Mr. Delsarte !*

Since you've taught us that art
Must replace Mother Nature's injunctions.
And teach us anew

What we really should do
With our various physical functions.

We beg you would add
To the lessons we've had
About walking and breathing and posing,
Other hints that will make
All our doings partake
Of a grace more perfection disclosing.

We'd be taught, if you please,
How to gracefully sneeze,
How to snore in symmetrical manner,
How to get out of bed,
How to drop when we tread
On the cuticle of a banana ;

How to smell, how to wink,
How to chew, how to drink,
How sublimely to shake an ash-sifter,
How to step on a tack,
How to get in a hack,
How to toy with a heated stove-lifter ;

How to hiccough with ease,
How to groan, how to wheeze,
How to spank a night-brawling relation ;
In short, how to mend
The mistakes that our friend
Dame Nature mixed in our creation.

* Francois Delsarte, the famous French teacher, who taught that the greatest need of the elocutionist was to imitate nature in his art; that there was a natural way of expressing every thought and emotion, and that mind and body should work together in harmony under the guidance of nature's true promptings.

THE POOR INDIAN!

I KNOW him by his falcon eye,
His raven tress and mien of pride;
Those dingy draperies, as they fly,
Tell that a great soul throbs inside! -

No eagle-feathered crown he wears,
Capping in pride his kingly brow;
But his crownless hat in grief declares,
"I am an unthroned monarch now!"

"O noble son of a royal line!"
I exclaim, as I gaze into his face,
"How shall I knit my soul to thine?
How right the wrongs of thine injured race?"

"What shall I do for thee, glorious one?
To soothe thy sorrows my soul aspires.
Speak! and say how the Saxon's son
May atone for the wrongs of his ruthless sires!"

He speaks, he speaks!—that noble chief!
From his marble lips deep accents come;
And I catch the sound of his mighty grief,—
"*Ple' gi' me tree cent for git some rum?*"

CASEY AT THE BAT.

(This selection has been made famous by DeWolf Hopper, who has been called before the curtain between the acts of his comic opera performances hundreds of times to recite this piece, always receiving thunders of applause.)

THERE was ease in Casey's manner as he
stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a
smile on Casey's face;
And when responding to the cheers he lightly
doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas
Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his
hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped
them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball
into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled
Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came whirl-
ing thro' the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty
grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded
sped.
"That ain't my style," said Casey, "Strike
one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there
went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and
distant shore;
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some
one on the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not
Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's
visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game
go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the
spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said
"Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and
the echo answered, "Fraud!"
But the scornful look from Casey, and the audi-
ence was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw
his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball
go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth
are clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the
plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he
let's it go.
And now the air is shattered by the force of
Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is
shining bright,

The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light ;
And somewhere men are laughing, and some-
where children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey
has struck out.

THE NEWS-TELLING BORE.

(It is important in the delivery of dialogues, in order to prevent confusion, to have the places of entrance and exit, whether *right* or *left*, well understood beforehand ; also to have every *crossing* of the stage marked and understood. Unless this is done, awkwardness will be produced by an unexpected movement. In some of the dialogues the editor has inserted the proper marks ; in others, the speakers are left to arrange them. The animation and naturalness of a dialogue often depend upon proper and expressive movements on the stage, or to and fro.)

QUIDNUNC and FEEBLE.

Enter FEEBLE, L. He stops, C., feels his pulse, and shakes his head—then takes a vial from his pocket, pours a few drops on a lump of sugar, and swallows it. As soon as he hears QUIDNUNC'S voice, he starts with disgust towards R. The whole of QUIDNUNC'S first speech is uttered off the stage. There should be a chair a little to the right of the centre.*

Quidnunc (without). Hold your tongue, you foolish fellow ! he'll be glad to see me. Brother Feeble ! brother Feeble !

Feeble (R.). I was just going to bed. Bless my heart, what can this man want ? I know his voice. I hope no new misfortune brings him at this hour.

Enter QUIDNUNC, L.

Quid. Brother Feeble, I give you joy ! the nabob's demolished. Hurra !

Feeb. Lack-a-day, Mr. Quidnunc ! How can you serve me thus ?

Quid. Suraja Dowla is no more ! Hurra !
(*Crosses the stage to L., then back again to R.*)

Feeb. Poor man ! he's stark, staring mad.

Quid. Our men diverted themselves with killing their bullocks and their camels, till they dislodged the enemy from the sotagon, and the counterscarp, and the bungalow—

Feeb. I'll hear the rest to-morrow morning. O ! I'm ready to die !

Quid. Odds-heart, man, be of good cheer ! (*Slapping FEEBLE on the back.*) The new nabob, Jaffer Alley Cawn, has acceded to a treaty, and the English Company got all their rights in the Phiemad and the Fushbulhoonons.

Feeb. But, dear heart, Mr. Quidnunc, why am I to be disturbed for this ?

Quid. We had but two seapoys killed, three chokeys, four gaul-walls, and two zemindars. Hurra !

Feeb. Would not to-morrow morning do as well for this ?

Quid. Light up your windows, man !—light up your windows ! Chandernagore is taken ! Hurra !

Feeb. Well, well ! I am glad of it. Good-night. (*Going R.*)

Quid. Here—here's the *Gazette*. (*Produces newspaper.*)

Feeb. O, I shall certainly faint ! (*Sits down.*)

Quid. Ay, ay, sit down, and I'll read it to you. Here it is : "On the 10th the action commenced. Suraja Dowla drew up his men on the right of the bungalow, about"—(*FEEBLE rises and moves away, R.*) Nay, don't run away ; I've more news to tell you. There's an account from Williamsburg, in America. The superintendent of Indian affairs—

Feeb. Dear sir ! dear sir ! (*Avoiding him.*)

Quid. He has settled matters with the Cherokees— (*Following him about the stage.*)

Feeb. Enough, enough ! (*Moving away.*)

Quid. In the same manner he did before with the Catawbas. (*Following him.*)

Feeb. Well, well !—your servant. (*Moving off.*)

Quid. So that the white inhabitants— (*Following him.*)

Feeb. I wish you would let me be a quiet inhabitant of my own house !

Quid. So that the white inhabitants will now be secured by the Cherokees and the Catawbas—

Feeb. You had better go home, and think of appearing before the commissioners.

* R. stands for the *right* of the stage, facing the audience ; L. for the *left* ; C. for the *centre*.

Quid. Go home! No, no! I'll go and talk the matter over at our coffee-house. (*Going, L.*)

Feeb. Do so, do so!

Quid. (*turning back*). I had a dispute about the balance of power. (*Takes chair and sits, C.*) Pray, now, can you tell—

Feeb. I know nothing of the matter.

Quid. Well, another time will do for that. (*Rises.*) I have a great deal to say about that. (*Going—returns.*) Right! I had like to have forgot. There's an erratum in the last *Gazette*.

Feeb. With all my heart!

Quid. Page 3, 1st col., 1st and 3d lines, for *bombs* read *booms*.

Feeb. Read what you will!

Quid. Nay, but that alters the sense, you know. Well, now, your servant. If I hear any more news, I'll come and tell you.

Feeb. For heaven's sake, no more!

Quid. I'll be with you before you're out of your first sleep.

Feeb. Good-night, good-night! (*Hurries off, R.*)

Quid. (*screaming after him*). I forgot to tell you—the Emperor of Morocco is dead. So, now I have made him happy, I'll go and call up my friend Razor, and make *him* happy, too; and then I'll go and see if anybody is up at the coffee-house, and make them *all* happy there, too.

(*Exit, L.*)

MARK TWAIN INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

“**L**ADIES—and—gentlemen: By—the request of the—Chairman of the—Committee—I beg leave to—intro—duce—to you—the reader of the eve—ning—a gentleman whose great learning—whose historical accuracy—whose devotion—to science—and—whose veneration for the truth—are only equalled by his high moral character—and—his—majestic presence. I allude—in these vague general terms—to my-self. I—am a little opposed to the custom of ceremoniously introducing a reader to the audience, because it seems—unnecessary—where the man has been properly advertised!

But as—it is—the custom—I prefer to make it myself—in my own case—and then I can rely on getting in—all the facts! I never had but one introduction—that seemed to me just the thing—and the gentleman was not acquainted with me, and there was no nonsense. ‘Ladies and gentlemen, I shall waste no time in this introduction. I know of only two facts about this man; first, he—has never been in state prison; and, second, I can’t—imagine why.’”

SEWING ON A BUTTON.

(Humorous reading.)

IT is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately, for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for leeway. He says to himself,—“Well, if women don’t have the easiest time I ever see.” Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button, and, finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect to his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back

with the needle he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner; but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor, and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After awhile, he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

J. M. BAILEY.

LATEST FORM OF LITERARY HYSTERICS.

(Speaker should be earnest, as if trying to deliver an oration of consequence.)

THE little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. A far down the valley a lone ragman drove his chariot slowly along and chanted his plaintive lay. The wind moaned through the chimney-pots, the red sun looked dimly down through the smoke, and the little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Sadly the stray policeman in the gray distance swiped a banana from the cart of a passing Italian and peeled it with a grimy hand. He was thinking, thinking. And the dead leaves still choked the tin spout above the rain-water barrel in the backyard.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Adown the gutters in the lonely street ran murky puddles on their

long, long journey toward the distant sea. Borne on the wings of the sluggish breeze came a far-off murmur of vagrant dogs in fierce contention, and life was a hollow mockery to the homeless cat.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. And it softly said: "I scratch because it itches!"

MISS JANUARY JONES' LECTURE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

(Young man dressed up as a colored woman.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Hear me for my cause, and be silent that I may have your years. I come to speak for my sufferin' sisters.

Man, my hearers, claims to be the sooperior uv woman! Is it so? and ef so, in wlat, and how much? Wuz he the fust creashun? He wuz, my hearers; but what does that prove? Man wuz made fust, but the experience gained in makin' man wuz applied to the makin' uv a betterer and more finerer bein', uv whom I am a sample. Nacher made man, but saw in a brief space uv time thet he coodent take keer of hisself alone, and so he made a woman to take keer uv him, and thet's why we wuz created, tho' seein' all the trubble we hev, I don't doubt thet it wood hev bin money in our pockets ef we hedn't bin med at all.

Imagine, my antiquated sisters, Adam, afore Eve wuz med! Who sowed on his shirt buttins? Who cooked his beef-steak? Who med his coffee in the mornin' and did his washin'? He wuz mizzable, he wuz—he must hev boarded out, and eat hash! But when Eve cum, the scene changed. Her gentle hand suthed his akin' brow wen he cum in from a hard day's work. She hed his house in order; she hed his slippers and dressin' gown reddy, and after tea he smoked his meershaum in peece.

Men, crooel, hard-hearted men, assert thet Eve wuz the cause uv his expulshun from Eden—thet she plucked the apple and give him half; oh, my sisters, its troo: it's too troo, but what uv it? It proves, fustly, her goodness. Hed Adam plucked the apple, ef it hed bin a good

one, he'd never thought of his wife at home, but wood hev gobbled it all. Eve, angel that we all are, thought uv him, and went havers with him! Secondly, it wuz the meens uv good, anyhow. It interdoost deth inter the wurd, which separated 'em wile they still hed luv fur each uther. I appeal to the sterner sex present to-night, Wood yoo, oh, wood yoo, desire for immortality, onless, indede, you lived in Injeany, where yoo cood git divorces, and change your names wunst in ten or fifteen yeers? S'pos'n all uv yoo hed bin fortoonit enuff to win sich virgin soles ez me, cood yoo endoor charms like mine for a eternity? Methinks not. I know that ef I hed a husband he wood bless Eve for interdoosin' death inter the world.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(Humorous, Italian dialect.)

DEESA man liva in Italia a gooda longa time ago. He hada greata head ever since he was a kidda. Not a bigga heada likea de politicians nowaday—not a swella heada. His fadda keepa de standa in Italia. Sella de peanutta and de banan. Maka plente de mon. Christopher Colum he say, "Fadda, gimma de stamp, I go finda de new world." His fadda he laugh, "Ha! ha!" just so. Den Christopher he say, "Whata you maka fun! I betta you I finda new world." After a longa time his fadda say, "You go finda new world, and bringa it over here." Den de olda man he buy him a grip-sack, an' giva him boodle, an' maka him a present of three ships to come over to deesa contra. Well, Christopher Colum he saila an' saila for a gooda many day. He don't see any landa. An' he say, "I giva fiva do'lar bill if I was back in Italia!" Well, he saila, an' he saila, an' vera soon he strika Coney Island. Den dat maka him glad! Vera soon he coma to Castle Garden, an' den he walka up Broadway an' he feel very bada. He finda outa dat de Irish gang has gotta possession of New Yorka! He don't lika de Irish, an' de Shamrocka donta lika him. He donta go vera far before a pleasanter mana speaks to him. He say, "How-a-you

do, Mista Jones? Howa de folks in Pittaburg?" Christopher Colum he say, "I notta Mista Jones; I reada the papers; I tinka you sella de green goods, ha? You go away, or I broka your jaw?" Den he shaka hees fista deesa way, and de man he skedaddle. Den he tries to crossa de Broad-a-way, but it fulla de mud an' he canta swim. Vera soon he sees a policeman cluba de mana, one, two, three times, an' he feel secka de stom'! Next he metta de politicians uppa Tammany Hall, an' dees wanta him to runna for Alderman. He getta plenty friend. He learna to "settom op" at de bar mana time. Next day he hava heada like deesa!

His fadda writa: "Why you notta bringa back de new world? I lika to hava de earth!" Christopher Colum he writa back dat New Yorka is already in de hands of the Shamrocka. Den he goes to Ohio and buys a place an' calla it after himself—Colum. Soon he goa broka an' taka de nexta train home in disgusta, because he reada in de paper dat the Fair in '93 was holda in Chicago!

BIDDY'S TROUBLES.

(Humorous dialectic reading.)

IT'S thru for me, Katy, that I never seed the like of this people afore. It's a sorry time I've been having since coming to this house, twelve months agone this week Thursday. Yer know, honey, that my fourth coosin, Ann Macarthy, recommended me to Mrs. Whaler, and told the lady that I knew about ginteel housework and the likes; while at the same time I had niver seed inter an American lady's kitchen. So she engaged me, and my heart was jist ready to burst wid grief for the story that Ann had told, for Mrs. Whaler was a swate spoken lady, and niver looked cross-like in her life; that I knew by her smooth, kind face. Well, jist the first thing she told me to do, after I dressed the children, was to dress the ducks for dinner. I stood looking at the lady for a couple of minutes before I could make out any meaning at all to her words. Thin I wint searching after clothes for the ducks; and such

a time as I had, to be sure. High and low I went, till at last my mistress axed me for what I was looking; and I told her the clothes for the ducks, to be sure. Och! how she screamed and laughed, till my face was rid as the sun wid shame, and she showed me in her kind, swate way what her maning was. Thin she told me how to air the beds; and it was a day for me indade, when I could go up chamber alone and clare up the rooms. One day Mrs. Whaler said to me:

“‘Biddy, an’ ye may give the baby an airin’, if yees will.’

“What should I do—and it’s thru what I am saying this blessed minute—but go up-stairs wid the child, and shake it, and then howld it out of the winder. Such a screaming and kicking as the baby gave—but I hild on the harder. Everybody thin in the strate looked up at me; at last mistress came up to see what for was so much noise.

“‘I am thrying to air the baby,’ I said, ‘but it kicks and screams dridfully.’

“There was company down below, and when Mrs. Whaler told them what I had been after doing I thought they would scare the folks in the strate wid scrambling.

“And then I was told I must do up Mr. Whaler’s sharts one day when my mistress was out shopping. She told me repeatedly to do them up nice, for master was going away, so I takes the sharts and did them all up in some paper that I was after bringing from the ould counthry wid me, and tied some nice pink ribbon around the bundle.

“‘Where are the sharts, Biddy?’ axed Mrs. Whaler when she comed home.

“‘I have been doing them up in a quair nice way,’ I said, bringing her the bundle.

“‘Will you iver be done wid your grane-ness?’ she axed me with a loud scrame.

“I can’t for the life of me be tellin’ what their talkin’ manes. At home we calls the likes of this fine work starching; and a deal of it I have done, too. Och! and may the Blessed Vargin pity me, for I never’ll be cured of my graneness!”

BEAUTIES OF THE LAW.

BULLUM *versus* BOATUM.

WHAT a profound study is the law! How shall I define it? Law is—law. Law is—law; and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are tired. It is like physic; they that take the least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman; very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife; very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion; people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather; most people are glad when they get out of it. We shall now mention, in illustration, a case that came before us,—the case of Bullum *versus* Boatum. It was as follows:

There were two farmers—farmer A and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull; farmer B was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *volgo vocato*, a hay-band,—after he had made his boat fast to the aforesaid post (as it was very natural for a hungry man to do) went up town to dinner. Farmer A’s bull (as it was natural for a hungry bull to do) came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat, ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band. The boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river with the bull in it: it struck against a rock, beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon, the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat for running away with the bull. The owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat. And thus notice of the trial was given, Bullum *versus* Boatum, Boatum *versus* Bullum.

The counsel for the bull began by saying, “Your honor, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We

are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, your honor, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, your honor, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, your honor, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or, how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think what is not thinkable? Therefore, your honor, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be non-suited, because, in his declaration, he had not specified what color he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel: "Your honor, if the bull was of no color, he must be of some color; and, if he was not of any color, what color could the bull be of?" I over-ruled this motion, myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no color; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of color in the law, for the law can color anything. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose: How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring that, for his client, he would swear anything.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record in true law Latin; which set forth in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of

flood or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows: "*Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choici, sapor omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus riveris, lakos, pondis, canalibus et well-boats, si've oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus, solus,*" that is, not turbot alone, but turbot and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; for the law is as nice as a new-laid egg. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but, it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were non-suited; but, such was the lenity of the court, that, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again *de novo*.

COUNTING EGGS.

OLD Moses, who sells eggs and chickens on the streets of Austin for a living, is as honest an old negro as ever lived; but he has the habit of chatting familiarly with his customers, hence he frequently makes mistakes in counting out the eggs they buy. He carries his wares around in a small cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. He stopped in front of the residence of Mrs. Samuel Burton. The old lady herself came out to the gate to make the purchase.

"Have you any eggs this morning, Uncle Moses?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, I has. Jess got in ten dosen from de kentry."

"Are they fresh?"

"Fresh? Yas, indeed! I guarantees 'em, an'—an'—de hen guarantees 'em."

"I'll take nine dozen. You can count them into this basket."

"All right, mum;" he counts, "One, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten. You can rely on them bein' fresh. How's your son comin' on de school? He must be mos' grown."

"Yes, Uncle Moses; he is a clerk in a bank in Galveston."

"Why, how ole am de boy?"

"He is eighteen."

"You don't tole me so! Eighteen, and getting a salary already! Eighteen (*counting*), nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-foah, twenty-five. And how's your gal comin' on? She was most growed up de last time I seed her."

"She is married and living in Dallas."

"Wall, I declar'; how time scoots away. And you say she has childruns? Why how ole am de gal? She must be jest about—"

"Thirty-three."

"Am dat so?" (*Counting.*) "Firty-free, firty-foah, firty-five, firty-six, firty-seben, firty-eight, firty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-free. Hit am singular dat you has such ole childruns. You don't look more den forty years old yerseff."

"Nonsense, old man; I see you want to flatter me. When a person gets to be fifty-three years old—"

"Fifty-free! I jess dun gwinter bleeve hit; fifty-free, fifty-foah, fifty-five, fifty-six—I want you to pay 'tenshun when I count de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake—fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-free, sixty-foah. Whew! Dis am a warm day. Dis am de time ob year when I feels I'se gettin' ole myself; I ain't long fur dis world. You comes from an ole family. When your fadder died he was sebenty years ole."

"Sebenty-two."

"Dat's old, suah. Sebenty-two, sebenty-free, sebenty-foah, sebenty-five, sebenty-six, sebenty-seben, sebenty-eight, sebenty-nine. And your mudder? she was one ob de noblest lookin' ladies I ebber see. You remind me ob her so much! She libed to mos' a hundred. I bleeves she was done past a centurion when she died."

"No, Uncle Moses; she was only ninety-six when she died."

"Den she wan't no chicken when she died, I know dat. Ninety-six, ninety-seben, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one, two, free,

foah, five, six, seben, eight—dar, one hundred and eight nice fresh eggs—jess nine dozen, and here am moah egg in case I have discounted myself."

Old Mose went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward Mrs. Burton said to her husband:

"I am afraid we will have to discharge Matilda. I am satisfied that she steals the milk and eggs. I am positive about the eggs, for I bought them day before yesterday, and now about half of them are gone. I stood right there, and heard Moses count them myself, and there were nine dozen." TEXAS SIFTINGS.

THE NOBLE REVENGE.

(Reading. Teaching a lesson of kindness.)

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable pine coffin. No flowers on the top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap with neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest, and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You cannot; get out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute!" cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and, as he gazed upon the rough box, agonized tears streamed down the cheeks on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh! it was painful to hear him cry the words, "Only once, let me see my mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, fire glittered through his eyes, as he raised his little arm with a most unchildish laugh, and screamed, "When I am a man, I'll be revenged for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth be-

tween the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite built in the boy's heart the memory of the heartless deed.

* * * * *

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does anyone appear as this man's counsel?" asked the Judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with a haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindly eye to plead for the erring friendless. He was a stranger, but at the first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir; I cannot," he said.

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago, this day, you struck a broken-hearted little boy away from his dear mother's coffin. I was that boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal conduct has rankled in my breast for the last twenty years. Go, then, and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went from the presence of magnanimity as grand to him as it was incomprehensible.

"CASH."

"CA-A-A-SH!" calls the Ribbon-clerk in Lacy's dry goods store,

And he pounds on the counter and

"Ca-a-a-sh!" he calls some more.

Oh! all day long he yells for cash, and when the week is o'er,

He gets the eight crisp dollar bills that he's been shouting for.

"Cash!" call the Doctor, the Lawyer, Merchant, Chief,

The Rich Man and the Poor Man, the Beggar Man and Thief.

Each calls for cash, but what he gets as little represents

The sum he thinks he ought to have as does that first-named gent's.

Oh! some dine at Delmonico's and some eat mutton hash,

Some have to cut their cuffs each week, while others cut a dash;

For some have less, and some have more, but none will call me rash

In stating that there is not one who does not call for cash.

THE LITTLE CONQUEROR.

TWAS midnight; not a sound was heard;
Within the—"Papa! won't 'ou 'ook

An' see my pooty 'ittle house?"

I wis' 'ou wouldn't wead 'ou book"—

"Within the palace, where the king
Upon his couch in anguish lay"—

"Papa! Pa-pa! I wis' 'ou'd tum
An' have a 'ittle tonty play—"

"No gentle hand was there to bring
The cooling draught, or bathe his brow;
His courtiers, and his pages gone"—

"Tum, papa, tum; I want 'ou now—"

Down goes the book with needless force,
And, with expression far from mild,
With sullen air, and clouded brow,
I seat myself beside the child.

Her little, trusting eyes of blue
With mute surprise gazed in my face,
As if, in its expression, stern,
Reproof, and censure, she could trace;

Anon her little bosom heaves,
Her rosy lips begins to curl;
And, with a quiv'ring chin, she sobs;
"Papa don't 'uv his 'ittle dirl!"

King, palace, book—all are forgot ;
 My arms are 'round my darling thrown—
 The thunder cloud has burst, and, lo !
 Tears fall and mingle with her own.

CHAS. F. ADAMS.

THE GRUMBLER.

HIS YOUTH.

HIS cap was too thick, and his coat was too thin :

He couldn't be quiet ; he hated a din ;
 He hated to write, and he hated to read ;
 He was certainly very much injured indeed ;
 He must study and toil over work he detested ;
 His parents were strict, and he never was rested ;
 He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
 There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS MATURITY.

His farm was too small, and his taxes too big ;
 He was selfish and lazy, and cross as a pig ;
 His wife was too silly, his children too rude,
 And just because he was uncommonly good !
 He hadn't got money enough and to spare ;
 He had nothing at all fit to eat or to wear ;
 He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
 There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS OLD AGE.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears,
 He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years ;
 He grumbles to think he has grumbled away
 His home and his children, his life's little day ;
 But alas ! 'tis too late ! it is no use to say
 That his eyes are too dim, and his hair is too gray.
 He knows he is wretched as wretched can be,
 There is no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

DORA READ GOODALE.

THE FATHERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

TO be cold and breathless, to feel not and speak not—this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their heart's blood into the channels of the public prosperity.

Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred

height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him—not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek and the fire of liberty in his eye?

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die.

The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless ; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed ; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, make it life to live—these cannot expire. EDWARD EVERETT.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

YOUNG men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance, faith, honesty, and industry. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero." Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Don't practice too much humanity. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in your cart, over a rough road, and small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow-men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws. If this advice be implicitly followed by the young men of the country, the millennium is at hand. NOAH PORTER.

MEN ALWAYS FIT FOR FREEDOM.

THERE is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces,—and that cure is freedom! When a prisoner leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces; but the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder Nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage; but let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason; the extreme violence of opinion subsides; hostile theories correct each other; the scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce; and, at length, a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos. Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no People ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery they may, indeed, wait forever! T. B. MACAULAY.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

POETS may be born, but success is made; therefore let me beg of you, in the outset of your career, to dismiss from your minds all ideas of succeeding by luck.

There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one that by and by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. Luck is an *ignis-fatuus*. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him, and Waterloo was lost. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasion cannot

make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself.

In giving you being, God locked up in your nature certain forces and capabilities. What will you do with them? Look at the mechanism of a clock. Take off the pendulum and ratchet, and the wheels go rattling down, and all its force is expended in a moment; but properly balanced and regulated, it will go on, letting out its force tick by tick, measuring hours and days, and doing faithfully the service for which it was designed. I implore you to cherish and guard and use well the forces that God has given you. You may let them run down in a year, if you will. Take off the strong curb of discipline and morality, and you will be an old man before your twenties are passed. Preserve these forces. Do not burn them out with brandy, or waste them in idleness and crime. Do not destroy them. Do not use them unworthily. Save and protect them, that they may save for you fortune and fame. Honestly resolve to do this, and you will be an honor to yourself and to your country.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BE IN EARNEST.

NEVER be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Men will then believe you when you say, "I do know."

Never be ashamed to say, "I can't afford it;" "I can't afford to waste time in the idleness to which you invite me," or "I can't afford the money you ask me to spend." Never affect to be other than you are—either wiser or richer.

Learn to say "No" with decision; "Yes" with caution. "No" with decision whenever it resists temptation; "Yes" with caution whenever it implies a promise; for a promise once given is a bond inviolable.

A man is already of consequence in the world

when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. Often have I known a man to be preferred in stations of honor and profit because he had this reputation: when he said he knew a thing, he knew it; and when he said he would do a thing, he did it. LORD BULWER LYTTON.

RETRIBUTION.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

(Extract from second inaugural address.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Born, January 12, 1809; assassinated, April 14, 1865. The sixteenth President of the United States. For greatness of soul, heroism of spirit, rugged honesty, strong intellect, and a keen sense of justice, which qualities always contribute to the greatness of an orator, Lincoln was unsurpassed in American history.

THE Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to the man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him! Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

THE LAND OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

FOR myself, I can truly say that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. The sound of my native language beyond the sea is a music to my ears beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty.

I am not—I need not say I am, not—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre and the coronet, stars, garters and ribbons, seem to me poor things for great men to contend for.

But England is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; she holds the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; she is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England.

I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in love for his native land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

NOT even the magnificent harbor of Constantinople, in which security, depth, and expanse are combined, can rival the peerless land-locked Bay of San Francisco. How shall we describe it? You are sailing along the high coast of California, when suddenly a gap is seen, as if the rocks had been rent asunder: you leave the open ocean, and enter the strait. The mountains tower so high on

either hand that it seems but a stone's throw from your vessel to the shore, though in reality it is a mile. Slowly advancing, an hour's sail brings you to where the strait grows still narrower; and, lo! before you, rising from the very middle of the waters, a steep rock towers aloft like a giant warder of the strait.

With that rock well fortified, not all the fleets in the world could force the passage. You gaze back on the grim rock as you emerge from its shadows, and so land-locked does the scene appear, that you could fancy the mountains had fallen in, since you passed, and blocked up forever your path to the ocean. You turn to look ahead, and, lo! a scene as wonderful again lies before you. You are in an inland sea!—you are in Francisco Bay. To your right lies the Golden City; at a distance in front rise the steep shores, and all around you an expanse of water,—a lake for calmness, a sea for extent,—in which the fleets of the world might ride at anchor.

San Francisco will be the entrepôt of nations, the emporium of the East and West. True, her merchandise will be largely manufactured in the East, her ships will for a long time be built in the harbors of the Atlantic, but her merchants will be the brokers, her halls the exchange, of the Pacific. Turn to the map, and you will see the rare advantages of her position. The whole Pacific, with its countless isles, lies open to her enterprise; the Australian continent, and the realms of Hindöstan', will reciprocate her commerce, and the Golden Gate fronts the harbor of Canton' and the mouth of the Yang-tze-Kiang, the great harbor of Chinese traffic.

THE PASSING OF THE RUBICON.

ON what ground is it asserted that Cæsar secured the greatness of his country?

Was it by extending the fame of its arms? There was another kind of fame which the Roman people valued more than the fame of their arms—the fame of their liberty. A gentleman, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and the reluctance with which he entered into the civil

war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Ru'bicon?"

How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river?

Oh, but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it. Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience. 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon.

No wonder that he paused—no wonder if imagination, wrought upon by conscience, had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But no! he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged! he crossed! and Rome was free no more!

J. S. KNOWLES.

DEMOSTHENES.

Of all political characters, Demosthenes is the most sublime; he is the purest tragic character with which history is acquainted. When, still trembling with the vehement force of his language, we read his life in Plutarch, when we transfer ourselves into his times and his situation, we are carried away by a deeper interest than can be excited by any hero of the epic muse or of tragedy. From his first appearance till the moment when he swallowed poison in the temple, we see him contending against destiny, which seems to mock him with malignant cruelty. It throws him to the ground, but never subdues him.

What a crowd of emotions must have struggled through his manly breast amidst this interchange of reviving and expiring hopes! How natural was it that the lines of melancholy

and of indignation, such as we yet behold in his bust, should have been imprinted on his severe countenance! It was his high calling to be the pillar of a sinking state. Thirty years he remained true to this cause, nor did he yield till he was buried beneath the ruins of his country.

It was about the middle of the fourth century before our era when Demosthenes began to command attention in the Athenian assemblies. His first attempt, like those of Walpole and Sheridan in the British Parliament, was a failure; and the derision which he received from the multitude would have discouraged an inferior spirit forever. It only nerved Demosthenes to severer study, and to a more obstinate contest with his physical disadvantages. He assiduously practiced his growing powers as an advocate before the legal tribunals before he again ventured to speak on state affairs. But at length he re-appeared before the people and the dominion of his genius was supreme. CREASY.

CICERO AND DEMOSTHENES COMPARED.

To me Demosthenes seems superior to Cicero. I yield to no one in my admiration of the latter. He adorns whatever he touches. He lends honor to speech. He uses words as no one else can use them. His versatility is beyond description. He is even concise and vehement when disposed to be so,—as against Catiline, against Verres, against Antony. But we detect the embellishments in his discourses. The art is marvelous, but it is not hidden. The orator does not, in his concern for the republic, forget himself, nor does he allow himself to be forgotten.

Demosthenes, on the contrary, seems to lose all consciousness of himself, and to recognize only his country. He does not seek the beautiful; he unconsciously creates it. He is superior to admiration. He uses language as a modest man uses his garment—for a covering. He thunders, he lightens; he is like a torrent hurrying all before it. We cannot criticize him,

for we are in the sweep of his influence. We think on what he says, not on how he says it. We lose sight of the speaker; we are occupied only with his subject.

FENELON.

BRUTUS OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.

(Dramatic and impassioned. The story of Lucretia's death should be read in Roman history, and the speaker appreciate the circumstances and enter fully into the spirit of the occasion.)

THUS, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts

Permitted utterance, we have told our story. And now, to say one word of the imposture, The mask necessity has made me wear. When the ferocious malice of your king— King do I call him?—when the monster, Tarquin, Slew, as you most of you may well remember, My father, Marcus, and my elder brother, Envyng at once their virtues and their wealth, How could I hope a shelter from his power But in the false face I have worn so long?

Would you know why Brutus has summoned you?

Ask ye what brings him here? Behold this dagger,

Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse! See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death! She was the mark and model of the time; The mould in which each female grace was formed,

The very shrine and sacristy of virtue! The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph Who met old Numa in his hallowed walk, And whispered in his ear her strains divine, Can I conceive beyond her! The young choir Of vestal virgins bent to her! O, my countrymen,

You all can witness that when she went forth, It was a holiday in Rome. Old age Forgot its crutch, labor its task; all ran; And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried, "There, there's Lucretia!" Now look ye where she lies.

That beauteous flower, that innocent, sweet rose, Torn up by ruthless violence!—gone, gone!

Say, would ye seek instruction? would ye seek
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
And they will cry, Revenge!

Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse; 'twill cry, Revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
Go to the tomb of Tarquin's murdered wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son—
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound—Revenge! Re-
venge!

J. H. PAYNE.

WHAT A COMMON MAN MAY SAY; Or, What I Have to be Thankful For.

(Good selection for Thanksgiving Day.)

I AM lodged in a house that affords me conveniences and comforts which even a king could not command some centuries ago. There are ships crossing the seas in every direction, some propelled by steam and some by the wind, to bring what is useful to me from all parts of the earth. In China men are gathering the tea-leaf for me; in the Southern States, they are planting cotton for me; in the West India Islands, and in Brazil, they are preparing my sugar and my coffee; in Italy, they are feeding silk-worms for me; at home, they are shearing sheep to make me clothing; powerful steam-engines are spinning and weaving for me, and making cutlery for me, and pumping the mines, that minerals useful to me may be procured.

My patrimony was small, yet I have locomotive engines running, day and night, on all the railroads, to carry my correspondence. I have canals to bring the coal for my winter fire. Then I have telegraphic lines, which tell me what has happened a thousand miles off, the same day of its occurrence; which flash a message for me in a minute to the bedside of a sick relative hundreds of miles distant; and I have editors and printers who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world, amongst

all these people who serve me. By the camera I procure in a few seconds a perfect likeness of myself or friend, drawn without human touch, by the simple agency of light.

And then, in a corner of my house, I have *books*!—the miracle of all my possessions, more wonderful than the wishing-cap of the Arabian Tales; for they transport me instantly not only to all places, but to all times. By my books I can con'jure up before me, to vivid existence, all the great and good men of old; and, for my own private satisfaction, I can make them act over again the most renowned of all their exploits. In a word, from the equator to the pole, and from the beginning of time until now, by my books I can be where I please.

This picture is not overcharged, and might be much extended; such being the miracle of God's goodness and providence, that each individual of the civilized millions that cover the earth may have nearly the same enjoyments as if he were the single lord of all.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

(Dialectic.)

"YAH, I shpeaks English a leetle; berhaps you shpeaks petter der German."

"No, not a word." "Vel, den, meester, it hardt for to be oonderstandt.

I vos drei yahr in your country; I fights in der army mit Sherman—

Twentiet' Illinois Infantry — Fightin' Joe Hooker's commandt."

"So you've seen service in Georgia—a veteran, eh?"—"Vell, I tell you

Shust how it vos. I vent ofer in sixty, und landt in Nei York;

I sphends all mine money, gets sick, und near dies in der Hospiddal Bellevue;

Ven I gets petter I tramps to Sheecago to look for some vork."

"Pretty young then, I suppose?"—"Yah, swansig apout; und der peebles

Vot I goes to for to ask for some vork, dey hafe none for to geef;

Efery von laughs ; but I holds my head ope shust
so high as der steeples ;
Only dot var comes along, or I should have
die, I belief."

"Ever get wounded ? I notice you walk rather
lame and unsteady.
Pshaw ! got a wooden leg, eh ? What battle ?"
"At Lookout !" "Don't say !

I was there too—wait a minute—why your glass
is empty already.

Have another. There ! tell me how 'twas you
got wounded that day."

"Vell, ve charge ope der side of der mountain—
der sky vos all smoky and hazy ;
Ve fight all day long in der clouds, but I nefer
get hit until night—

But—I don't care to say mooch apout it. Der
poys called me foolish and crazy,
Und der doctor vot cut ofe my leg, he say,
'Goot'—dot it serf me shust right.

"But I dinks I vood do dot thing over again,
shust der same, and no matter
Vot any man say." "Well, let's hear it—
you needn't mind talking to me,

For I was there, too, as I tell you—and oh ! how
the bullets did patter

Around on that breastwork of boulders that
sheltered our Tenth Tennessee."

"So ? Dot vos a Tennessee regiment charged
upon ours in de efening,

Shust before dark ; und dey yell as dey charge,
und ve geef a hurrah ;

Der roar of der guns, it vos orful." "Ah ! yes,
I remember, 'twas deafening,

The hottest musketry firing that ever our regi-
ment saw."

"Und after ve drove dem back, und der night
come on, I listen,

Und dinks dot I hear somepody a callin'—a
voice dot cried,

'Pring me some vater, for Gott's sake'—I saw
his pelt-blade glisten

Oonder der moonlight, on der parapet, shust
outside.

"I dthrow my canteen ofer to vere he lie, but he
answer

Dot his left handt vos gone, und his right arm
proke mit a fall ;

Den I shump ofer, und gife him to drink, but
shust as I ran, sir,

Bang ! came a sharp-shooter's pullet ; und
dot's how it vos—dot is all."

"And they called you foolish and crazy, did
they ? Him you befriended—

The 'Reb,' I mean—what became of him ?
Did he ever come 'round ?"

"Dey tell me he crawl to my side, und call till
his strength vos all ended,

Until dey come out mit der stretchers, und
carry us off from der ground.

"But pefore ve go, he ask me my name, und
says he, 'Yacob Keller,

You loses your leg for me, und some day, if
both of us leef,

I shows you I don't vorget'—but he most hafe
died, de poor feller ;

I never hear ofe him since. He don't get
vell, I beliefs.

"Only I always got der saddisfachshun ofe
knowin'—

Shtop ! vots der matter ? Here, take some
vater, you're vite as a sheet—

Shteady your handt on my shoulder ! my goot-
ness ! I dinks you vos goin'

To lose your senses away, und fall right off
mit der seat.

"Geef me your handts. Vot ! der lef one
gone ? Und you vas a soldier

In dot same battle !—a Tennessee regiment ?—
dot's mighty queer—

Berhaps after all you're—" "Yes, Yacob,
God bless you old fellow, I told
you

I'd never—no, never forget you. I told you
I'd come, and I'm here."

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

(Gen. GEORGE A. CUSTER. Born in Ohio in 1839. Served with distinction through the Civil War. Was present at General Lee's surrender. During the Indian outbreak in the West in 1876 he was in charge of the United States troops, and was noted for his sagacity in Indian fighting. The Indians feared him, and called him the Great Yellow-haired Chief. He was entrapped, killed, and horribly mutilated by the savages, June 26, 1876.

“**D**EAD! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,

Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,

Shunning our battle-king's ringlets of light!
Dead! our young chieftain, and dead all forsaken!

No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!”

Comrades, he's gone; but ye need not be
grieving.

No, may my death be like his when I die!
No regrets wasted on words I am leaving,
Falling with brave men, and face to the sky.
Death's but a journey, the greatest must take it:
Fame is eternal, and better than all.

Gold though the bowl be, 'tis fate that must
break it,

Glory can hallow the fragments that fall.

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!

All the night long he had been on their track.
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,

Wild for a charge that should never give back.

There on the hill-top he halted and saw them,—

Lodges all loosened, and ready to fly.

Hurrying scouts, with the tidings to awe them,

Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,

Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat,—

Warriors running in haste to their horses,

Thousands of enemies close to his feet!

Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,

There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!

Numbers! What recked he? What recked those
who followed?

Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full;

Then down the hill-side exultingly thundered,

Into the hordes of the Old Sitting Bull!

Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,

Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,
Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion.

Then closed around the great hell of wild
Sioux.

Right to the centre he charged, and then, facing—

Hark to those yells? and around them, oh, see!

Over the hill-tops the devils come racing,

Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!

Red was the circle of fire about them:

No hope of victory, no ray of light,

Shot through that terrible black cloud without
them,

Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

THEN, DID HE BLEND? Did he die like a craven,

Begging the torturing fiends for his life?

Was there a soldier who carried the Seven

Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?

No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing!

There in the midst of the devils they close,

Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,

Fighting like tigers, all bayed amid foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing;

Down go the horses and riders and all:

Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing

Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.

See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,

Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;

Quivering lances with pennons so airy;

War-painted warriors charging amain.

Backward again and again they were driven,

Shrinking to close with the lost little band,

Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven

Bow'd till its wearer was dead on the strand.

Closer and closer the death-circle growing,

Even the leader's voice, clarion clear,

Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,

“We can but ~~die~~ ^{fight} once, boys, but SELL YOUR

LIVES DEAR!

Dearly they sold them, like Berserkers raging,
Facing the death that encircled them round ;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuag-
ing,

Marking their tracks by the dead on the
ground.

Comrades, our children shall yet tell their
story,—

Custer's last charge on the Old Sitting Bull ;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory,
Needed but that death to render it full.

FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

(Descriptive and dramatic.)

THE night-wind with a desolate moan swept
by,

And the old shutters of the turret swung
Creaking upon their hinges ; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.
The fire beneath his crucible was low,
Yet still it burned : and ever, as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy ; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrank back
Upon his pallet, and, with unclosed lips,
Muttered a curse on death !

The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath ; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell ; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself :

"I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do ;

I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye ;

I felt,—Oh, God ! it seemeth even now—
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow ;

Grant me another year,
God of my spirit !—but a day,—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within !

I would *know* something here !
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken !
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken !

"Vain,—vain, my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing, burning,—
Dying ! Oh, God ! if I might only live !
My phial—Ha ! it thrills me,—I revive.

"Aye,—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere !
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,—
Could he but train his eye,—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour,—
Only his Maker would transcend his power !

This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slacken at the living stream,—
To live, Oh, God ! that life is but a dream !

And death—Aha ! I reel,—
Dim,—dim,—I faint, darkness comes o'er my
eye,—
Cover me ! save me !—God of heaven ! I die !"

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
Of his death struggle. His long, silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples, thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The storm was raging still. The shutter swung,
Creaking as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on,—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out ;
 The vessels of his mystic art lay 'round,
 Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
 That fashioned them, and the small rod,
 Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
 Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still
 Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
 A soul of fire,—a sun-bent eagle stricken,
 From his high soaring, down,—an instrument
 Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
 Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
 Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
 His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked,—
 A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
 Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

N. P. WILLIS.

DECORATION DAY.

DOWN by the clear river's side they wandered,

Hand in hand, on that perfect day ;
 He was young, handsome, brave, and tender,
 She more sweet than the flowers of May.

He looked on her with brown eyes adoring,
 Watching her blushes grow soft and deep ;
 "Darling," he said, with tones imploring,
 "Shall we not ever the memory keep

"Of this bright day, so happy, so holy ;
 This sweetest hour my life has e'er known,
 When you, dear, speaking gently and slowly,
 Answered me 'Yes,' when I called you my
 own ?"

Fair was the sky, the sunset, the river,
 Wind in the trees, the water's low psalm,
 Bird-song, scent of wild roses. Oh, never
 Was there an hour more blissful and calm !

Close in his arms he held her : the morrow
 Would bring to thier fond hearts parting and
 pain,—
 After love's rapture, bitterest sorrow ;
 After May sunshine, gloom and the rain.

The country her sons to save her was calling ;
 He answered her summons, fearless and brave ;
 On to the front, where heroes were falling,
 Love and all of life's promise he gave.

She by the hearth, through long hours' slow
 measure,
 Watched and yearned, and suffered and
 prayed ;
 Read o'er his letters, lovingly treasured,
 Hoped his return,—to hope, half afraid.

"God is good," she said. "His love will infold
 him,
 Protect him, and bring him safe to me again ;
 I shall hear him once more, in rapture behold
 him,—
 Oh, blessed reward, for my waiting and pain !"

In camp, on the field, on marches long, weary,
 Her face and her voice in his heart's inner
 shrine
 He kept ; they brightened his way when most
 dreary,
 Lifted his life to the Life all divine.

He fell in the ranks, at awful Stone River,
 Blood of our heroes made sacred that sod ;
 On battle's red tide his soul went out ever
 Forward and upward, to meet with his God.

* * * * *

Worn, grown old, yet tenderly keeping,
 Every May month, sad tryst with her dead,
 She knows not where her darling is sleeping,
 She lays no garlands on his low bed.

All soldiers' graves claim her love and her
 blessing :

She decks them with flowers made sacred by
 tears ;
 Love of her heart for her soldier expressing,
 "Love that is stronger than death," through
 the years.

Soon in this land of unfading beauty,
 He, faithful knight of valor and truth,
 She, living martyr to country and duty,
 Shall find the sweetness and love of their youth.

Honor the dead with richest oblation,—

Cover their graves with laurel and palm !

Honor the living for life's consecration,—

Give to their pierced hearts love's healing
balm.

MARY HUSSEY.

THE ELOQUENCE OF ACTION.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it,—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BILL NYE ON HORNETS.

LAST fall I desired to add to my rare collection a large hornet's nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain-lined nest, and I desired to add to these the gray and airy house of the hornet. I procured one of the large size, after cold weather, and hung it in my cabinet by a string. I forgot about it until spring. When warm weather came, something reminded me of it; I think it was a hornet. He jogged my memory in some way, and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened a memory,—a warm memory, with a red place all around it.

Then some more hornets came, and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a rosebud. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus bulb. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling, so that I could go through the folding-doors, and tell my wife about it. Hornets lit all over me, and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off, because they were so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet.

I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet gathering honey and June bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a club, more as a practical joke than anything, and he came and lit in my sunny hair;—that was when I wore my own hair—and he walked around through my gleaming tresses quite a while, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would have looked like a load of summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smoke house in order to smash him; and I had to comb him out with a fine comb, and wear a waste-paper basket two weeks for a hat. Much has been said of the hornet; but he has an odd, quaint way after all, that is forever new.

ARKANSAW PETE'S ADVENTURE.

A character song, with chorus.

Words by T. Sheppard.

(By permission.)

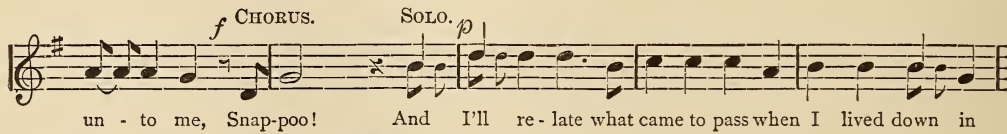
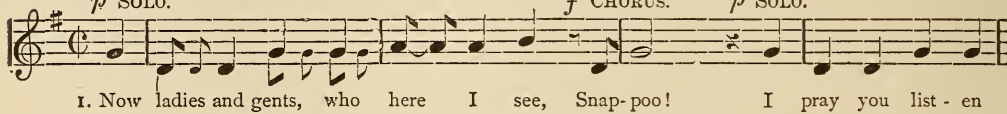
Music adapted by Geo. M. Vickers.

CHARACTERS.—ARKANSAW PETE, a typical frontier backwoodsman, who sings the solo.

CHORUS.—Three lively, city, society gentlemen.

EXPLANATORY: Disappointed in love, Pete sought relief in the sights and excitement of the city. By accident, he fell in with three fun-loving gentlemen. Finding him a free talker, and with a vein of waggish wit, and considering him a rare catch, they introduced him into society, where no end of sport was enjoyed at his expense. Pete felt himself flattered. It was discovered that he could make verses, and he was cajoled into writing a metrical description of his only effort at love-making, which was set to simple music, and, his friends agreeing to stand behind him and fortify him with their chorus, he was induced to sing it on society occasions. Pete was required to dress in the typical Sunday-go-to-meeting style of the western frontiersman—black frock coat, very short waisted; pantaloons stuck in a pair of fancy top boots; large spurs on heels; short "quirk" riding whip of plaited leather; long hair, and wide sombrero hat. His friends, of course, appeared in evening dress suits, or fashionable frocks, and paraded up and down behind him as they sang the chorus with great vigor and gusto.

Introduction.

Moderato.Voice. *Moderato.**p* SOLO.*f* CHORUS.*p* SOLO.

Play the Chorus twice
over for dance round.



2. While riding home one Saturday night,
Snap-poo!
I passed Miss Smith's and thought I'd light,
Snap-poo!
So I hitch'd my hoss and in did go,
Just for to spend an hour or so.

CHORUS (*marching up and down, and snapping fingers at PETE*).

Snap-poo! Snap-Peter!
Fi-lan-thi-go-shee-ter!
Snap-poo! (Repeat chorus.)

3. When to the door I had safely got,
Snap-poo!
She came and pok'd her sweet head out
Snap-poo!
Said she right out, "Why, Mister Pete!
Oh, do walk in and have a seat!" (CHORUS.)

4. With easy step and a jolly heart,
Snap-poo!
I bounded in just like a dart,
Snap-poo!
And, oh, you may bet, I felt all hunk
When into a chair by her I sunk. (CHORUS.)

5. Our chairs got closer as we two rock'd,
Snap-poo!
My throat swell'd up till I most chok'd,
Snap-poo!
At length they struck, and came to a stop—
Now, now, thinks I, 's the time to "pop!" (CHORUS.)

6. I tried to look in her love-lit eyes,
Snap-poo!
They were clear and blue as summer skies,
Snap-poo!
Not a word could I speak—alas! poor Pete!
Though she look'd good enough to eat. (CHORUS.)

7. I look'd at her, and she look'd at me,
Snap-poo!
I heard my heart say pee-dee-dee,
Snap-poo!
I twisted my chair, and cross'd my feet—
I'd never seen anything half so sweet. (CHORUS.)

8. My tongue grew thick, and my eyes stuck out,
Snap-poo!
My hands flew nervously about,
Snap-poo!
And, before I could their motion check,
They grabb'd that gal right 'round the neck!
(CHORUS.)

9. She haul'd away with her pretty fist,
Snap-poo!
She gave my jaw an awful twist,
Snap-poo!
It seem'd an hour before I spoke—
I thought by gum, my head was broke!
(CHORUS.)

10. The racket we made brought her ma-ma,
Snap-poo!
Who straightway call'd her great pa-pa,
Snap-poo!
He kicked me out—and, you bet, I fled.
That gal won't do, thinks I, to wed!
(CHORUS.)

ENCORE STANZAS.

You're very kind to call me back,
Snap-poo!
I still love dear, old Rack-en-sack,*
Snap-poo!
But for that gal who smashed my jaw,—
I won't be her dad's son-in-law. (CHORUS.)

Her ma might git along well with me,
Snap-poo!
The gal's as peart as she can be,
Snap-poo!
But her dad's big boot and her fat fist
I'm sure I never could resist. (CHORUS.)

So, rather than be a henpeck'd man,
Snap-poo!
I'll seek a wife in another land,
Snap-poo!
Where the gals dont knock a feller mute,
And answer "No!" with daddy's boot. (CHORUS.)

SECOND ENCORE

Any lady who a husband wants,
Snap-poo!
Please take my name—I am your chance;
Snap-poo!
But, don't forget, I'll not kiss or hug
Till we are married, tight and snug. (CHORUS.)

The lesson I learned in Ar-kan-saw,
Snap-poo!
Impress'd by Smith's gal on my jaw,
Snap-poo!
And kicked into my pantaloons,
I'll not forget—not very soon. (CHORUS.)

* The State of Arkansas (the final syllable pronounced often *sas*, but properly *saw*) is sometimes slangily referred to as "Rack-en-sack."

A MODEL LOVE-LETTER.

(Humorous reading. More effective if copied, placed in an envelope, opened and read by a lady as a love-letter received by herself.)

MY DEAR MRS. M—: Every time I think of you, my heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher. Sensations of exquisite joy caper over it like young goats on a stable-roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trousers. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking-brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming-bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly.

When I first beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like a cellar-door in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch.

Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my boot-straps to the top of the church steeple, and pull the bell rope for singing school.

Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron-colored couch; when the jay-bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awaking pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth, and goeth for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sultry noon-tide; and the lowing herds come home at milking time, I think of thee; and like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom.

Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold; and the brass pins skewered through your waterfall fill me with unbounded

awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat; your eyes are glorious to behold; in their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids bathing, like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me upon my manly breast, it penetrated my whole anatomy, as a load of bird-shot through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips, like honey on a bear's paw; and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue-birds out of their parents' nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like the wind-harp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers on beds of roses, or hollows in cakes of home-made sugar.

I am dying to fly to thy presence, and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as a thrifty housekeeper pours out hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat.

Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizard of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits; and my soul is pierced with doubts, as an old cheese is bored with skippers.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than a topknot plumage on a muscovy duck. You are candy, kisses, raisins, pound cake, and sweetened toddy all together.

If these remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree, or a stage-horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bedbug, and fall away from a flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in the coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and—catch a cold upon the last resting-place of

Yours affectionately,

H.

THE OLD CANTEEN.

SEND it up to the garret? Well, no:
what's the harm

If it hangs like a horse-shoe to serve as a
charm?

Had its day, to be sure: matches ill with things
here;

Shall I sack the old friend just because it is
queer?

Thing of beauty 'tis not, but a joy none the less,
As my hot lips remember its old-time caress,
And I think on the solace once gurgling between
My lips from that old, battered tin canteen.

It has hung by my side in the long, weary tramp,
Been my friend in the bivouac, barrack and
camp,

In the triumph, the capture, advance and retreat,
More than light to my path, more than guide to
my feet.

Sweeter nectar ne'er flowed, howe'er sparkling
and cold,

From out chalice of silver, or goblet of gold,
For a king or an emperor, princess or queen,
Than to me from the mouth of that old canteen.

It has cheered the desponding on many a night,
Till their laughing eyes gleamed in the camp-
fire light.

Whether guns stood in silence, or boomed at
short range,

It was always on duty; though 'twould not
be strange

If in somnolent periods just after "taps"
Some colonel or captain, disturbed at his naps,
May have felt a suspicion that "spirits" unseen
Had somehow bedeviled that old canteen.

But I think on the time when in lulls of the strife
It has called the far look in dim eyes back to life:
Helped to stanch the quick blood just beginning
to pour,

Softened broad, gaping wounds that were stiff-
ened and sore

Moistened thin, livid lips, so despairing of breath
They could only speak thanks in the quiver of
death;

If an angel of mercy e'er hovered between
This world and the next, 'twas the old canteen.

Then banish it not as a profitless thing,
Were it hung in a palace it might well swing
To tell in its mute, allegorical way
How the citizen volunteer won the day;
How he bravely, unflinchingly, grandly won,
And how, when the death-dealing work was
done,

'Twas as easy his passion from war to wean
As his mouth from the lips of that old canteen.

By-and-by, when all hate for the rags with the
bars

Is forgotten in love for the "stripes and the
stars;"

When Columbia rules everything solid and sole,
From her own ship canal to the ice at the pole:
When the Grand Army men have obeyed the
last call,

And the May flowers and violets bloom for us all:
Then away in some garret the cobwebs may
screen

My battered, old, cloth-covered tin canteen.

G. M. WHITE.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

YOUNG men of America! You on whom
rests the future of the Republic! You,
who are to become not only our citi-
zens but our law-makers: Remember your re-
sponsibilities, and, remembering, prepare for
them.

As the great universe is order and harmony
only through the perfection of its laws, so in
life and human government, the happiness and
prosperity of a people depend on the orderly
subservience of act and thought to the good of
the whole.

Be great, therefore, in small things. If it is
your ambition to be a citizen revered for his
virtues, remember that nothing is more admirable
than devotion to duty, and the more admirable as
that duty leads to self-sacrifice in others' behalf.

When Pompeii was exhumed, a few years ago, after lying under the cinders of Vesuvius about eighteen hundred years, the body of a Roman soldier was discovered at the Herculaneum gate of the city. He evidently had been placed there as a sentinel, and there, amid the accumulated horrors of that August day, he unflinchingly remained.

He stood at his post while the earth rocked and shivered beneath his feet. He stood at his post while the grim old mountain towering above him was thundering from base to summit. He stood at his post while the air, surcharged with smoke and ashes, was impenetrable to the sight, though lit up with a lurid glare scarcely less than infernal by the flames bursting and roaring all around him. He stood at his post while the men, women, and children of the doomed city were screaming with affright and agony, as they surged through its narrow streets in their mad-denying efforts to pass the gates to the open country. He stood at his post till enveloped in the mantle of a fiery death!

O hero of the dead city! Step out from your ashen shroud and exalt us by the lesson of your death. When the very earth rocked beneath your feet, and the heavens seemed falling, you stood on guard,—a sentinel to the gate that protected the city; and standing there were entombed,—a sacrifice to duty. Awful death, but oh, how sublime is its lesson! Who would not honor such heroism? Build there a mausoleum, for one greater than princes and kings has hallowed that spot, and humanity itself will worship there.

Emulate this heroism. In whatever position of life you are placed, be true to the trust reposed in you; then the Republic is safe. Go forth with a heart glowing, not with the fires of a lordly ambition, to ride to power over opposition and against the wishes of your fellowmen, but with the flame of an honest purpose to be a good citizen and an ornament to the State that gave you birth.

Then, indeed, shall you be great.

D. N. SHELLEY.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I mutter’d, “tapping at my chamber-door—

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,

Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,—

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;

That it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you.”—Here I opened wide the door:—

Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
 there, wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever
 dared to dream before ;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness
 gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whis-
 pered word, "Lenore !"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back
 the word, "LENORE !"
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul
 within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder
 than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at
 my window-lattice ;
 Let me see then what thereat is and this mystery
 explore,—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
 explore ;—
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many
 a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly
 days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute
 stopped or stayed he ;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above
 my chamber-door,—
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my
 chamber-door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

"Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy
 into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the counten-
 ance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,"
 I said, "art sure no craven ;
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering
 from the nightly shore,
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's
 Plutonian shore?"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore !"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
 course so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy
 bore ;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living hu-
 man being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
 chamber-door ;—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
 chamber-door
 With such name as "Nevermore !"

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
 spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word
 he did outpour.
 Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather
 then he fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other
 friends have flown before,
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes
 have flown before.
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly
 spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only
 stock and store,
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom un-
 merciful disaster
 Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs
 one burden bore,
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy bur-
 den bore,
 Of—'Never—nevermore?'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
 smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
 bird and bust and door.
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself
 to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous
 bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and
 ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking, "Nevermore !"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burn'd into
my bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at
ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-
light gloated o'er ;—
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-
light gloating o'er
She shall press—ah ! nevermore !

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on
the tufted floor.
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—
by these angels he hath set thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy mem-
ories of Lenore !
Quaff, oh, quaff, this kind nepenthe, and forget
this lost Lenore !”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore !”

“Prophet !” said I, “thing of evil !—prophet
still, if bird or devil !
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly,
I implore,—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell
me, I implore !”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore !”

“Prophet !” said I, “thing of evil !—prophet
still, if bird or devil !
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God
we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the
distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels
name Lenore ;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels
name Lenore !”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore !”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !”
I shrieked, upstarting,—
Get thee back into the tempest and the night's
Plutonian shore ;
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken !
Leave my loneliness unbroken ;—quit the bust
above my door.
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door !”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore !”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still
is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber-door ;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor ;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-
ing on the floor
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE !

EDGAR A. POE.

BUZZARD'S POINT.

(By permission of the Author. This selection was awarded a gold medal prize at the Elocutionary Contest at the Mt. Vernon Institute of Elocution and Languages, Philadelphia, June 14, 1888.)

HUGE, fleecy clouds, like stately ships, drift
by,
And in their wake come more to join the
fleet
Now seeming anchored in the southern sky ;
A hundred glassy pools reflect the sun,
For, save yon brook-like thread, the river bed
Is dry, and only sand and shale mark out
Where deep Ohio thunders to the sea.
Upon the rocky summit of a bluff
That juts far out from shore, two lovers sit
Beneath the shade of mingling beech and elm.
The man is young ; the maid, almost a child ;
Yet in the eyes of both is seen the fire
Of holy love, true love, that only dies
With life—
Blue eyes and brown ; her's blue, his brown.

And oh, how gloriously free their hair
 Coquettes, streams off, now flutters back to kiss
 Again; his chestnut dark to twine in sport
 Amid her living gold. Blow on, fair breeze;
 Sing sweet, chirp low, ye merry birds, for here
 Two hearts make solitude of all the world
 That lies beyond their rosy world of love.
 A tree trunk forms the seat whereon they sit,
 And vines and shrubs a perfect bower make
 The place, so wild and yet so beautiful:
 Below them, full a mile, a log hut stands;
 The forest trees, like giant infantry
 Up-drawn, have formed a three-flanked hollow
 square

About the strip of clearing; further on
 The river sweeps around a graceful bend
 And hides its course amidst the dense green
 leaves.

The lovers rise. He places on her head
 The rough straw hat that so becomes her fair,
 Sweet face, and then takes up his own broad felt
 From off the ground. They stand and look afar
 Among the drifting clouds. The birds chirp low;
 Their plumage gay gleams bright, as flashing
 through

A patch of sunlight, swift they dart in glee.
 How tame, how fearless in their native home.
 See there, among the vines that twine that tree,
 There, where his rifle rests! What kind of bird
 Is that? Its plumes are gray; how slow it
 moves!

It glides away. Perhaps it may come back.
 Strange bird. There, where his rifle rests—
 but see!

His rifle is not there, 'tis gone!

Whiz! Click!

And, as the tomahawk still trembles in
 The tree, the startled lovers each spring back,
 Then turn to see the scowling copper fiend
 That clasps Ben Dowling's rifle in his hand.
 No shriek escapes her firm-pressed lips, as calm,
 Though deathly pale, the girl steps back a pace;
 No sign of fear betrays her frozen heart;
 She sees her lover slowly draw his knife,
 Beholds the crouching savage raise the piece
 To take delib'rate aim. A dash, a flash

Of fluttering white, and she has leaped and grasped
 The rifle in her small brown hands.

With yell

Of rage the red man springs aside to shun
 The lover's keen-edged blade, then whipping out
 His own long knife, with horrid grin prepares
 To meet his foe. The cunning dog keeps well
 The lover in a line between himself
 And that bright barrel resting on a branch;
 For Mabel Earle is no mean shot, and with
 Her finger on the trigger mutely bids
 The painted wretch beware! A moment's
 pause,

And now the work begins. Thrust, guard, lunge,
 cut,

Now parry, clink! the sparks fly as their cold
 Blades clash. The Indian advances quick,
 A sudden stroke. "Lost! O my God, he's
 killed!"

Ben Dowling reels, the red stream trickles down
 His face. "Kneel! Kneel! for life, stoop
 low!" The girl

Is ashen white. Clink! clink! more sparks.
 "O Ben,

My own, he's growing faint, he staggers—Oh!"
 The savage strikes again. The lover falls.
 A shot—"There, murderer!" The blue smoke
 veils

Her wet blue eyes—the red chief drops his
 knife,

He rallies, clutches at the air, spins 'round
 And 'round, now nears the brink, is nearer still,
 Still nearer, gone!

"Oh, speak to me," she cries,
 As bending o'er her lover's form she wipes
 The blood-stains from his pallid face. "Oh,
 speak

To me, but tell me that you live! Ah, see!
 He moves his lips! Thank Heaven, he lives!
 His eyes

Unclose, he faintly smiles! Ha, hark!" "Ye
 ho!

Ye ho!" "Saved, saved!" and placing both
 her brown

Hands to her lips she answers back the cry,
 "Ye ho! ye ho!" and swoons away.

They come,
Her father and a trapper friend. The thing
That first they see looks like a wounded bird,
A buzzard, hanging on a twig above
Them high ; another glance and well they know
'Tis but the head-gear of an Indian,
Caught off as down he fell.

And thenceforth on,
Long after Ben and Mabel happy lived
And died, the place was known as Buzzard's
Point. GEORGE M. VICKERS.

THE JUST RETRIBUTION.

PERSONS REPRESENTED. — ALBERTI, *the duke whose life has been assailed*, JULIAN, MONTALDI, STEPHANO, LUDOVICO, AMBROSE, VINCENT, GUARDS, ETC.

(*Enter GUARDS, conducting JULIAN,—all the characters follow,—ALBERTI ascends the judgment seat.*)

ALBERTI. My people !—the cause of your present assemblage, too well is known to you. You come to witness the dispensations of an awful, but impartial justice ;—either to rejoice in the acquittal of innocence, wrongfully accused, or to approve the conviction of guilt, arrested in its foul career. Personal feelings forbid me to assume this seat myself : yet fear not but that it will be filled by nobleness and honor ; to Montaldi only, I resign it.

Julian. He, my judge ! then I am lost indeed !

Alb. Ascend the seat, my friend, and decide from it as your own virtuous conscience shall direct. This only will I say ;—should the scales of accusation and defense poise doubtfully, let mercy touch them with her downy hand, and turn the balance on the gentler side.

Montaldi (ascending the judgment seat). Your will and honor are my only governors ! (*Bowing.*) Julian, stand forth ; you are charged with a most foul and horrible attempt upon the life of my noble kinsman. The implements of murder have been found in your possession, and many powerful circumstances combine to fix the guilt upon you. What have you to urge in vindication ?

Jul. First, I aver by that Power which vice dreads, and virtue reverences, that no word but strictest truth shall pass my lips. On yesterday evening I crossed the mountain to the monastery of St. Bertrand ; my errand thither finished, I returned directly to the valley. Rosalie saw me enter the cottage. Soon afterward, a strange outcry recalled me to the door ; a mantle spread before the threshold caught my eye ;—I raised it, and discovered a mask within it. The mantle was newly stained with blood ! Consternation seized upon my soul ! The next moment I was surrounded by guards, and accused of murder ! They produced the weapon which I had lost in defending myself against a ferocious animal. Confounded by terror and surprise, I had not power to explain the truth, and loaded with chains and reproaches, I was dragged to the dungeons of the castle. Here my knowledge of the dark transaction ends, and I have only this to add, I may become the victim of circumstance, but I never have been the slave of crime !

Mon. (Ironically smiling.) Plausibly urged ; have you no more to offer ?

Jul. Truth needs but few words,—I have spoken !

Mon. Yet bethink yourself. Dare you abide by this wild tale, and brave a sentence on no stronger plea ?

Jul. Alas ! I have none else to offer.

Mon. You say, on yesterday evening, you visited the monastery of St. Bertrand. What was your business there ?

Jul. To engage Father Nicolo to marry Rosalie and myself, on the following morning.

Mon. A marriage, too ! Well, at what time did you quit the monastery ?

Jul. The bell for vesper-service had just ceased to toll.

Mon. By what path did you return to the valley ?

Jul. Across the mountain.

Mon. Did you not pass through the wood of olives, where the dark deed was attempted ?

Jul. (Pausing.) The wood of olives ?

Mon. Ha ! mark ! he hesitates ; speak !

Jul. No! my soul scorns to tell a falsehood. I did pass through the wood of olives.

Mon. Ay! and pursuit was close behind. Stephano, you seized the prisoner? •

Stephano. I did. The bloody weapon bore his name; the mask and mantle were in his hands, confusion in his countenance, and every limb trembling with alarm.

Mon. Enough! Heavens! that villainy so monstrous should inhabit with such tender youth! I fain would doubt, and in spite of reason, hesitate to give my sentence; but conviction glares from every point, and incredulity would now be madness. Not to descant on the absurdity of your defense—a tale too wild for romance to sanction—I find from your admission a chain of circumstances that confirms your criminality. The time at which you passed the wood, and the hour of the duke's attack, precisely correspond. You sought to rush on fortune by the readiest path, and snatch from the unwary traveler that sudden wealth which honest labor could, only by slow degrees, obtain. Defeated in the dark attempt, you fled. Pursuit was instant,—your steps were traced,—and, at the very door of your cottage, you were seized before the evidences of your guilt could be secreted. O wretched youth! I warn you to confess. Sincerity can be your only claim to mercy.

Jul. My heart will burst; but I have spoken truth.

Mon. Then I must exercise my duty. Death is my sentence.

Jul. Hold! pronounce it not as yet!

Mon. If you have any further evidence, produce it.

Jul. (*With despairing look.*) I call on Ludovico! (*Ludovico hastily steps forward. Montaldi starts back with evident trepidation.*)

Ludovico. I am here!

Mon. And what can he unfold—only to repeat what we already know? I will not hear him, the evidence is perfect.

Alb. (*Rising hastily.*) Hold! Montaldi, Ludovico must be heard; to the ear of justice, the slightest syllable of proof is precious.

Mon. (*Confused.*) I stand rebuked. Well, Ludovico, depose your evidence!

Lud. Mine was the fortunate arm appointed by Heaven to rescue the duke. I fought with the assassin, and drove him beyond the trees, into the open lawn. I there distinctly marked his figure, and, from the difference in height alone, I solemnly aver Julian cannot be the person.

Mon. This is no proof, the eye might easily be deceived. I cannot withhold my sentence longer.

Lud. I have further matter to advance. Just before the ruffian fled, he received a wound across his right hand; the moonlight directed my blow, and showed me that the cut was deep and dangerous. Julian's fingers bear no such mark.

Mon. (*Manifesting great excitement and involuntarily drawing his glove close over his hand.*)—A wound!—mere fable.

Lud. Nay, more; the same blow struck from off one of the assassin's fingers, a jewel; it glittered as it fell; I snatched it from the ground—thrust it within my bosom, and have ever since preserved it next my heart; I now produce it—'tis here—a ring—an amethyst set with brilliants!

Alb. (*Rising hastily.*)—What say you? An amethyst set with brilliants! even such I gave Montaldi. Let me view it. (*As Ludovico advances to present the ring to the duke, Montaldi rushes with frantic impetuosity between, and attempts to seize it.*)

Mon. Slave! resign the ring!

Lud. I will yield my life sooner!

Mon. Wretch! I will rend thy frame to atoms. (*They struggle with violence. Montaldi snatches at the ring—Ludovico catches his hand and tears off the glove—the wound appears.*)

Lud. O Heavens! murder is unmasked—the bloody mark is here! Montaldi is the assassin. (*All rush forward in astonishment.*)

Mon. Shame! madness!

Alb. Eternal Providence! Montaldi a murderer?

Mon. Ay! accuse and curse! idiots! dupes! I heed you not. I can but die! Triumph not, Alberti—I trample on thee still! (*Draws pon-*

iard and attempts to destroy himself. The weapon is wrested from his hands by the guards.

Alb. Fiend! thy power to sin is past.

Mon. (Delirious with passion.) Ha! ha! ha! my brain scorches, and my veins run with fire!—disgraced, dishonored—Oh, madness! I cannot bear it!—save me—oh! (*Falls insensible in'to the arms of attendants.*)

Alb. Wretched man! bear him to his chamber—his punishment be hereafter. (*Montaldi is carried off.*)

Jul. Oh! my joy is too full for words!

Ambrose. My noble boy!

Vincent. Rosalie shall reward him.

Alb. Yes! they are children of virtue! their happiness shall be my future care. Let this day, through each returning year, become a festival on my domain. Heaven, with peculiar favor, has marked it for its own, and taught us, by the simple moral of this hour, that, howsoever in darkness guilt may veil its malefactions from the eye of man, an omniscient Judge will penetrate each hidden sin, and still, with never-failing justice, confound the vicious and protect the good!

DIMOND.

THE ORDER OF NATURE.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in
all the same,

Great in the Earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease, then, nor ORDER Imperfection name,—
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

Submit;—in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear,—
Safe in the hand of one Disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not
see;

All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear: WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

ALEXANDER POPE.

WHAT MAKES A HERO?

WHAT makes a hero?—not succes, not
fame,

Inebriate merchants, and the loud acclaim
Of glutton Avarice,—caps tossed up in air,
Or pen of journalist with flourish fair;
Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a titular name—
These, though his rightful tribute, he can
spare;

His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul, or set the heart at ease
What makes a hero?—An heroic mind,
Expressed in action, in endurance proved.
And if there be pre-eminence of right.
Derived through pain well suffered, to the
height

Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse—ingratitude and poisonous darts,
Launched by the country he had served and
loved;

This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
This, in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts,
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown;
This is the hero's complement and crown;
This missed, one struggle had been wanting
still,—

One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts.

HENRY TAYLOR.

PART IV.

GREAT ORATORS AND THEIR ORATIONS

ANCIENT AND MODERN

CONTAINING SPECIMENS OF

SENATORIAL, JUDICIAL, PULPIT, FORENSIC AND PATRIOTIC ELOQUENCE

ALSO

NOTED ORATIONS, AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES, ETC.,
ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS

AGAINST PHILIP.—*Demosthenes*.*

Demosthenes, whose claim to the title of the greatest of orators has not yet been superseded, was born at Athens, about 380 B. C. At the age of seventeen he determined to study eloquence, though his lungs were weak, his articulation imperfect, and his gestures awkward. These impediments he overcame by perseverance. When the encroachments of Philip, King of Macedon, alarmed the Grecian states, Demosthenes roused his countrymen to resistance by a series of harangues, so celebrated, that similar orations are, to this day, often styled Philippics. The influence which he acquired he employed for the good of his country. The charges that have come down of his cowardice and venality are believed to be calumnious. It is related of Demosthenes, that, while studying oratory, he spoke with pebbles in his mouth, to cure himself of stammering; that he repeated verses of the poets as he ran up hill, to strengthen his voice, and that he declaimed on the seashore, to accustom himself to the tumult of a popular assembly. He died 322 B. C. The speeches of Demosthenes were delivered before *select*, not *accidental*, assemblages of the people. The first four extracts, from the first, third, eighth and ninth Philippics, which follow, together with the extract from Æschines on the Crown, are chiefly translated from Stiévenarts excellent and very spirited version.

BEGIN, O men of Athens, by not despairing of your situation, however deplorable it may seem; for the very cause of your former reverses offers the best encouragement for the future. And how? Your utter supineness, O Athenians, has brought about your disasters. If these had come upon you in spite of your most strenuous exertions, then only might all hopes of an amelioration in your affairs be abandoned. When, then, O my countrymen! when will you do your duty? What wait you? Truly, an event! or else, by Jupiter, necessity! But how can we construe otherwise what has already occurred? For myself, I can conceive of no necessity more urgent to free souls than the pressure of dishonor. Tell me, is it your wish to go about the public places, here and there, continually, asking, "What is

there new?" Ah! what should there be new, if not that a Macedonian could conquer Athens, and lord it over Greece? "Is Philip dead?" "No, by Jupiter! he is sick." Dead or sick, what matters it to you? If he were to die, and your vigilance were to continue slack as now, you would cause a new Philip to rise up at once,—since this one owes his aggrandizement less to his own power than to your inertness!

It is a matter of astonishment to me, O Athenians, that none of you are aroused either to reflection or to anger, in beholding a war, begun for the chastisement of Philip, degenerate at last into a war of defence against him. And it is evident that he will not stop even yet, unless we bar his progress. But where, it is asked, shall we make a descent. Let us but attack, O, Athenians, and the war itself will disclose the

* Demosthenes delivered most of his great orations to the people from what was known as the Bema—a raised step, from which the Athenian orators generally spoke.

enemy's weak point. But, if we tarry at home, lazily listening to speech-makers, in their emulous abuse of one another, never,—no, never, shall we accomplish a single necessary step!

Some among you, retailing the news, affirm that Philip is plotting with Lacedæmon the ruin of Thebes and the dismemberment of our democracies; others make him send ambassadors to the Great King; others tell us he is fortifying places in Illyria. All have their different stories. For myself, Athenians, I do, by the Gods, believe that this man is intoxicated by his magnificent exploits; I believe that a thousand dazzling projects lure his imagination; and that, seeing no barrier opposed to his career, he is inflated by success. But, trust me, he does not so combine his plans that all our fools of low

degree may penetrate them; which fools—who are they but the gossips? Let us leave them to their reveries. We should consider that this man is our enemy,—our despoiler,—that we have long endured his insolence; that all the succors, on which we counted, have been turned against us; that henceforth our only resource is in ourselves; that, to refuse now to carry the war into *his* dominions, would surely be to impose upon us the fatal necessity of sustaining it at the gates of Athens;—if we would comprehend all this, we should then know what it imports us to know, and discard all idiot conjectures. For it is not your duty to dive into the future; but it *does* behoove you to look in the face the calamities which that future *must* bring, unless you shake off your present heedless inactivity.

DEGENERACY OF ATHENS.—*Demosthenes.*

CONTRAST, O men of Athens, your conduct with that of your ancestors. Loyal towards the people of Greece, religious towards the gods, faithful to the rule of civic equality, they mounted, by a sure path, to the summit of prosperity. What is your condition, under your present complaisant rulers? Is it still the same? Has it in any respect changed? In how many! I confine myself to this simple fact: Sparta prostrate, Thebes occupied elsewhere,—with no power capable of disputing our sovereignty,—able, in fact, in the peaceable possession of our own domains, to be the umpire of other Nations,—what have we done? We have lost our own provinces; and dissipated, with no good result, more than fifteen hundred talents; the allies which we had gained by war your counsellors have deprived us of by peace; and we have trained up to power our formidable foe. Whosoever denies this, let him stand forth, and tell me where, then, has this Philip drawn his strength, if not from the very bosom of Athens?

Ah! but surely, if abroad we have been weakened, our interior administration is more flourishing. And what are the evidences of this? A few whitewashed ramparts, repaired roads, foun-

tains, bagatelles! Turn—turn your eyes on the functionaries, to whom we owe these vanities. This one has passed from misery to opulence; that one, from obscurity to splendor. Another has built for himself sumptuous palaces, which look down upon the edifices of the State. Indeed, the more the public fortunes have declined, the more have theirs ascended. Tell us the meaning of these contrasts! Why is it, that formerly all prospered, while now all is in jeopardy? It is because formerly the People, itself, daring to wage war, was the master of its functionaries, the sovereign dispenser of all favors. It is because individual citizens were then glad to receive from the People honors, magistracies, benefits. How are the times changed! All favors are in the gift of our functionaries; everything is under their control; while you—you, the People!—enervated in your habits, mutilated in your means, and weakened in your allies, stand like so many supernumeraries and lackeys, too happy if your worthy chiefs distribute to you the fund for the theatre—if they throw to you a meagre pittance! And—last degree of baseness!—you kiss the hand which thus makes largess to you of your own! Do they not imprison you within your own walls, beguile you to your

ruin, tame you and fashion you to their yoke? Never, O! never can a manly pride and a noble courage impel men, subjected to vile and unworthy actions! The life is necessarily the image of the heart. And your degeneracy—by Heaven, I should not be surprised if I, in

charging it home upon you, exposed *myself*, rather than those who have brought you to it, to your resentment! To be candid, frankness of speech does not every day gain the entrance of your ears; and that you suffer it now, may well be matter of astonishment!

A DEMOCRACY HATEFUL TO PHILIP.—*Demosthenes.*

THERE are persons among you, O Athenians, who think to confound a speaker by asking, "What, then, is to be done?" To which I might answer: "Nothing that you are doing—everything that you leave undone!" And it would be a just and a true reply. But I will be more explicit; and may these men, so ready to question, be equally ready to act! In the first place, Athenians, admit the incontestable fact, that Philip has broken your treaties,—that he has declared war against you. Let us have no more crimination and recrimination on this point! And then, recognize the fact that he is the mortal enemy of Athens,—of its very soil,—of all within its walls,—ay, of those even who most flatter themselves that they are high in his good graces.

What Philip most dreads and abhors is our liberty—our Democratic system. For the destruction of that, all his snares are laid, all his projects are shaped! And in this is he not consistent? He is well aware that, though he should subjugate all the rest of Greece, his conquest would be insecure, while your Democracy stands. He knows that, should he experience one of those reverses to which the lot of humanity is so liable, it would be into your arms that all those Nations, now forcibly held under his yoke, would rush. Is there a Tyrant to be driven back?—Athens is in the field! Is there a People to be enfranchised?—Lo, Athens, prompt to aid! What wonder, then, that Philip should be impatient while Athenian liberty is a spy upon his evil days? Be sure, O my countrymen, that he is your irreconcilable foe; that it is against Athens that he musters and disposes all his armaments; against Athens that all his schemes are laid.

What, then, ought you, as wise men, convinced of these truths, to do? You ought to shake off your fatal lethargy, contribute according to your means, summon your allies to contribute, and take measures to retain the troops already under arms; so that, if Philip has an army prepared to attack and subjugate all the Greeks, you may also have one ready to succor and to save them. Tell me not of the trouble and expense which this will involve. I grant it all. But consider the dangers that menace you, and how much you will be the gainers by engaging heartily, at once, in the general cause. Indeed, should some god assure you that, however inactive and unconcerned you might remain, yet, in the end, you should not be molested by Philip, still it would be ignominious,—be witness, Heaven!—it would be beneath you—beneath the dignity of your State—beneath the glory of your ancestors—to sacrifice, to your own selfish repose, the interest of all the rest of Greece.

Rather would I perish than recommend such a course! Let some other man urge it upon you, if he will; and listen to him, if you can. But, if my sentiments are yours,—if you foresee, as I do, that the more we leave Philip to extend his conquests, the more we are fortifying an enemy, whom, sooner or later, we must cope with, why do you hesitate? What necessity do you wait? Can there be a greater for freemen than the prospect of dishonor? Do you wait for that? It is here already; it presses—it weighs on us now. Now, did I say? Long since—long since, was it before us, face to face. True, there is still another necessity in reserve—the necessity of slaves—blows, and stripes! Wait you for *them*? The gods forbid! The very words, in this place, are an indignity!

VENALITY THE RUIN OF GREECE.—*Demosthenes.*

IF ever, O men of Athens, the People of Greece felt the rigor of your rule, or of that of Sparta, their masters were at least their countrymen. But where is our just indignation against Philip and his usurpations?—Philip, the Barbarian! Has he not exhausted his resources of outrage against us? Without mentioning the Grecian cities which he has sacked, does he not take it upon himself to preside at the Pythian games, a celebration exclusively national? And, if absent himself, does he not delegate his slaves to award the crowns? Master of Thermopylæ, and of all the passes of Greece, does he not hold these posts by his garrisons and foreign troops? Does he not place governors over Thessaly, at his pleasure? Has he not wrested Echinus from the Thebians? Is he not, at this moment, on his march against Byzantium—Byzantium, the alley of Athens! And if such is his audacity towards collective Greece, what will it be when he has mastered us all in detail?

And now, why is all this? For, not without a cause could Greece, once so jealous of freedom, now be resigned to servitude. The cause is here. Once, O Athenians, in the hearts of all our People, a sentiment presided, which is paramount no more; a sentiment which triumphed over all venality, and maintained Greece free, and invincible by land and sea; but the loss of that sentiment has brought down

ruin, and left the country in the dust. What was it—this sentiment, so powerful? Was it the result of any subtle policy of State? No: it was a universal hatred for the bribed traitors, in the pay of those Powers, seeking to subdue or dishonor Greece! Venality was a capital offence, and punished with the extremest rigor.

Pardon, palliation, were not thought of. And so, orators and generals could not with impunity barter those favorable conjunctures which Fortune oftentimes presents to negligence and inactivity against vigilance and vigor. The public concord, the general hatred and distrust of Tyrants and Barbarians, all the guarantees of liberty, were inaccessible to the power of gold. But now all these are offered for sale in the open market! And, in exchange, we have an importation of morals which are desolating and destroying Greece. What do they exhibit? Envy, for the recipient of base bribes; derision, should he confess his crime; pardon, should he be convicted; and resentment towards his accuser!—in a word, all the laxities which engender corruption.

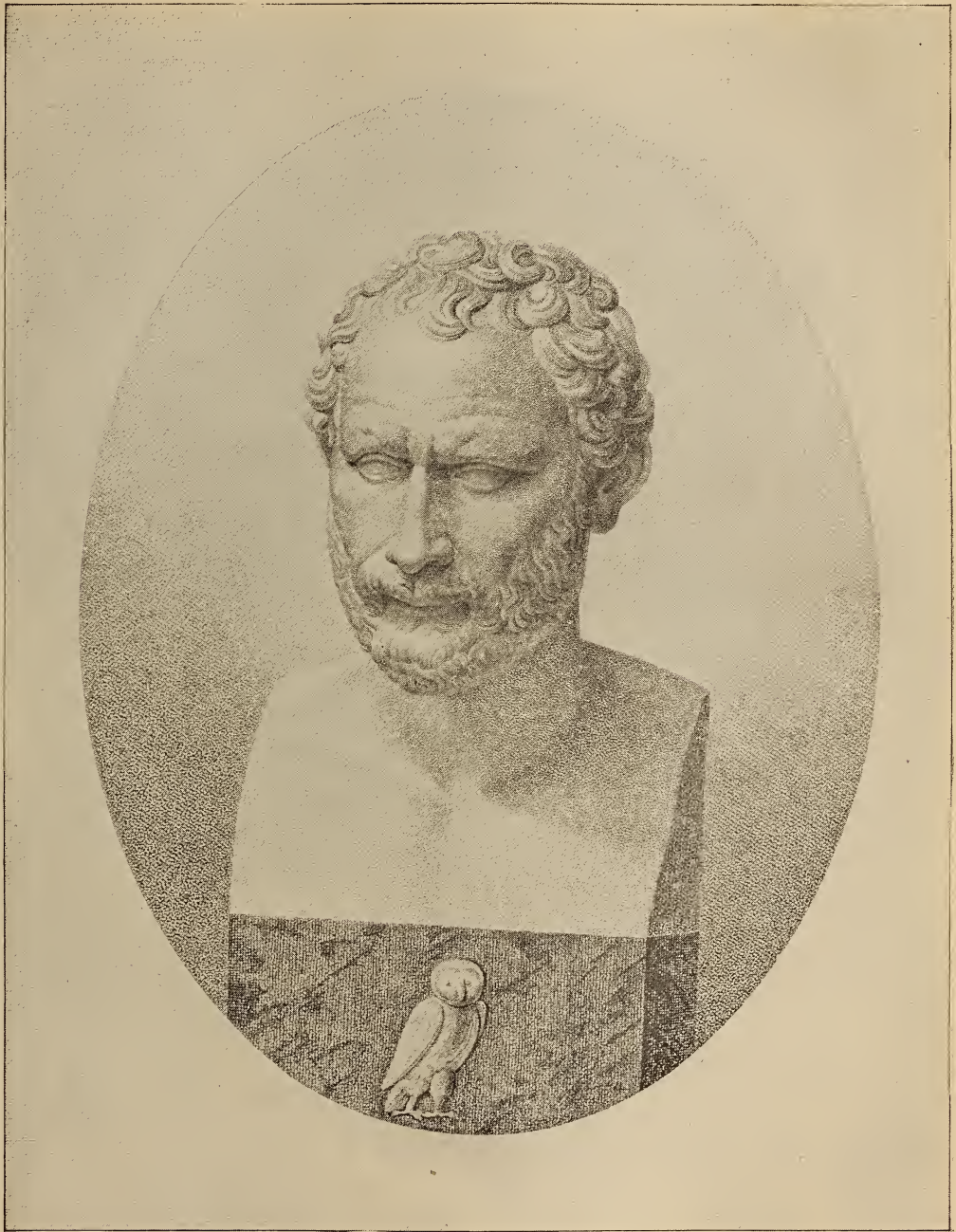
In vessels, in troops, in revenues, in the various resources of war, in all that constitutes the strength of a State, we are richer than ever before; but all these advantages are paralyzed, crushed, by an infamous traffic. And all this you behold with your own eyes, and my testimony in regard to it is quite superfluous!

INVECTIVE AGAINST DEMOSTHENES.—*Dinarchus.*

Dinarchus, a Greek orator, born at Corinth about 360 B. C. When thirty years of age he joined the Macedonian party, and opposed Demosthenes, doing much to send that great orator into exile. Three of his orations are extant, an extract from one of which is here inserted. It is an artful, spirited and virulent invective against Demosthenes when he had fallen into disgrace and the displeasure of his countrymen. The occasion is distinctly recounted by Plutarch. Dinarchus afterwards gave a favorable testimony to the character of Demosthenes, thus personally testifying to the injustice of the following virulent oration:

TO what causes, Athenians, is the prosperity or the calamity of a State to be ascribed? To none so eminently as to its ministers and generals. Turn your eyes on the state of Thebes. It subsisted once. It was once great. It had its soldiers and com-

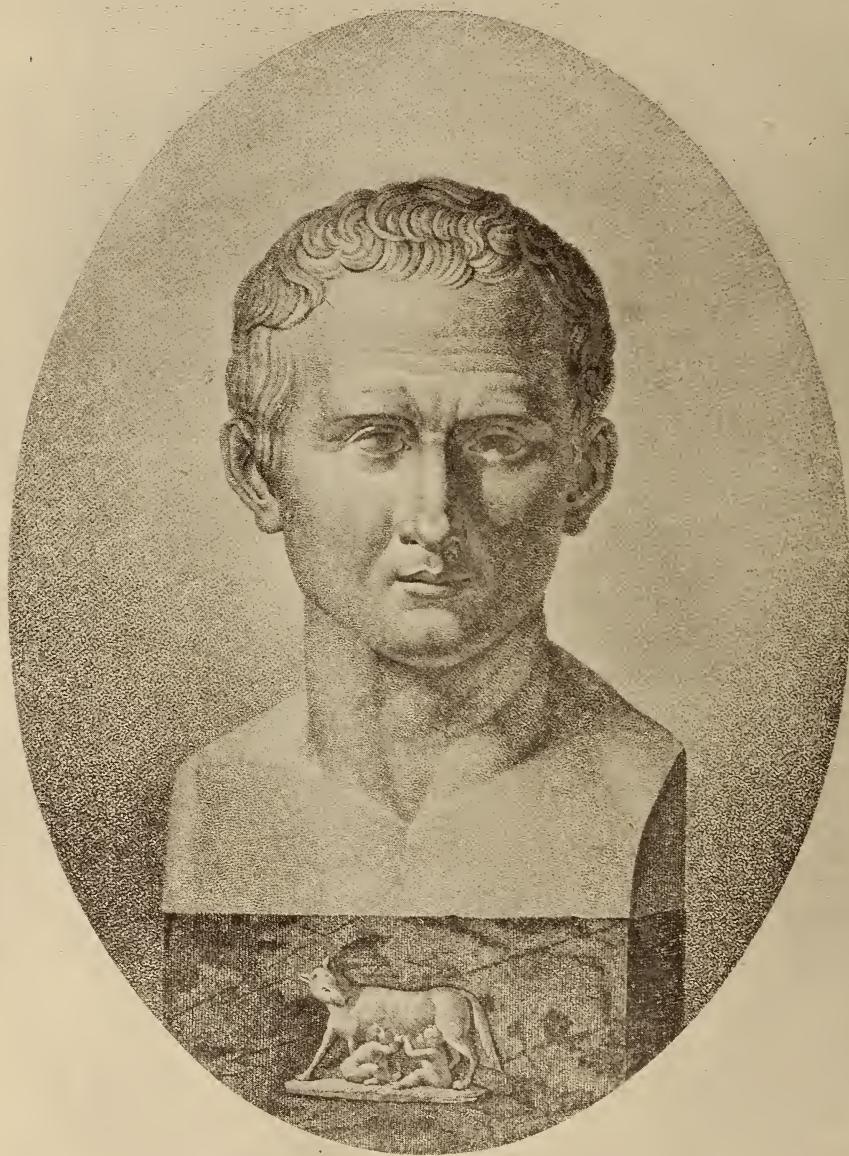
manders. There was a time when Pelopidas led the "sacred band;" when Epaminondas and his colleagues commanded the army. Then did the Thebans gain the victory at Leuctra. Then did they pierce into the territories of Lacedæmon, before deemed inaccessible. Then did



DEMOSTHENES.

Greatest Orator of Ancient Times.

(Born about 382 B. C. Died of poison 322 B. C.)



MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

The most famous Roman orator.

(Born January 3, 106 B. C. Assassinated Dec. 7, 43 B. C.)

they achieve many and noble deeds. For what is the great security of every state and nation? Good generals and able ministers!

Let this be duly and attentively considered, and let us no longer suffer by the corrupt and pernicious conduct of Demosthenes. Let it not be imagined that we shall ever want good men and faithful counselors. With all the generous severity of our ancestors, let us punish the man whose bribery, whose treason, are unequivocally detected; who could not resist the temptation of gold; who in war has proved himself a coward, in his civil conduct a busybody; who, when his fellow-citizens are called forth to meet their enemies in the field, flies from his post, and hides himself at home; when the danger is

at home, and his aid is demanded here, pretends that he is an ambassador, and runs from the city!

Let this man no longer amuse you with airy hopes and false representations and promises, which he forgets as soon as uttered! Let not his ready tears and lamentations move you! Reserve all your pity for your country: your country, which his practices have undone—your country, which now implores you to save it from a traitor's hand. When he would waken all your sympathy for Demosthenes, then turn your eyes on Athens. Consider her former glory. Contrast it with her present degradation! And ask yourselves, whether Demosthenes has been reduced to greater wretchedness by Athens, or Athens by Demosthenes.

AGAINST BRIBERY.—*Demosthenes.*

IT were better, O Athenians! to die ten thousand deaths, than to be guilty of a servile acquiescence in the usurpations of Philip.

Not only is he no Greek, and no way allied to Greece, but he sprang from a part of the barbarian world unworthy to be named—from Macedonia, where formerly we could not find a slave fit to purchase! And why is it that the insolence of this man is so tamely tolerated? Surely there must be some cause why the Greeks, who were once so jealous of their liberty, now show themselves so basely submissive. It is this, Athenians! They were formerly impelled by a sentiment which was more than a match for bribing gold; a sentiment which maintained the freedom of Greece, and wrought her triumphs by sea and land, over all hostile powers. It was no subtle or mysterious element of success. It was simply this; an abhorrence of traitors; of all who accepted bribes from those princes who were prompted by the ambition of subduing, or the base intent of corrupting, Greece.

To receive bribes was accounted a crime of the blackest die—a crime which called for all the severity of public justice. No petitioning for mercy, no pardon, was allowed. Those favorable conjunctures with which fortune oftentimes assists the supine against the vigilant, and

renders men, even when most regardless of their interests, superior to those who exert their utmost efforts, could never be sold by orator or general, as in these degenerate days. Our mutual confidence, our settled hatred and distrust of all tyrants, could not be impaired or turned aside by the force of money.

But now, opportunity, principles, private honor, and the public good, are exposed to sale as in a market; and in exchange we have that pernicious laxity which is destroying the safety, the very vitals, of Greece. Let a man receive a bribe, he is envied; let him confess it, he provokes laughter; let him be convicted, he is pardoned! His very accusation only awakens resentment, so thoroughly is public sentiment corrupted! Richer, more powerful, better prepared, than ever before, we lose all our advantages through these traffickers in their country's welfare.

How was it formerly? Listen to the decree which your ancestors inscribed upon a brazen column erected in the citadel: "Let Arthmius of Zelia, the son of Pythonax, be accounted infamous, and an enemy to the Athenians and their allies, both he and all his race!" Then comes the reason of his sentence: "Because he brought gold from Media into Peloponnes'us."

This is the decree. And now, in the name of all the gods, think upon it! Think what wisdom, what dignity appeared in this action of our ancestors! This receiver of bribes they declare an enemy to them and their confederates, and that he and his posterity shall be infamous! And the sentence imported something more; for in the laws relating to capital cases, it is enacted, that "when the legal punishment of a man's crime cannot be inflicted, he may be put to death." And it was accounted meritorious to *kill* him!

"Let not the infamous man," says the law, "be permitted to live;" implying that the citizen is free from guilt who executes this sentence! Such was the detestation in which bribery was held by our fathers! And hence was it that the Greeks were a terror to the barbarians—not the barbarians to the Greeks! Hence was it that wars were fair and open; that battles were fought, not with *gold*, but with *steel*; and won, if won at all, not by *treachery*, but by *force of arms*!

DEMOSTHENES DENOUNCED.—*Æschines on the Crown. (Translated.)*

Some authorities state that Æschines was born 397 years B. C.; and others, that he was born 389 B. C., and was only four years the senior of Demosthenes. During the war with Philip, Æschines became a strenuous advocate of compromise and peace—Demosthenes being as resolutely in favor of active resistance. After the battle of Cheronæa, Demosthenes was intrusted with the repairing of the fortifications of the city. The cost of the work was thirteen talents, of which he paid three from his own purse. Ctesiphon proposed that a golden crown should be voted him. Æschines maintained that, under the circumstances, the proposal was illegal, and brought a suit nominally against Ctesiphon, but really to crush Demosthenes. From various causes, the trial was delayed eight years. At last it came on. The accuser's speech was a great effort. But Demosthenes was irresistible. "The greatest oration of the greatest of orators" is the phrase which Lord Brougham applies to the Oration on the Crown. Ctesiphon was acquitted by a considerable majority. Æschines went into banishment at Rhodes, where he set up a school of rhetoric. He once read the oration of Demosthenes to his pupils. Upon their expressing their admiration of it, he said, "What would you have thought, had you heard the lion himself?"

WHEN Demosthenes boasts to you, O Athenians, of his Democratic zeal, examine, not his harangues, but his life; not what he professes to be, but what he really is;—redoubtable in words, impotent in deeds; plausible in speech, perfidious in action. As to his courage—has he not himself, before the assembled People, confessed his poltroonery? By the laws of Athens, the man who refuses to bear arms, the coward, the deserter of his post in battle, is excluded from all share in the public deliberations—denied admission to our religious rites, and rendered incapable of receiving the honor of a crown. Yet now it is proposed to crown a man whom your laws expressly disqualify!

Which, think you, was the more worthy citizen—Themistocles, who commanded your fleet when you vanquished the Persian at Salamis, or Demosthenes the deserter?—Miltiades, who conquered the Barbarians at Marathon, or this hireling traitor?—Aristides, surnamed the Just, or

Demosthenes, who merits a far different surname? By all the gods of Olympus, it is a profanation to mention in the same breath this monster and those great men! Let him cite, if he can, one among them all to whom a crown was decreed. And was Athens ungrateful? No! She was magnanimous; and those uncrowned citizens were worthy of Athens. They placed their glory, not in the letter of a decree, but in the remembrance of a country, of which they had merited well,—in the living, imperishable remembrance!

And now a popular orator—the mainspring of our calamities—a deserter from the field of battle, a deserter from the city—claims of us a crown, exacts the honor of a proclamation! Crown *him*? Proclaim *his* worth? My countrymen, this would not be to exalt Demosthenes, but to degrade yourselves,—to dishonor those brave men who perished for you in battle. Crown *him*! Shall *his* recreancy win what was denied to *their* devotion? This would indeed

be to insult the memory of the dead, and to paralyze the emulation of the living!

When Demosthenes tells you that, as ambassador, he wrested Byzantium from Philip,—that, as orator, he roused the Acarnanians, and subdued the Thebans,—let not the braggart impose on you. He flatters himself that the Athenians are simpletons enough to believe him,—as if in him they cherished the very genius of persuasion, instead of a vile calumniator. But, when, at the close of his defence, he shall summon to his aid his accomplices in corruption, imagine then, O Athenians, that you behold, at the foot of this tribune, from which I now address you, the great benefactors of the Republic arrayed against them.

Solon, who environed our liberty with the noblest institutions,—Solon, the philosopher, the mighty legislator,—with that benignity so

characteristic, implores you not to pay more regard to the honeyed phrases of Demosthenes than to your own oaths, your own laws. Aristides, who fixed for Greece the apportionment of her contributions, and whose orphan daughters were dowered by the People, is moved to indignation at this prostitution of justice, and exclaims: “Think on your fathers! Arthmîus of Zelia brought gold from Media into Greece, and, for the act, barely escaped death in banishment; and now Demosthenes, who has not merely *brought* gold, but who *received* it as the price of treachery, and still retains it,—Demosthenes it is unblushingly proposed to invest with a golden crown!” From those who fell at Marathon and at Platea—from Themistocles—from the very sepulchres of your ancestors—issues the protesting groan of condemnation and rebuke!

REPLY TO ÆSCHINES. (Part I.)—*Demosthenes on the Crown.*

(*Lord Brougham's Translation.*)

The two following extracts are a suggestion of the art and grace with which the orator defended himself, and of the power and fierceness with which he assailed his adversary.

LET me begin, Men of Athens, by imploring, of all the Heavenly Powers, that the same kindly sentiments which I have, throughout my public life, cherished towards this country and each one of you, may now by you be shown towards me in the present contest! In two respects my adversary plainly has the advantage of me. First, we have not the same interests at stake: it is by no means the same thing for me to forfeit your esteem, and for Æschines, an unprovoked volunteer, to fail in his impeachment. My other disadvantage is, the natural proneness of men to lend a pleased attention to invective and accusation, but to give little heed to him whose theme is his own vindication.

A wicked thing, Athenians, a wicked thing is a calumniator, ever;—querulous and industrious in seeking pretences of complaint. But this creature is despicable by nature, and incapable of any trace of generous and noble deeds; ape of a tragedian, third-rate actor, spurious orator!

For what, Æschines, does your eloquence profit the country? You now descant upon what is past and gone; as if a physician, when called to patients in a sinking state, should give no advice, nor prescribe any course by which the disease might be cured; but, after one of them had died, and the last offices were performing to his remains, should follow him to the grave, and expound how the poor man never would have died had such and such things only been done. Moonstricken! is it now that at length you too speak out?

As to the defeat, that incident in which you so exult (wretch! who should rather mourn for it),—look through my whole conduct, and you shall find nothing there that brought down this calamity on my country. Consider only, Athenians: Never, from any embassy upon which you sent me, did I come off worsted by Philip's ambassadors; not from Thessaly, not from Ambracia, not from Illyria, not from the Thracian kings, not from the Byzantians, nor from any

other quarter whatever,—nor finally, of late, from Thebes. But wheresoever his negotiators were overcome in debate, thither Philip marched, and carried the day by his arms. Do you, then, exact this of me, and are you not ashamed, at the moment you are upbraiding me for weakness, to require that I should defy him single-handed, and by force of words alone! For what other weapons had I? Certainly not the lives of men, nor the fortune of warriors, nor the military operations of which you are so blundering as to demand an account at my hands.

But, whatever a minister can be accountable for, make of that the strictest scrutiny, and I do not object. What, then, falls within this description? To descry events in their first beginnings, to cast his look forward, and to warn others of their approach. All this I have done. Then, to confine within the narrowest bounds all delays, and backwardness, and ignorance, and contentiousness,—faults which are

inherent and unavoidable in all States; and, on the other hand, to promote unanimity, and friendly dispositions, and zeal in the performance of public duty:—and all these things I likewise did, nor can any man point out any of them that, so far as depended on me, was left undone.

If, then, it should be asked by what means Philip for the most part succeeded in his operations, every one would answer, By his army, by his largesses, by corrupting those at the head of affairs. Well, then, I neither had armies, nor did I command them; and therefore the argument respecting military operations cannot touch me. Nay, in so far as I was inaccessible to bribes, there I conquered Philip! For, as he who purchases any one overcomes him who has received the price and sold himself, so he who will not take the money, nor consent to be bribed, has conquered the bidder. Thus, as far as I am concerned, this country stands unconquered.

REPLY TO ÆSCHINES. (Part II.)

UNDER what circumstances, O Athenians, ought the strenuous and patriotic orator to appear? When the State is in jeopardy, when the people are at issue with the enemy, then it is that his vehemence is timely. But now, when I stand clear on all hands,—by prescription, by judgments repeatedly pronounced, by my never having been convicted before the people of any offense,—and when more or less of glory has of necessity resulted to the public from my course—now it is that Æschines turns up, and attempts to wrest from me the honors which you propose to bestow! Personal spite and envy are at the bottom of all his trumped-up charges, my fellow-citizens; and I proclaim him no true man.

Consider, Æschines, whether you are not in reality the country's enemy, while you pretend to be only mine. Let us look at the *acts* of the orator rather than at the *speech*. He who pays his court to the enemies of the State does not cast anchor in the same roadstead with the people.

He looks elsewhere than to them for his security. Such a man—mark me!—am not I. I have always made common cause with the people, nor have I shaped my public course for my individual benefit. Can *you* say as much? Can *you*? You, who, instantly after the battle, repaired as ambassador to Philip, the author of all our calamities; and this after you had declared loudly, on previous occasions, against engaging in any such commission,—as all these citizens can testify!

What worse charge can anyone bring against an orator than that his words and his deeds do not tally? Yet *you* have been discovered to be such a man; and you still lift your voice and dare to look this assembly in the face! Think you they do not know you for what you are? or that such a slumber and oblivion have come over them all as to make them forget the speeches in which, with oaths and imprecations, you disclaimed all dealings with Philip, and declared that I falsely brought this charge against you from personal enmity? And yet, no sooner was

the advice received of that fatal—O! that fatal—battle, than your asseverations were forgotten, your connection publicly avowed! You affected to have been Philip's friend and guest. Such were the titles by which you sought to dignify your prostitution!

But read here the epitaph inscribed by the State upon the monument of the slain, that you may see *yourself* in it, Æschines,—unjust, calumnious, and profligate. Read!

"These were the brave, unknowing how to yield,
Who, terrible in valor, kept the field
Against the foe; and, higher than life's breath
Prizing their honor, met the doom of death,

Our common doom—that Greece unyoked might stand,

Nor shuddering crouch beneath a tyrant's hand.
Such was the will of Jove; and now they rest
Peaceful enfolded in their country's breast.
The immortal gods alone are ever great,
And erring mortals must submit to Fate."

Do you hear, Æschines? It pertains only to the gods to control fortune and command success. To *them* the power of assuring victory to armies is ascribed,—not to the statesman, but to the gods. Wherefore, then, execrable wretch, wherefore upbraid *me* with what has happened? Why denounce against *me*, what may the just gods reserve for the heads of you and yours!

CATILINE DENOUNCED.—Cicero.

Marcus-Tullius-Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators, was born at Arpinum, 106 B. C., two hundred and sixteen years after the death of Demosthenes. Having taken part against Antony, after the assassination of Cæsar, Cicero was proscribed. He was murdered by a party of soldiers, headed by Popilius Lænas, whose life he had formerly saved by his eloquence; and his head and hands were publicly exhibited on the rostrum at Rome. He perished in his sixty-fourth year, 43 B. C. His writings are voluminous. As an orator, Cicero ranks next to Demosthenes; and his orations against Catiline and Verres are masterpieces of denunci-eloquence.

HOW far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate?—that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before;—the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted?

Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The Senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council,—takes part in our deliberations,—and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we but *shun* this madman's sword and fury!

Long since, O Catiline, ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others! There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree,—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard,—a decree, by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late than any man too cruelly. But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. Then will I doom thee, when no man is found, so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt.

While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized by the vigilant guards that I have placed thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic, without my knowl-

edge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy variest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason—the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noon-day, what canst thou now have in view? Pro-

ceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the State than thou in plotting its destruction!

AGAINST CATILINE.—*Cicero.*

CONSCRIPT FATHERS, a camp is pitched against the Roman Republic within Italy, on the very borders of Etruria. Every day adds to the number of the enemy. The leader of those enemies, the commander of that encampment, walks within the walls of Rome, and, with venomous mischief, rankles in the inmost vitals of the commonwealth.

Catiline, should I, on the instant, order my lictors to seize and drag you to the stake, some men might, even then, blame me for having procrastinated punishment; but no man could criminate me for a faithful execution of the laws. They shall be executed. But I will neither act, nor will I suffer, without full and sufficient reason. Trust me, they shall be executed, and then, even then, when there shall not be found a man so flagitious, so much a Catiline, as to say you were not ripe for execution.

Was not the night before the last sufficient to convince you that there is a good genius protecting that Republic, which a ferocious demoniac is laboring to destroy? I aver, that on that same night you and your complotters assembled. Can even your own tongue deny it? Yet secret! Speak out, man; for, if you do not, there are some I see around me who shall have an agonizing proof that I am true in my assertion.

Good and great gods, where are we? What city do we inhabit? Under what government do we live? Here—here, Conscript Fathers, mixed and mingled with us all—in the center of this most grave and venerable assembly—are men sitting, quietly incubating a plot against my life, against all your lives—the life of every

virtuous Senator and citizen; while I, with the whole nest of traitors brooding beneath my eyes, am parading in the petty formalities of debate, and the very men appear scarcely vulnerable by my voice, who ought long since to have been cut down by the sword.

Proceed, Catiline, in your meritorious career! Go where destiny and desire are driving you. Evacuate the city for a season. The gates stand open. Begone! What a pity that the Manlian army should look so long for their general! Take all your loving friends along with you; or, if that be a vain hope, take, at least, as many as you can, and cleanse the city for some short time. Let the walls of Rome be the mediators between me and thee, for, at present, you are much too near. I will not suffer you, I will not longer endure you!

Lucius Catiline, away! Begin as soon as you can this shameful and unnatural war. Begin it, on your part, under the shade of every dreadful omen; on mine, with the sure and certain hope of safety to my country, and glory to myself; and, when this you have done, then do thou, whose altar was first founded by the founder of our State—thou, the establisher of this city—pour out thy vengeance upon this man, and all his adherents! Save us from his fury, our public altars, our sacred temples, our houses and household goods, our liberties, our lives. Pursue, tutelar god, pursue them, these foes, to the gods and to goodness—these plunderers of Italy—these assassins of Rome! Erase them out of this life, and in the next let thy vengeance follow them still, insatiable, implacable, immortal.

CATILINE EXPELLED.—*Cicero.*

AT length, Romans, we are rid of Catiline! We have driven him forth, drunk with fury, breathing mischief, threatening to revisit us with fire and sword. He is gone; he is fled; he has escaped; he has broken away. No longer, within the very walls of the city, shall he plot her ruin. We have forced him from secret plots into open rebellion. The bad citizen is now the avowed traitor. His flight is the confession of his treason! Would that his attendants had not been so few!

Be speedy, ye companions of his dissolute pleasures; be speedy, and you may overtake him before night, on the Aurelian road. Let him not languish, deprived of your society. Haste to join the congenial crew that composes his army; *his* army, I say,—for who doubts that the army under Manlius expect Catiline for their leader? And such an army! Outcasts from honor, and fugitives from debt; gamblers

and felons; miscreants, whose dreams are of rapine, murder and conflagration!

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and armies; and first to that maimed and battered gladiator oppose your Consuls and Generals; next, against that miserable outcast horde, lead forth the strength and flower of all Italy! On the one side chastity contends; on the other, wantonness: here purity, there pollution; here integrity, there treachery; here piety, there profaneness; here constancy, there rage; here honesty, there baseness; here continence, there lust; in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice; and lastly, the contest lies between well-grounded hope and absolute despair. In such a conflict, were even human aid to fail, would not the immortal gods empower such conspicuous virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

VERRES DENOUNCED.—*Cicero.*

AN opinion has long prevailed, Fathers, that, in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the State, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal, or of a prosecutor; but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty.

Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the quæstorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villainies? The public treasure squandered, a Consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a People trampled on! But his prætor-

ship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant prætor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus? And what was his offence? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions! For

this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim: "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips,—words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection,—you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred,—now trampled on! Is it

come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman People, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre and ruin on the commonwealth.

GREAT FRENCH ORATORS.

AGAINST THE NOBILITY AND CLERGY OF PROvence, Feb. 3, 1789.

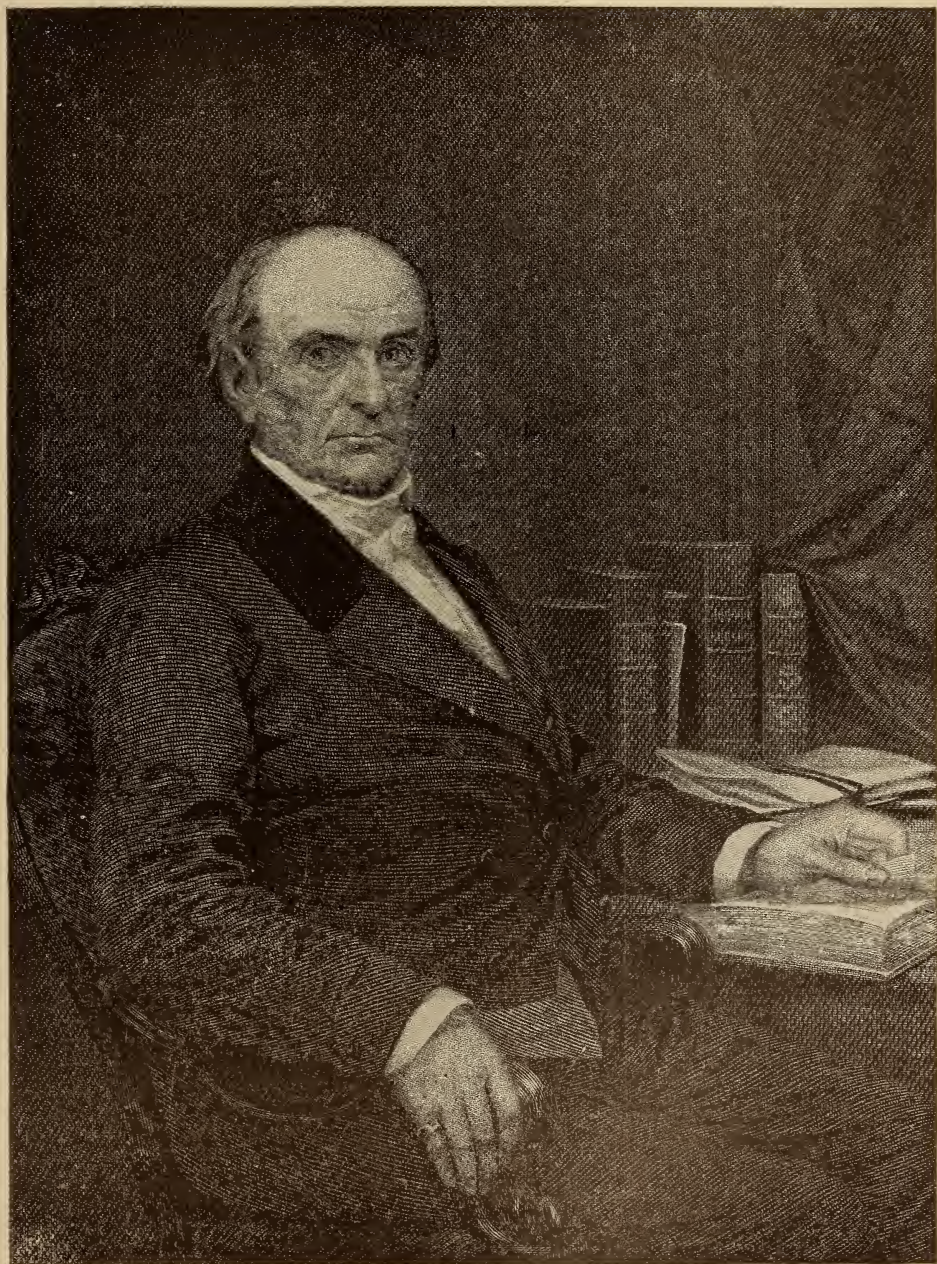
Mirabeau. (Translated.)

Honoré Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, was born at Bignon, in France, on the 9th of March, 1749. The early part of his life was one of disorder and misery. The French Revolution offered a field for his energies. Being rejected, at the time of the elections, by the nobility of Province, he hired a warehouse, put up this inscription,—“Mirabeau, woollen-draper,”—and was elected deputy from the third estate of Aix. His contemporaries speak of the effect of his eloquence as surprising and irresistible. “He trod the tribune with the supreme authority of a master, and the imperial air of a king.” Personally, he was quite ugly. He himself has said, in a letter to a lady whom had not seen him:—“Imagine a tiger scarred with the small pox, and you may form some notion of my features.” “He was a man,” says one of his critics, “who, by his qualities no less than by the singularity of his fortune, is destined to take his place in history by the side of the Demosthenes, the Gracchi, and the other kindred spirits of an antiquity whose gigantic characteristics he so frequently reproduced.” He died 1791.

In the French National Assembly, every speaker who addresses that body formally, instead of speaking from his seat, as in the legislative halls of England and the United States, ascends an elevated platform, or pulpit, called a *tribune*, from which he makes his harangue.

IN all countries, in all ages, have aristocrats implacably pursued the friends of the People; and when, by I know not what combination of fortune, such a friend has uprisen from the very bosom of the aristocracy, it has been at him pre-eminently that they have struck, eager to inspire wider terror by the elevation of their victim. So perished the last of the Gracchi by the hands of the Patricians. But, mortally smitten, he flung dust towards heaven, calling the avenging gods to witness: and, from that dust, sprang Marius;—Marius, less illustrious for having exterminated the Cimbri than for having beaten down the despotism of the nobility in Rome.

But you, Commons, listen to one, who, unsecluded by your applauses, yet cherishes them in his heart. Man is strong only by union; happy only by peace. Be firm, not obstinate; courageous, not turbulent; free, not undisciplined; prompt, not precipitate. Stop not except at difficulties of moment; and be then wholly inflexible. But disdain the contentions of self-love, and never thrust into the balance the individual against the country. Above all, hasten, as much as in you lies the epoch of those States-General, from which you are charged with flinching,—the more acrimoniously charged, the more your accusers dread the results; of those States-General, through which so many



Domel Webster



HENRY W. GRADY.

A noted Southern orator who did much to restore good
fellowship between the North and South.

(Born 1851, Died 1889.)

pretensions will be scattered, so many rights re-established, so many evils reformed; of those States-General, in short, through which the monarch himself desires that France should regenerate herself.

For myself, who, in my public career, have had no other fear but that of wrong-doing,—who, girt with my conscience, and armed with my principles, would brave the universe,—whether it shall be my fortune to serve you with my voice and my exertions in the National Assembly, or whether I shall be enabled to aid you there with my prayers only, be sure that the vain clamors, the wrathful menaces, the injurious protestations,—all the convulsions, in

a word, of expiring prejudices,—shall not on *me* impose! What! shall *he* now pause in his civic course, who, first among all the men of France, emphatically proclaimed his opinions on national affairs, at a time when circumstances were much less urgent than now, and the task one of much greater peril? Never! No measure of outrages shall bear down my patience. I *have* been, I *am*, I *shall* be, even to the tomb, the man of the Public Liberty, the man of the Constitution. If to be such be to become the man of the People rather than of the Nobles, then woe to the privileged orders! For privileges shall have an end, but the People is eternal!

NECKER'S FINANCIAL PLAN, Sept. 26, 1789.—*Mirabeau. (Translated.)*

Necker, the minister of finance, having proposed an income tax of twenty-five per cent., with other measures, in view of the desperate state of the financial affairs of France, the proposition was advocated by Mirabeau, who did not, however, profess to comprehend or endorse all its details. Although a known enemy to the minister, he magnanimously made two speeches in behalf of his measure; without, however, inducing the Assembly to pass it, until, on the eve of its being rejected, Mirabeau rushed to the Tribune, and poured forth a last appeal, an abridgment of which is here given. This speech proved effectual. The Assembly received it with shouts of enthusiasm; and Necker's plan was adopted. Madame de Stael (Necker's daughter), who was near Mirabeau at the time of the delivery of this speech, says that "its effect was prodigious."

THE minister of finance has presented a most alarming picture of the state of our affairs. He has assured us that delay must aggravate the peril; and that a day, an hour, an instant, may render it fatal. We have no plan that can be substituted for that which he proposes. On this plan, therefore, we must fall back. But, have we time, Gentlemen ask, to examine it, to probe it thoroughly, and verify its calculations? No, no! a thousand time no! Hap-hazard conjectures, insignificant inquiries, gropings that can but mislead,—these are all that we can give to it now. Shall we therefore miss the decisive moment? Do Gentlemen hope to escape sacrifices and taxation by a plunge into national bankruptcy? What, then, is bankruptcy, but the most cruel, most iniquitous, most unequal and disastrous of imposts? Listen to me for one moment!

Two centuries of plunder and abuse have dug the abyss which threatens to engulf the Nation.

It must be filled up—this terrible chasm. But how! Here is a list of proprietors. Choose from the wealthiest, in order that the smallest number of citizens may be sacrificed. But choose! Shall not a few perish, that the mass of the People may be saved? Come then! Here are two thousand Notables, whose property will supply the deficit. Restore order to your finances, peace and prosperity to the Kingdom! Strike! Immolate, without mercy, these unfortunate victims! Hurl them into the abyss!—It closes!

You recoil with dismay from the contemplation. Inconsistent and pusillanimous! What! Do you not perceive that, in decreeing a public bankruptcy, or what is worse, in rendering it inevitable without decreeing it, you disgrace yourselves by an act a thousand times more criminal, and—folly inconceivable!—gratuitously criminal? For, in the shocking alternative I have supposed, at least the deficit would be wiped off.

But do you imagine that, in refusing to pay, you shall cease to owe? Think you that the thousands, the millions of men, who will lose in an instant, by the terrible explosion of a bankruptcy, or its revulsion, all that formed the consolation of their lives, and perhaps their sole means of subsistence,—think you that they will leave you to the peaceable fruition of your crime? Stoical spectators of the incalculable evils which this catastrophe would disgorge upon France; impenetrable egotists, who fancy that these convulsions of despair and of misery will pass, as other calamities have passed,—and all the more rapidly because of their intense violence,—are you, indeed, certain that so many men without bread will leave you tranquilly to the enjoyment of those savory viands, the number and delicacy of which you are so loth to diminish? No! you will perish; and, in the universal conflagration, which you do not shrink from kindling, you will not, in losing your honor, save a single one of your detestable indulgences.

This is the way we are going. And I say to you, that the men who, above all others, are interested in the enforcement of these sacrifices which the Government demands, are you your-

THE DISOBEDIENCE OF MAGISTRATES.—*Mirabeau.*

WE have been told, gentlemen, that the magistrate is not bound to execute a law which he has not adopted. We are told that he is not obliged to adopt, as magistrate, a new law which does not suit him; that, when he received his powers, he swore to render justice according to *established* laws. You now offer him new powers; you exact of him the application of new laws. What is his reply? “I do not desire these powers. I do not engage to execute these laws.”

And I, in my turn, reply: These magistrates who are not willing to exercise those functions that have reference to *new* laws, have they, in disobeying, abdicated their offices, and resigned their commissions? Unless they have done this, then is their conduct inconsistent with

selves! Vote, then, this subsidy extraordinary; and may it prove sufficient! Vote it, inasmuch as whatever doubts you may entertain as to the means,—doubts vague and unenlightened,—you can have none as to the necessity, or as to our inability to provide—immediately, at least—a substitute. Vote it, because the circumstances of the country admit of no evasion, and we shall be responsible for all delays.

Beware of demanding more time! Misfortune accords it never. Why, gentlemen, it was but the other day, that, in reference to a ridiculous commotion at the Palais-Royal,*—a Quixotic insurrection, which never had any importance save in the feeble imaginations or perverse designs of certain faithless men,—you heard these wild words: “*Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and yet you deliberate!*” And verily there was neither a Catiline nor a Rome; neither perils nor factions around you. But, to-day, bankruptcy, hideous bankruptcy, is there before you, and threatens to consume you, yourselves, your property, your honor,—and yet you deliberate!

*The *s* in *Palais* is mute, and the diphthong *ai* has the sound of *ai* in *air*, before the *r* is reached. The French pronunciation of *Royal* may be expressed in English thus: *Roh-ah-ee-ahl*; but the syllables must be fused rapidly in the utterance.

their principles. “We are justified,” they say, “by our conscience, in disobeying the laws.” Their conscience, like that of all men, is the result of their ideas, their sentiments, their habits of thought and action. Let them cease to be magistrates, these men who presume to regard the eternal rights of the people as “new laws;”—who reverence despotic authority; and whose conscience is wounded by the public liberty. Let them abdicate, and become once more as simple citizens! Who will regret them?

Have not all the parliaments of the kingdom recognized the principle that the interruption of justice is a crime—that combined resignations are a forfeiture? The magistrate, the soldier, every man who has public functions to fulfill, may abdicate his place; but can he desert his

post? Can he quit it in the critical moment, at the approach of a combat, when his services are needed? In such a moment, the refusal of the soldier would be an act of cowardice—the pretended scruples of magistrates would be a crime.

The principle of these refractory officers is, that *they will obey such laws only as suit them*; in other words, they will obey only themselves.

EULOGIUM ON FRANKLIN, June 11, 1790.—*Mirabeau. (Translated.)*

FRANKLIN is dead! Restored to the bosom of the Divinity is that genius which gave freedom to America, and rayed forth torrents of light upon Europe. The sage whom two worlds claim—the man whom the History of Empires and the History of Science alike contend for—occupied, it cannot be denied, a lofty rank among his species. Long enough have political Cabinets signalized the death of those who were great in their funeral eulogies only. Long enough has the etiquette of Courts prescribed hypocritical mournings. For their benefactors only, should Nations assume the emblems of grief; and the Representatives of Nations should commend only the heroes of humanity to public veneration.

In the fourteen States of the Confederacy, Congress has ordained a mourning of two months for the death of Franklin; and America is at this moment acquitting herself of this

If this be not a folly and a crime, what is our business here? What need of legislation? What is our power?—what the object of our labors? Let us hasten to replunge into nothingness that constitution which has given birth to so many false hopes. Let the aurora of public liberty be eclipsed, and let the eternal night of despotism cover once more the earth.

tribute of honor to one of the Fathers of her Constitution. Would it not become us, gentlemen, to unite in this religious act; to participate in this homage, publicly rendered, at once to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who has contributed most largely to their vindication throughout the world?

Antiquity would have erected altars to this great and powerful genius, who, to promote the welfare of mankind, comprehending both the Heavens and the Earth in the range of his thought, could at once snatch the bolt from the cloud and the sceptre from tyrants. France, enlightened and free, owes at least the acknowledgment of her remembrance and regret to one of the greatest intellects that ever served the united cause of philosophy and liberty. I propose that it be now decreed that the National Assembly wear mourning, during three days, for Benjamin Franklin.

DEFENSE AGAINST THE CHARGE OF CORRUPTION.—*Mirabeau. (Translated.)*

FOR eight days now rumors of perfidy, of corruption, have been bruited. Popular vengeance has been invoked to enforce the tyranny of opinion; and denunciations have been uttered, as if, on a subject involving one of the most delicate and difficult questions affecting the organization of society, persons could not dissent without a crime. What strange madness, what deplorable infatuation, is this, which thus incites against one another men whom—let debate run never so high—one common object, one indestructible sentiment of patriotism, ought always to bring

together, always to reunite; but who thus substitute, alas! the irascibility of self-love for devotion to the public good, and give one another over, without compunction, to the hatred and distrust of the People!

And *me*, too—*me*, but the other day they would have borne in triumph;—and *now* they cry in the streets, THE GREAT TREASON OF THE COUNT OF MIRABEAU! I needed not this lesson to teach me *how short the distance from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock!* But the man who battles for reason, for country, does not so easily admit that he is vanquished. He who

has the consciousness that he deserves well of that country, and, above all, that he is still able to serve her ; who disdains a vain celebrity, and prizes veritable glory above the successes of the day ; who would speak the truth, and labor for the public weal, independently of the fluctuations of popular opinion,—such a man carries in his own breast the recompense of his services, the solace of his pains, the reward of his dangers. The harvest *he* looks for—the destiny, the only destiny, to which *he* aspires—is that of his good name ; and for that he is content to trust to time,—to time, that incorruptible judge, who dispenses justice to all !

Let those who, for these eight days past, have been ignorantly predicting my opinion,—who, at this moment, calumniate my discourse without comprehending it,—let them charge me, if they will, with beginning to offer incense to the

impotent idols I have overturned—with being the vile stipendiary of men whom I have never ceased to combat ; let them denounce as an enemy of the Revolution *him*, who at least has contributed so much to its cause, that his safety, if not his glory, lies in its support ;—let them deliver over to the rage of a deceived People *him*, who, for twenty years, has warred against oppression in all its forms ;—who spoke to Frenchmen of Liberty, of a Constitution, of Resistance, at a time when his vile calumniators were sucking the milk of Courts,—living on those dominant abuses which he denounced :—what matters it ! These underhand attacks shall not stop me in my career. I will say to my traducers, Answer if you can, and then calumniate to your heart's content ! And now I re-enter the lists, armed only with my principles, and a steadfast conscience.

THE UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE.—Mirabeau. (Translated.)

WE are reproached with having refused to decree that the Catholic religion, Apostolic and Roman, is the national religion. To declare the Christian religion *national*, would be to dishonor it in its most intimate and essential characteristic. In general terms, it may be said, that religion is not, and cannot be, a relation between the individual man and society. It is a relation between him and the Infinite Being.

Would you understand what was meant by a national conscience ? Religion is no more *national* than conscience ! A man is not veritably religious in so far as he is attached to the religion of a Nation. If there were but one religion in the world, and all men were agreed in professing it, it would be none the less true that each would have the sincere sentiment of religion so far only as he should be himself religious with a religion of his own ; that is to say, so far only as he would be wedded to that universal religion, even though the whole human race were to abjure it. And so, from whatever point we consider religion, to term it *national* is to give it a designation insignificant or absurd.

Would it be as the arbiter of its truth, or as the judge of its aptitude to form good citizens, that the Legislature would make a religion constitutional ? But, in the first place, are there *national* truths ? In the second place, can it be ever useful to the public happiness to fetter the conscience of men by a law of the State ? The law unites us only in those points where adhesion is essential to social organization. Those points belong only to the superficies of our being. In thought and conscience men remain isolated ; and their association leaves to them, in these respects, the absolute freedom of the state of nature.

What a spectacle would it be for those early Christians, who, to escape the sword of Persecution, were obliged to consecrate their altars in caves or amid ruins,—what a spectacle would it be for them, could they this day come among us, and witness the glory with which their despised religion now sees itself environed ; the temples, the lofty steeples bearing aloft the glittering emblem of their faith ; the evangelic cross, which crowns the summit of all the departments of this great Empire ! What a trans-

porting sight for those who, in descending to the tomb, had seen that religion, during their lives, honored only in the lurking places of the forest and the desert! Methinks I hear them exclaim, even as that stranger of the old time exclaimed, on beholding the encampment of the People of God,—“HOW GOODLY ARE THY TENTS, O JACOB, AND THY TABERNACLES, O ISRAEL!”

Calm, then, ah! calm your apprehensions, ye ministers of the God of peace and truth! Blush rather at your incendiary exaggerations, and no longer look at the action of this Assembly through the medium of your passions. We do

not ask it of you to take an oath contrary to the law of your heart; but we do ask it of you, in the name of that God who will judge us all, not to confound human opinions and scholastic traditions with the sacred and inviolable rules of the Gospel. If it be contrary to morality to act against one's conscience, it is none the less so to form one's conscience after false and arbitrary principles. The obligation to *form* and *enlighten* one's conscience is anterior to the obligation to *follow* one's conscience. The greatest public calamities have been caused by men who believed they were obeying God, and saving their own souls.

TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE, 1792.—*Vergniaud. (Translated.)*

Vergniaud, the most eloquent orator of the celebrated party known as the Girondists, during the French Revolution, was born at Limoges, in 1759. He was executed in 1793. As an orator, his renown is second only to that of Mirabeau, in France. His speeches were always carefully prepared beforehand.

PREPARATIONS for war are manifest on our frontiers; and we hear of renewed plots against liberty. Our armies reassemble; mighty movements agitate the Empire. Martial law having become necessary, it has seemed to us just. But we have succeeded only in brandishing for a moment the thunderbolt in the eyes of rebellion. The sanction of the King has been refused to our decrees. The princes of Germany make their territory a retreat for the conspirators against you. They favor the plots of the emigrants. They furnish them an asylum—they furnish them gold, arms, horses, and munitions. Is not the patience suicidal which tolerates all this? Doubtless you have renounced all projects of conquest; but you have not promised to endure such insolent provocations. You have shaken off the yoke of your tyrants; but it was not to bend the knee to foreign despots.

But, beware! You are environed by snares. They seek to drive you, by disgust or lassitude, to a state of languor fatal to your courage,—or fatal to its right direction. They seek to separate you from us; they pursue a system of calumny against the National Assembly; they incriminate your Revolution in your eyes. O! beware of these attempts at panic! Repel, in-

dignantly, these impostors, who, while they affect a hypocritical zeal for the Constitution, cease not to urge upon you the monarchy! The *monarchy*! With them it is the counter-revolution! The monarchy? It is the *nobility*! The counter-revolution—what is it but taxation, feudalism, the Bastille, chains and executioners, to punish the sublime aspirations of liberty? What is it but foreign satellites in the midst of the State? What, but bankruptcy, engulfing, with your assignats, your private fortunes and the national wealth; what, but the furies of fanaticism and of vengeance,—assassinations, pillage, and incendiarism,—in short, despotism and death, disputing, over rivers of blood and heaps of carcasses, the dominion of your wretched country? The *nobility*! That is to say, two classes of men; the one for grandeur, the other for debasement!—the one for tyranny, the other for servitude! The nobility! Ah! *the very word is an insult to the human race!*

And yet, it is in order to secure the success of these conspiracies that Europe is now put in motion against you! Be it so! By a solemn declaration must these guilty hopes be crushed. Yes, the free representatives of France, unshaken in their attachment to the Constitution, will be buried beneath its ruins, before they consent to

a capitulation at once unworthy of them and of you. Rally! Be reassured! They would raise the Nations against you:—they will raise only princes. The heart of every People is with you. It is *their* cause which you embrace, in defending *your own*. Ever abhorred be war!

It is the greatest of the crimes of men;—it is the most terrible scourge of humanity! But, since you are irresistibly forced to it, yield to the course of your destinies. Who can foresee where will end the punishment of the tyrants who will have driven you to take up arms?

AGAINST THE TERRORISM OF THE JACOBINS, 1792.—*Vergniaud*.
(Translated.)

THE blinded Parisians presume to call themselves free. Alas! it is true they are no longer the slaves of crowned tyrants; but they are the slaves of men the most vile, and of wretches the most detestable; men who continue to imagine that the Revolution has been made for themselves alone, and who have sent Louis XVI. to the Temple, in order that *they* may be enthroned at the Tuileries!* It is time to break these disgraceful chains—to crush this new despotism. It is time that those who have made honest men tremble should be made to tremble in their turn.

I am not ignorant that they have poniards at their service. On the night of the second of September—that night of proscription!—did they not seek to turn them against several deputies, and myself among the number? Were we not denounced to the People as traitors! Fortunately, it was the People into whose hands we fell. The assassins were elsewhere occupied. The voice of calumny failed of its effect. If *my* voice may yet make itself heard from this place, I call you all to witness, it shall not cease to thunder, with all its energy, against tyrants, whether of high or low degree. What to me their ruffians and their poniards? What his own life to the representative of the People, while the safety of the country is at stake?

When William Tell adjusted the arrow which

was to pierce the fatal apple that a tyrant had placed on his son's head, he exclaimed, "Perish my name, and perish my memory, provided Switzerland may be free!" And we, also,—*we* will say, "Perish the National Assembly and its memory, provided France may be free!"† Ay, perish the National Assembly and its memory, so by its death it may save the Nation from a course of crime that would affix an eternal stigma to the French name; so, by its action, it may show the Nations of Europe that, despite the calumnies by which it is sought to dishonor France, there is still in the very bosom of that momentary anarchy where the brigands have plunged us—there is still in our country some public virtue, some respect for humanity left! Perish the National Assembly and its memory, if upon our ashes our more fortunate successors may establish the edifice of a Constitution, which shall assure the happiness of France, and consolidate the reign of liberty and equality!

† The deputies here rose, as by an unanimous impulse, and repeated, with enthusiasm, the oath of Vergniaud. The audience, who occupied the galleries, also mingled their voices with those of the deputies. To appreciate fully the intrepid eloquence of this speech, it should be remembered that France was, at that moment, virtually under the sanguinary dictatorship of the Jacobin Club; and that their proscriptions and massacres threatened to involve all who did not acquiesce in their measures. Vergniaud soon afterward paid the penalty of his courage; and justified his bold words by a bold death on the scaffold.

* Pronounced *Twelve*.

AGAINST WAR, Jan. 13, 1792.—*Robespierre. (Translated.)*

SHALL we await the orders of the War Office to overturn Thrones? Shall we await the signal of the Court? In this war against aristocrats and Kings, shall we look to be commanded by these same Patricians, these eternal favorites of Despotism? No! Alone let us march. Our own leaders let us be! If it is the war of the Court that we must accept,—the war of the Ministers, of Patricians shamming patriotism,—then, alas! far from anticipating the enfranchisement of the world, I shall not even believe that your own liberty is secure. Our wisest course now is to defend it against the perfidy of those internal enemies who would beguile you with these heroic illusions. I have proved that liberty has no more mortal enemy than war. I have proved that war, recommended by men of doubtful stamp, will be, in the Executive hands, but a means of annihilating the Constitution—but the issue of a plot against the Revolution. To favor these projects of war, under whatever pretext, is, then, to join in conspiracy against the Revolution. To recommend confidence in the Executive,—to invoke public favor in behalf of

the Generals,—is, then, to deprive the Revolution of its last security, the vigilance and energy of the Nation.

If, then, the moment of emancipation for the Nations be not yet arrived, we should have the patience to await it. If this generation be destined only to struggle on in the slough of those vices, where Despotism has plunged it,—if the theatre of our Revolution be doomed to present to the world no other spectacle than the miserable contests of perfidy and imbecility, egotism and ambition,—then to the rising generation will be bequeathed the task of purifying the polluted earth. That generation shall bring—not the peace of Despotism, not the sterile agitations of intrigue, but the torch and the sword to consume Thrones, and exterminate oppressors! Thou art not alien to us, O more fortunate posterity! For thee we brave these storms, for thee defy the plots of tyranny. Disheartened oftentimes by the obstacles that surround us, towards thee we yearn! For by thee shall our work be finished! O! cherish in thy memory the names of the martyrs of liberty!

**MORALITY THE BASIS OF CIVILIZED SOCIETY—BELIEF IN GOD
THE BASIS OF MORALITY.—*Robespierre. (Translated.)***

The name of Maximilian Robespierre is associated with all that is sanguinary and atrocious in the history of the French Revolution. Whatever his own practice may have been, he had the sagacity to see that there is no security in a Republic which is not based on principle,—and no security in principle which is not based on belief in God and the immortality of the soul. The extract we here give is from his Report, read to the French National Convention, the 7th of May, 1794.

THE idea of a Supreme Being and of the immortality of the soul is a continual call to justice. It is therefore a social and republican principle. Who has authorized you to declare that a Deity does not exist? O, you who support so arid a doctrine, what advantage do you expect to derive from the principle that a blind fatality regulates the affairs of men, and that the soul is nothing but a breath of air impelled towards the tomb? Will the idea of nonentity inspire man with more elevated sentiments than that of immortality? Will it awaken more respect for others or him-

self, more devotion to country, more courage to resist tyranny, greater contempt for pleasure or death? You, who regret a virtuous friend, can you endure the thought that his noblest part has not escaped dissolution? You, who weep over the remains of a child or a wife, are you consoled by the thought that a handful of dust is all that is left of the beloved object? You, the unfortunate, who expire under the stroke of the assassin, is not your last sigh an appeal to the justice of the Most High? Innocence on the scaffold makes the tyrant turn pale on his triumphal car. Would such an ascendancy be felt,

if the tomb levelled alike the oppressor and the oppressed?

The more a man is gifted with sensibility and genius, the more does he attach himself to those ideas which aggrandize his being and exalt his aspirations; and the doctrine of men of this stamp becomes the doctrine of all mankind. A great man, a veritable hero, knows his own worth too well to experience complacency in the thought of his nonentity. A wretch, despicable in his own eyes, repulsive in those of others, feels that nature but gives him his deserts in annihilation.

Confusion to those who seek, by their desolating doctrines, to extinguish this sublime enthusiasm, and to stifle this moral instinct of the People, which is the principle of all great actions! To you, Representatives of the People,

it belongs to hasten the triumph of the truths we have developed. If we lack the courage to proclaim them, then deep, indeed, must be the depravity, with which we are environed. Defy the insensate clamors of presumptuous ignorance and of stubborn hypocrisy! Will posterity credit it, that the vanquished factions have carried their audacity so far as to charge us with lukewarmness and aristocracy for having restored to the Nation's heart the idea of the Divinity, the fundamental principle of all morality? Will it be believed that they have dared, even in this place, to assert that we have thereby thrown back human reason centuries in its progress? O, be not surprised that the wretches, leagued against us, are so eager to put the hemlock to our lips! But, before we quaff it, we will save the country!

ROBESPIERRE'S LAST SPEECH.—(*Translated.*)

The day after this speech—delivered July 28, 1794, and addressed to an assembly bent on his destruction,—Robespierre was executed, at the early age of thirty-five, under circumstances of accumulated horror. His fate is a warning to rulers who would cement even the best of Governments with blood. Robespierre's character is still an enigma; some regarding him as an honest fanatic, and others as a crafty demagogue. Perhaps the traits of either predominated at times. "Destitute," says Lamartine, "of exterior graces, and of that gift of extemporaneous speaking which pours forth the unpremeditated inspirations of natural eloquence, Robespierre had taken so much pains with himself,—he had meditated so much, written and erased so much,—he had so often braved the inattention and the sarcasms of his audiences,—that, in the end, he succeeded in giving warmth and suppleness to his style, and in transforming his whole person, despite his stiff and meagre figure, his shrill voice and abrupt gesticulation, into an engine of eloquence, of conviction and of passion."

THE enemies of the Republic call me tyrant! Were I such they would grovel at my feet. I should gorge them with gold,—I should grant them impunity for their crimes,—and they would be grateful. Were I such, the Kings we have vanquished, far from denouncing Robespierre, would lend me their guilty support. There would be a covenant between them and me. Tyranny must have tools. But the enemies of tyranny,—whither does *their* path tend? To the tomb, and to immortality! What tyrant is my protector? To what what faction do I belong? Yourselves! What faction, since the beginning of the Revolution, has crushed and annihilated so many detected traitors? You,—the People,—our principles,—are that faction! A faction to which I am devoted, and against which all the scoundrelism of the day is banded!

The confirmation of the Republic has been my object; and I know that the Republic can be established only on the eternal basis of morality. Against me, and against those who hold kindred principles, the league is formed. My life? O! my life, I abandon without a regret! I have seen the Past; AND I FORESEE THE FUTURE. What friend of his country would wish to survive the moment when he could no longer serve it,—when he could no longer defend innocence against oppression? Wherefore should I continue in an order of things, where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth; where justice is mocked; where passions the most abject, or fears the most absurd, override the sacred interests of humanity?

In witnessing the multitude of vices which the torrent of the Revolution has rolled in turbid communion with its civic virtues, I confess that

I have sometimes feared that I should be sullied, in the eyes of posterity, by the impure neighborhood of unprincipled men, who had thrust themselves into association with the sincere friends of humanity; and I rejoice that these conspirators against my country have now, by their reckless rage, traced deep the line of demarcation between themselves and all true men.

Question history, and learn how all the defenders of liberty, in all times, have been overwhelmed by calumny. But their traducers died also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. O, Frenchmen! O, my countrymen! Let not your enemies, with their desolating doctrines, degrade your souls, and enervate your virtues!

No, Chaumette,* no! Death is *not* "an eternal sleep"! Citizens! efface from the tomb that motto, graven by sacrilegious hands, which spreads over all nature a funeral crape, takes from oppressed innocence its support, and affronts the beneficent dispensation of death! Inscribe rather thereon these words: "Death is the commencement of immortality!" I leave to the oppressors of the People a terrible testament, which I proclaim with the independence befitting one whose career is so nearly ended; it is the awful truth,—“Thou shalt die!”

* Chaumette was a member of the Convention, who was opposed to the public recognition of a God and the future state.

DEMOCRACY ADVERSE TO SOCIALISM.—*Alexis De Tocqueville.*

Born 1805. Died 1859. (Translated.)

De Tocqueville was an eminent French statesman and political philosopher, who believed that Democracy, like that established in America, would finally become the form of government throughout the world. He was accused of Socialistic tendencies, and this speech is his self-vindication. He wrote much on the subject. His "Democracy in America" is well worth the study of modern political students.

DEMOCRACY!—Socialism! Why profess to associate what, in the nature of things, can never be united? Can it be, gentlemen, that this whole grand movement of the French Revolution is destined to terminate in that form of society which the Socialists have, with so much fervor, depicted? A society, marked out with compass and rule; in which the State is to charge itself with everything, and the individual is to be nothing; in which society is to absorb all force, all life; and in which the only end assigned to man is his personal comfort! What! was it for such a society of beavers and of bees, a society rather of skillful animals than of men free and civilized,—was it for such, that the French Revolution was accomplished? Not so! It was for a greater, a more sacred end; one more worthy of humanity.

But Socialism professes to be the legitimate development of Democracy. I shall not search, as many have done, into the true etymology of this word Democracy. I shall not, as gentlemen did yesterday, traverse the garden of Greek

roots, to find the derivation of this word. I shall point you to Democracy, where I have seen it, living, active, triumphant; in the only country in the world where it truly exists, where it has been able to establish and maintain, even to the present time, something grand and durable to claim our admiration,—in the New World,—in America. There shall you see a People, among whom all conditions of men are more on an equality even than among us; where the social state, the manners, the laws, everything is Democratic; where all emanates from the People, and returns to the People; and where, at the same time, every individual enjoys a greater amount of liberty, a more entire independence, than in any other part of the world, at any period of time;—a country, I repeat it, essentially Democratic; the only Democracy in the wide world at this day; and the only Republic, *truly* Democratic, which we know of in history. And in this Republic you will look in vain for Socialism. Not only have the theories of the Socialists gained no possession there of the public mind, but they have played so trifling a

part in the discussions and affairs of that great Nation, that they have not even reached the dignity of being feared.

America is at this day that country, of the whole world, where the sovereignty of Democracy is most practical and complete ; and it is at the same time that where the doctrines of the Socialists, which you pretend to find so much in accordance with Democracy, are the least in vogue ; the country, of the whole universe, where the men sustaining those doctrines would have the least chance of making an impression. For myself personally, I do not see, I confess, any great objection to the emigration of these

proselyting gentlemen to America ; but I warn them that they will not find there any field for their labors.

No, gentlemen, Democracy and Socialism are the antipodes of each other. While Democracy extends the sphere of individual independence, Socialism contracts it. Democracy develops a man's whole manhood, Socialism makes him an agent, an instrument, a cipher. Democracy and Socialism assimilate on one point only,—the equality which they introduce ; but mark the difference : Democracy seeks equality in liberty, while Socialism seeks it in servitude and constraint.

NECESSITY OF RELIGION.—(*Translated from Victor Hugo.*)

Victor Hugo, a celebrated French poet, novelist, statesman, and orator, was born in 1802 and died in 1885. His literary works are well known throughout the world. He was admitted to the French Academy in 1841, and made a Peer in 1845. In 1848 he was elected to the Assembly, and in 1849 joined the party of advanced Democrats, became their leader, and distinguished himself as an orator. Banished from Paris in 1851, he lived abroad until the fall of the empire, when he returned. In 1871, he was re-elected to the National Assembly. Later in life he removed to Brussels, whence he was expelled for political reasons, and he spent his last years in Paris. Few men have distinguished themselves so signally in so many different lines, or crowded so long a life full of great and noble service.

GENTLEMEN, it is not because I would prevent religious instruction, but because I would prevent the union of Church and State, that I oppose this Bill. So far from wishing to proscribe religious instruction, I maintain that it is more essential at this day than ever. The more a man grows the more he ought to believe. As he draws nearer to God, the better ought he to recognize His existence. It is the wretched tendency of our times to base all calculations, all efforts, on this life only,—to crowd everything into this narrow span. In limiting man's end and aim to this terrestrial and material existence, we aggravate all his miseries by the terrible negation at its close. We add to the burthens of the unfortunate the insupportable weight of a hopeless hereafter. God's law of suffering we convert, by our unbelief, into hell's law of despair. Hence these deplorable social convulsions.

That I am one of those who desire—I will not say with sincerity merely, but with inexpressible ardor, and by all possible means—to ameliorate the material condition of the suffering

classes in this life, no one in this Assembly will doubt. But the first and greatest of ameliorations is to impart hope. How do our finite miseries dwindle, in the presence of an infinite hope ! Our first duty, then, whether we be clergymen or laymen, bishops or legislators, priests or writers, is not merely to direct all our social energies to the abatement of physical misery, but, at the same time, to lift every drooping head towards Heaven—to fix the attention and the faith of every human soul on that ulterior life, where justice shall preside, where justice shall be awarded ! Let us proclaim it aloud to all, No one shall unjustly or needlessly suffer ! Death is restitution. The law of the material world is gravitation ; of the moral world, equity. At the end of all, reappears God. Let us not forget—let us everywhere teach it—There would be no dignity in life, it would not be worth the holding, if in death we wholly perish. All that lightens labor, and sanctifies toil,—all that renders man brave, good, wise, patient, benevolent, just, humble, and, at the same time, great, worthy of intelli-

gence, worthy of liberty,—is to have perpetually before him the vision of a better world darting its rays of celestial splendor through the dark shadows of this present life.

For myself, since Chance will have it that words of such gravity should at this time fall from lips of such little authority, let me be permitted here to say, and to proclaim from the elevation of this Tribune, that I believe, that I most profoundly and reverently believe, in that better world. It is to me more real, more substantial, more positive in its effects, than this

evanescence which we cling to and call life. It is unceasingly before my eyes. I believe in it with all the strength of my convictions; and, after many struggles, and much study and experience, it is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul!

I desire, therefore, most sincerely, strenuously, and fervently, that there should be religious instruction; but let it be the instruction of the Gospel, and not of a party. Let it be sincere, not hypocritical. Let it have Heaven, not earth, for its end!

IN DEFENSE OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, May 20, 1850.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

GENTLEMEN, one great object of the Revolution of February was to establish universal suffrage; and you would now restrict, abridge, and mutilate it! Have you considered well what you are about? This law, which gives a share in the popular sovereignty to the down-trodden victim of social and political distinctions—to the desperate man, ready for revolt—what does it say to him but this,—“Vote! No more fighting!” Universal suffrage says to all, “Be ye tranquil! Are ye not sovereign? When you have voted, the sovereignty has spoken.” The right of insurrection is abolished by the right of suffrage.

Universal suffrage!—what is it but the overthrow of violence and brute force—the end of the material and the beginning of the moral fact? What was the Revolution of February intended to establish in France, if not this? And now it is proposed to abolish this sacred right! And what is its abolition, but the re-introduction of the right of insurrection? Ye Ministers and men of State, who govern, wherefore do you venture on this mad attempt? I will tell you. It is because the People have deemed worthy of their votes men whom you judge worthy of your insults! It is because the People have presumed to compare your promises with your acts; because they do not find your Administration altogether sublime; because they

have dared peaceably to instruct you through the ballot-box! Therefore it is, that your anger is roused, and that, under the pretence that Society is in peril, you seek to chastise the People,—to take them in hand! And so, like that maniac of whom History tells, you beat the ocean with rods! And so you launch at us your poor little laws, furious but feeble! And so you defy the spirit of the age, defy the good sense of the public, defy the Democracy, and tear your unfortunate finger-nails against the granite of universal suffrage!

Go on, gentlemen! Proceed! Disfranchise, if you will, three millions of voters, four millions, nay, eight millions out of nine! Get rid of all these! It will not matter. What you cannot get rid of is your own fatal incapacity and ignorance; your own antipathy for the People, and theirs for you! What you cannot get rid of is the time that marches, and the hour that strikes; is the earth that revolves, the onward movement of ideas, the crippled pace of prejudices; the widening gulf between you and the age, between you and the coming generation, between you and the spirit of liberty, between you and the spirit of philosophy! What you cannot get rid of is the great fact that you and the Nation pass on opposite sides; that what is to you the East is to her the West; and that, while you turn your back on the Future, this great People of France, their foreheads all

bathed in light from the day-spring of a new humanity, turn their back on the Past!

Ah! Whether you will it or no, the Past is passed. Your law is null, void and dead, even before its birth: because it is not just; because it is not true; because, while it goes furtively to plunder the poor man and the weak of his right of suffrage, it encounters the withering glance of a Nation's probity and sense of right, before which your work of darkness shall vanish; because, in the depths of the conscience of every citizen,—of the humblest as well as the highest,—there is a sentiment sublime, sacred, indestructible, incorruptible, eternal,—the Right!

This sentiment, which is the very element of reason in man, the granite of the human conscience,—this Right, is the rock upon which shall split and go to pieces the iniquities, the hypocrisies, the bad laws and bad governments, of the world. There is the obstacle, concealed, invisible,—lost to view in the soul's profoundest deep, but eternally present and abiding,—against which you shall always strike, and which you shall never wear away, do what you will! I repeat it, your efforts are in vain. You cannot deracinate, you cannot shake it. You might sooner tear up the eternal Rock from the bottom of the sea, than the Right from the heart of the People!

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS: OR, THE HUMAN MIND, 1850.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

HAVING restricted universal suffrage and the right of public meetings, you now wage war against the liberty of the Press. In the crisis through which we are passing, it is asked: "Who is making all this trouble? Who is the culprit? Whom must we punish?" The alarm party in Europe say, "It is France!" In France they say, "It is Paris!" In Paris they say, "It is the Press!" The man of observation and reflection says: "The culprit is not the Press; it is not Paris; it is not France;—it is the human mind!" Yes, it is the human mind, which has made the Nations what they are; which, from the beginning, has scrutinized, examined, discussed, debated, doubted, contradicted, probated, affirmed, and pursued without ceasing, the solution of the problem, eternally placed before the creature by the Creator.

It is the human mind, which, continually persecuted, opposed, driven back, headed off, has disappeared only to appear again; and, passing from one labor to another, has taken successively, from age to age, the figure of all the great agitators. It is the human mind, which was named John Huss, and which did not die on the funeral-pile of Constance; which was named Luther, and shook orthodoxy to its centre; which was named Voltaire, and shook

faith; which was named Mirabeau, and shook royalty. It is the human mind, which, since history began, has transformed societies and governments according to a law progressively acceptable to the reason,—which has been theocracy, aristocracy, monarchy, and which is to-day democracy.

It is the human mind, which has been Babylon, Tyre, Jerusalem, Athens, and which to-day is Paris; which has been, turn by turn, and sometimes all at once, error, illusion, schism, protestation, truth; it is the human mind, which is the great pastor of the generations, and which, in short, has always marched towards the Just, the Beautiful and the True, enlightening multitudes, elevating life, raising more and more the head of the People towards the Right, and the head of the individual towards God!

And now I address myself to the alarm party,—not in this Chamber, but wherever they may be, throughout Europe,—and I say to them: Consider well what you would do; reflect on the task that you have undertaken; and measure it well before you commence. Suppose you should succeed: when you have destroyed the Press, there will remain something more to destroy,—Paris! When you have destroyed Paris, there will remain France. When you have de-

stroyed France, there will remain the human mind.

I repeat it, let this great European alarm party measure the immensity of the task which, in their heroism, they would attempt. Though they annihilate the Press to the last journal, Paris to the last pavement, France to the last hamlet, they will have done nothing. There will remain yet for them to destroy something always paramount, above the gen-

erations, and, as it were, between man and his Maker;—something that has written all the books, invented all the arts, discovered all the worlds, founded all the civilizations;—something which will always grasp, under the form of Revolutions, what is not yielded under the form of progress;—something which is itself unseizable as the light, and unapproachable as the sun,—and which calls itself the human mind!

ON THE PUNISHMENT OF LOUIS XVI.—*Robespierre.*

TO what punishment shall we condemn Louis the Sixteenth? “The punishment of death is too cruel,” says one.

“No,” says another, “life is more cruel still; let him live.” Advocates of the king, is it from pity or from cruelty that you wish to withdraw him from the penalty of his crimes? For my part, I abhor the punishment of death, inflicted so unsparingly by your laws, and I have for Louis neither love nor hatred; I hate only his crimes.

I asked for the abolition of the punishment of death in the Assembly which you still call Constituent, and it is not my fault if the first principles of reason appeared to it moral and political heresies; but if you never thought of renouncing them in favor of so many unfortunate men, whose offenses are less theirs than those of the government, by what fatality do you remember them only to plead the cause of the greatest of all criminals?

You demand an exception to the punishment of death for him alone who can render it legitimate! Yes, the punishment of death, in gen-

eral, is a crime; and, for this reason alone, that, according to the indestructible principles of nature, it can be justified only in the cases where it is necessary for the security of individuals or of society. Now, the public security never calls for it against ordinary offenses, because society can always prevent them by other means, and put it out of the power of the guilty to be dangerous; but a dethroned king in the bosom of a revolution, which is nothing less than cemented by laws,—a king whose name alone brings down the plague of war upon the agitated nation, neither imprisonment nor exile can render his existence a matter of indifference to the public welfare; and this cruel exception to ordinary laws, which justice avows, can only be imputed to the nature of his crimes.

I pronounce with regret this fatal truth; but Louis must die, because the country must live. A people at peace, free and respected within and without, might listen to the advice which is given you to be generous; but a people whose liberty is still disputed, after so many sacrifices and combats, can not afford to do so.

THE TWO NAPOLEONS.—(*Translated from Victor Hugo.*)

THE monarchy of glory! There are a class of monarchists in France who now speak to us of a monarchy of glory. Legitimacy is impossible. Monarchy by right divine, the monarchy of principle, is dead; but there is another monarchy, the monarchy of glory,—the Empire, we are told, which is not only possible, but necessary.

This glory, where is it? What are its elements? Of what is it composed? I am curious to witness the glory which this present Government can show. What do we see? All our liberties, one after another, entrapped and bound; universal suffrage mutilated and betrayed, socialist manifestoes terminating in a jesuitical policy, and for a Government, one immense intrigue,—

history, perchance, will call it a conspiracy,—by which the Republic is to be made the basis of the Empire through the Bonapartist freemasonry of five hundred thousand office-holders; every reform postponed or smothered; burdensome taxes maintained or re-established; the Press shackled; juries packed; too little justice and too much police; misery at the foot, anarchy at the head of the social state. Abroad, the wreck of the Roman Republic; Austria—that is to say, the gallows—with her foot upon Hungary, upon Lombardy, upon Milan, upon Venice, a latent coalition of Kings, waiting for an opportunity; our diplomacy dumb, I will not say an accomplice! This is our situation. France bows her head; Napoleon quivers with shame in his tomb; and five or six thousand hirelings shout, “*Vive l’empereur!*”

But nobody dreams of the Empire, you tell us. What mean, then, those cries of *Vive l’empereur*? and who pays for them? What means this mendicant petition for a prolongation of the President’s powers? What *is* a prolongation? The Consulate for life! And where leads the Consulate for life? To the Empire! Gentlemen, here is an intrigue. We will let in daylight upon it, if you please. France must not wake up, one of these fine mornings, and find herself emperor-ridden, without knowing why.

An emperor! Let us consider the subject a little.

Because there was once a man who gained the battle of Marengo, and who reigned, must the man who gained only the battle of Satōry reign also? Because, ten centuries ago, Charlemagne, after forty years of glory, let fall on the face of the globe a sceptre and a sword of such proportions that no one dared to touch them; and because, a thousand years later,—for it requires a gestation of a thousand years to produce such men,—another genius appeared, who took up that sword and sceptre, and stood up erect under the weight; a man who chained Revolution in France, and unchained it in the rest of Europe; who added to his name the brilliant synonyms of Rivoli, Jéna, Essling, Friedland, Montmirail; because this man, after ten years of a glory almost fabulous in its grandeur, let fall, in his turn, that sceptre and sword which had accomplished such colossal exploits,—*you* would come,—*you*, *you* would presume, after him, to catch them up as *he* did,—he, Napoleon, after Charlemagne,—and grasp in your feeble hands this sceptre of the giants, this sword of the Titans! What to do?

What! after Augustus must we have Augustulus? Because we have had a Napoleon the Great, must we now have Napoleon the Little?

GREAT ENGLISH ORATORS.

AGAINST MR. PITT, 1741.—*Sir Robert Walpole. Born 1676. Died 1745.*

SIR,—I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on, with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardor of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to answer the gentleman who declaimed against the Bill with such fluency of rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture,—who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws

only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly, and their ignorance. Nor, sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him how little the clamors of rage, and the petulancy of invectives, contribute to the purposes for which this assembly is called together;—how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the Nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotions.

Formidable sounds and furious declamations,

confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of his temper, sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn, in time, to reason rather than declaim, and to prefer justness of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets, and splendid superlatives, which may

disturb the imagination for a moment, but which leave no lasting impression on the mind.

He will learn, sir, that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy, and flights of oratory, are, indeed, pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration), to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this Bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

REPLY TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, 1741.—*William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham.*

William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham,—one of the greatest orators of modern times, and especially endeared to Americans for his eloquent appeals in their behalf against the aggressions of the Mother Country,—was born on the 15th of November, 1708, in the parish of St. James, in the city of Westminster, England, and died on the 11th of May, 1778. His second son was the celebrated William Pitt, whose fame equals, though it does not eclipse, that of his father. "Viewing the forms of the two Pitts, father and son," says a biographer of the latter, "as they stand in history, what different emotions their images call forth! The impassioned and romantic father seems like a hero of chivalry; the stately and classical son, as a Roman dictator, compelled into the dimensions of an English minister!" "The principle," says Hazlitt, "by which the Earl of Chatham exerted his influence over others, was *sympathy*. He himself evidently had a strong possession of his subject, a thorough conviction, an intense interest; and this communicated itself from his *manner*, from the tones of his voice, from his commanding attitudes, and eager gestures, instinctively and unavoidably, to his hearers." The first sound is said to have terrified Sir Robert Walpole, who immediately exclaimed, "We must muzzle that terrible cornet of a horse." Sir Robert offered to promote Mr. Pitt in the army, provided he gave up his seat in Parliament. Probably Mr. Pitt was unwarrantably severe in the following reply to the foregoing remarks of Sir Robert. The reply appeared originally in Dr. Johnson's Register of Debates, and probably received many touches from his pen.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny;—but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely

the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is *he* to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy,—and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other

man, to use my own language, and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience.

If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain;—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves,—nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment;—age,

which always brings *one* privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice,—whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

REPEAL CLAIMED BY AMERICANS AS A RIGHT.—*Earl of Chatham.*

IT is not repealing this or that act of Parliament,—it is not repealing a piece of parchment,—that can restore America to our bosom. You must repeal her fears and her resentments; and you may then hope for her love and gratitude. But, now, insulted with an armed force posted at Boston, irritated with a hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you *could* force them, would be suspicious and insecure,—the dictates of fear, and the extortions of force! But it is more than evident that you *cannot* force them, principled and united as they are, to your unworthy terms of submission. Repeal, therefore, my Lords, I say! But bare repeal will not satisfy this enlightened and spirited People. You must go through the work. You must declare you have no right to tax. Then they may trust you. There is no time to be lost. Every moment is big with dangers. While I am speaking, the decisive blow may be struck, and millions involved in the consequence. The very first drop of blood shed in civil and unnatural war will make a wound which years, perhaps ages, may not heal. It will be *immédicâbile vulnus*.

When your Lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America,—when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom,—

you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. I must declare and avow, that, in the master States of the world, I know not the People nor the Senate, who, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia. For genuine sagacity, for singular moderation, for solid wisdom, manly spirit, sublime sentiments, and simplicity of language,—for everything respectable and honorable,—they stand unrivalled.

I trust it is obvious to your Lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty Continental Nation, must be vain, must be fatal. This wise People speak out. They do not hold the language of slaves. They tell you what they mean. They do not ask you to repeal your laws as a favor. They claim it as a right—they demand it. They tell you they will not submit to them. And I tell you, the acts must be repealed. We shall be forced ultimately to retract. Let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts. They *must* be repealed. You *will* repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will, in the end, repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will con-

sent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed.*

Avoid, then, this humiliating, this disgraceful necessity. Every motive of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston, by a repeal of your acts of Parliament. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend, to deter you

*The prediction of the Earl of Chatham was verified. After three years' fruitless war, the repeal of the offensive acts was sent out as a peace-offering to the Colonists; but it was too late.

from perseverance in your present ruinous measures:—foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread,—France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting the maturity of your errors!

To conclude, my Lords: if the Ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the King, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from the Crown, but I will affirm that they will make his Crown not worth his wearing; I will not say that the King is betrayed, but I will pronounce that the Kingdom is undone!

REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.—*Lord Thurlow.*

Edward Thurlow, who rose to be Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, was born in 1732, and died in 1806. Butler, in his "Reminiscences," says: "It was my good fortune to hear his celebrated reply to the Duke of Grafton, who reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission into the peerage. His Lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil but visible impatience; and, under these circumstances, he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. Lord Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House of Lords, and then, fixing on the Duke the look of Jove, when he has grasped the thunder, he said (in a level tone of voice), 'I am amazed at the attack which the noble Duke has made on me.' Then, raising his voice,—'Yes, my Lords, I am amazed, etc.'"

I AM amazed at the attack which the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble Peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble Duke is as applicable, and as insulting, as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone.

No one venerates the Peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say that the Peerage solicited *me*,—not I the Peerage. Nay, more,—I can say, and *will* say, that, as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honorable House, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England,—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me,—as a MAN,—I am, at this moment, as respectable,—I beg leave to add, I am as much respected,—as the proudest Peer I now look down upon!

CONQUEST OF THE AMERICANS IMPRACTICABLE, 1775.—*John Wilkes.*

Born 1717. Died 1797.

I CALL the war with our brethren in America an unjust and felonious war, because the primary cause and confessed origin of it is to attempt to take their money from them without their consent, contrary to the common rights of all mankind, and those great fundamental principles of the English Constitution for which Hampden bled. I

assert, sir, that it is a murderous war, because it is an effort to deprive men of their lives for standing up in defence of their property and their clear rights. Such a war, I fear, sir, will draw down the vengeance of Heaven on this devoted Kingdom.

Sir, is any Minister weak enough to flatter himself with the conquest of the Americans?

You cannot, with all your allies,—with all the mercenary ruffians of the North,—you cannot effect so wicked a purpose. The Americans will dispute every inch of territory with you, every narrow pass, every strong defile, every Thermopylæ, every Bunker's Hill! More than half the Empire is already lost, and almost all the rest is in confusion and anarchy. We have appealed to the sword; and what have we gained? Bunker's Hill only,—and that with the loss of twelve hundred men! Are we to pay as dear for the rest of America? The idea of the conquest of that immense country is as romantic as unjust.

The honorable gentleman who moved this address says, "The Americans have been treated with lenity." Will facts justify the assertion? Was your Boston Port Bill a measure of lenity? Was your Fishery Bill a

measure of lenity? Was your Bill for taking away the charter of Massachusetts Bay a measure of lenity, or even of justice? I omit your many other gross provocations and insults by which the brave Americans have been driven to their present state. Sir, I disapprove, not only the evil spirit of this whole Address, but likewise the wretched adulation of almost every part of it.

My wish and hope, therefore, is, that it will be rejected by this House; and that another, dutiful yet decent, manly Address, will be presented to his Majesty, praying that he would sheathe the sword, prevent the further effusion of the blood of our fellow-subjects, and adopt some mode of negotiation with the general Congress, in compliance with their repeated petition, thereby restoring peace and harmony to this distracted Empire.

THE AMERICAN WAR DENOUNCED, 1781.—*William Pitt.*

William Pitt, second son of the great Earl of Chatham, entered Parliament in his twenty-second year. He was born the 28th of May, 1759; and took his seat in the House of Commons, as representative for the borough of Appleby, on the 23d of January, 1781. He made his first oratorical effort in that body the 26th of February following; and displayed great and astonishing powers of eloquence. Burke said of him, "He is not merely a chip of the old block, but he is the old block itself." At the age of twenty-four, Pitt became the virtual leader of the House of Commons, and Prime Minister of England. He died January 23, 1806. The subjoined remarks were made in reference to a resolution declaring that immediate measures ought to be adopted for concluding peace with the American Colonies.

GENTLEMEN have passed the highest eulogiums on the American war. Its justice has been defended in the most fervent manner. A noble Lord, in the heat of his zeal, has called it a holy war. For my part, although the honorable gentleman who made this motion, and some other gentlemen, have been, more than once, in the course of the debate, severely reprehended for calling it a wicked and accursed war, I am persuaded, and would affirm, that it was a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust and diabolical war! It was conceived in injustice; it was nurtured and brought forth in folly; its footsteps were marked with blood, slaughter, persecution and devastation;—in truth, everything which went to constitute moral depravity and human turpitude were to be found in it. It was pregnant with misery of every kind.

The mischief, however, recoiled on the unhappy People of this country, who were made the instruments by which the wicked purposes of the authors of the war were effected. The Nation was drained of its best blood, and of its vital resources of men and money. The expense of the war was enormous,—much beyond any former experience. And yet, what has the British Nation received in return? Nothing but a series of ineffective victories, or severe defeats;—victories celebrated only by a temporary triumph over our brethren, whom we would trample down and destroy; victories which filled the land with mourning for the loss of dear and valued relatives, slain in the impious cause of enforcing unconditional submission, or with narratives of the glorious exertions of men struggling in the holy cause of liberty, though struggling in the absence of all the facilities and

advantages which are in general deemed the necessary concomitants of victory and success. Where was the Englishman, who, on reading the narratives of those bloody and well-fought

contests, could refrain from lamenting the loss of so much British blood spilt in such a cause; or from weeping, on whatever side victory might be declared?

ON WAR WITH FRANCE OR AMERICA, 1778.—*Charles James Fox.*

Charles James Fox was born in England, on the 24th of January, 1749. He made his first speech in Parliament on the 15th of April, 1769. In the style of his oratory he has been compared, by some critics, to Demosthenes. "A certain sincerity and open-heartedness of manner; an apparently entire and thorough conviction of being in the right; an abrupt tone of vehemence and indignation; a steadfast love of freedom, and corresponding hatred of oppression in all its forms; a natural and idiomatic style,—vigor, argument, power,—these were characteristics equally of the Greek and English orator." Fox died on the 13th of September, 1806, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

YOU have now two wars before you, of which you must choose one, for both you cannot support. The war against America is against your own countrymen—you have stopped me from saying against your fellow-subjects; that against France is against your inveterate enemy and rival. Every blow you strike in America is against yourselves; it is against all idea of reconciliation, and against your own interest, though you should be able, as you never will be, to force them to submit. Every stroke against France is of advantage to you: America must be conquered in France; France never can be conquered in America.

The war of France is a war of interest; it was her interest which first induced her to engage in it, and it is by that interest that she will measure its continuance. Turn your face at once against her; attack her wherever she is exposed; crush her commerce wherever you can; make her feel heavy and immediate distress throughout the nation: the

People will soon cry out to their Government. The war of the Americans is a war of passion. It is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues, love of liberty and of their country; and, at the same time, by those passions in the human heart which give courage, strength, and perseverance, to man, the spirit of revenge for the injuries you have done them, of retaliation for the hardships you have inflicted on them, and of opposition to the unjust powers you have exercised over them. Everything combines to animate them to this war, and such a war is without end; for whatever obstinacy enthusiasm ever inspired man with, you will now find in America. No matter what gives birth to that enthusiasm, whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the same; it inspires a spirit which is unconquerable, and solicitous to undergo difficulty, danger, and hardship: and as long as there is a man in America, a being formed such as we are, you will have him present himself against you in the field.

LIBERTY IS STRENGTH.—*Fox, 1797, on the State of Ireland.*

OPINIONS become dangerous to a State only when persecution makes it necessary for the People to communicate their ideas under the bond of secrecy. What a mockery! What an insult, to say to the People of Ireland that they have the right of petition! To tell them that they shall have a right to applaud, a right to rejoice, a right to meet when they are happy; but not a right to condemn, not a right to deplore their misfortunes, not a right to suggest a remedy!

Liberty is order. Liberty is strength. Look round the world, and admire, as you must, the instructive spectacle. You will see that liberty not only is power and order, but that it is power and order predominant and invincible,—that it derides all other sources of strength. And shall the preposterous imagination be fostered, that men bred in liberty—the first of human kind who asserted the glorious distinction of forming for themselves their social compact—can be condemned to silence upon their rights? Is it to be

conceived that men, who have enjoyed, for such a length of days, the light and happiness of freedom, can be restrained, and shut up again in the gloom of ignorance and degradation? As well, sir, might you try, by a miserable dam, to shut up the flowing of a rapid river! The rolling and impetuous tide would burst through every impediment that man might throw in its way; and the only consequence of the impotent attempt would be, that, having collected new

force by its temporary suspension, enforcing itself through new channels, it would spread devastation and ruin on every side. The progress of liberty is like the progress of the stream. Kept within its bounds, it is sure to fertilize the country through which it runs; but no power can arrest it in its passage; and short-sighted, as well as wicked, must be the heart of the projector that would strive to divert its course.

ON MR. TIERNEY'S MOTION, Dec. 11, 1798.—*George Canning.*

George Canning was born in London, on the 11th of April, 1770. He entered into public life the avowed pupil of Mr. Pitt, and made his maiden speech in Parliament, from which the following is an extract, in 1794. He was repeatedly a member of the Ministry, and became Premier shortly before his death, which occurred in 1827. Mr. Canning meditated his speeches carefully, and they are models of Parliamentary style. "No English speaker," says Sir James Mackintosh, "used the keen and brilliant weapon of wit so long, so often, or so effectively, as Mr. Canning."

THE friendship of Holland! The independence of Spain! Is there a man so besotted as to suppose that there is one hour of peace with France preserved by either of these unhappy countries, that there is one syllable of friendship uttered by them towards France, but what is extorted by the immediate pressure, or by the dread and terror, of French arms?—

———"Mouth-honor, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain refuse, but dare not."

Have the regenerated Republic of Holland, the degraded Monarchy of Spain, such reason to rejoice in the protection of the French Republic, that they would voluntarily throw themselves between her and any blow which might menace her existence?

But does the honorable gentleman intend his motion as a motion for peace? If he really thinks this a moment for opening a negotiation, why has he not the candor and manliness to say so? Mark, I entreat you, how delicately he manages it! He will not speak *to* France, but he would speak *at* her. He will not propose—not he—that we should say to the Directory, "Will you make peace?" No, sir; we are merely to say to ourselves, loud enough for the Directory to overhear us: "I wish these French

gentlemen to make an overture to us." Now, sir, does this save the dignity of the country? or is it only a sneaking, shabby way of doing what, if fit to be done at all, must, to have any serious effect, be done openly, unequivocally, and directly?

But I beg the honorable gentleman's pardon;—I misrepresent him; I certainly do. His motion does not amount even to so much as I have stated. He begins further off. The soliloquy which he prompts us, by his motion, is no more than this—"We must continue to make war against France, to be sure;—and we are sorry for it; but we will not do it as if we bore malice. We will not make an ill-natured, hostile kind of war any longer,—that we won't. And who knows, but, if they should happen to overhear this resolution, as the Directory are good-natured at bottom, their hearts may soften and grow kind towards us—and then they will offer to make a peace!" And thus, sir, and thus only, is the motion a motion for peace.

Since, then, sir, this motion appears to me to be founded on no principle of policy or necessity; since, if it be intended for a censure on ministers, it is unjust,—if for a control, it is nugatory; as its tendency is to impair the power of prosecuting war with vigor, and to diminish

the chance of negotiating peace with dignity, or concluding it with safety; as it contradicts, without reason, and without advantage, the established policy of our ancestors; as it must degrade in the eyes of the world the character

of this country; as it must carry dismay and terror throughout Europe; and, above all, as it must administer consolation, and hope, and power, and confidence, to France,—I shall give it my most hearty and decided negative.

THE PARTITION OF POLAND, 1800.—*Charles James Fox.*

NOW, sir, what was the conduct of your own allies to Poland? Is there a single atrocity of the French in Italy, in Switzerland, in Egypt, if you please, more unprincipled and inhuman than that of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in Poland? What has there been in the conduct of the French to foreign powers; what in the violation of solemn treaties; what in the plunder, devastation, and dismemberment of unoffending countries; what in the horrors and murders perpetrated upon the subdued victims of their rage in any district which they have overrun,—worse than the conduct of those three great powers in the miserable, devoted, and trampled-on Kingdom of Poland, and who have been, or are, our allies in this war for religion, social order, and the rights of Nations? O, but you “*regretted* the partition of Poland!” Yes, *regretted*!—you *regretted* the violence, and that is *all* you did. You united yourselves with the actors; you, in fact, by your acquiescence, confirmed the atrocity. But they are your allies; and though they overran and divided Poland, there was nothing, perhaps, in the manner of doing it, which stamped it with peculiar infamy and disgrace. The hero of Poland, perhaps, was merciful and mild! He was “as much superior to Bonaparte in bravery, and in the discipline

which he maintained, as he was superior in virtue and humanity! He was animated by the purest principles of Christianity, and was restrained in his career by the benevolent precepts which it inculcates!” *Was* he?

Let unfortunate Warsaw, and the miserable inhabitants of the suburb of Praga in particular, tell! What do we understand to have been the conduct of this magnanimous hero, with whom, it seems, Bonaparte is not to be compared? He entered the suburb of Praga, the most populous suburb of Warsaw, and there he let his soldiery loose on the miserable, unarmed and unresisting people! Men, women and children,—nay, infants at the breast,—were doomed to one indiscriminate massacre! Thousands of them were inhumanly, wantonly butchered! And for what? Because they had dared to join in a wish to meliorate their own condition as a People, and to improve their Constitution, which had been confessed, by their own sovereign, to be in want of amendment. And such is the hero upon whom the cause of “religion and social order” is to repose! And such is the man whom we praise for his discipline and his virtue, and whom we hold out as our boast and our dependence; while the conduct of Bonaparte unfits him to be even treated with as an enemy!

A COLLISION OF VICES, 1825.—*George Canning.*

MY honorable and learned friend (Sir James Mackintosh) began by telling us that, after all, hatred is no bad thing in itself. “I hate a tory,” says my honorable friend; “and another man hates a cat; but it does not follow that he would hunt down the cat, or I the tory.” Nay, so far from it, hatred, if it be properly managed,

is, according to my honorable friend’s theory, no bad preface to a rational esteem and affection. It prepares its votaries for a reconciliation of differences; for lying down with their most inveterate enemies, like the leopard and the kid in the vision of the prophet.

This dogma is a little startling, but it is not altogether without precedent. It is borrowed

from a character in a play, which is, I dare say, as great a favorite with my learned friend as it is with me,—I mean the comedy of the Rivals; in which Mrs. Malaprop, giving a lecture on the subject of marriage to her niece (who is unreasonable enough to talk of liking, as a necessary preliminary to such a union), says, “What have you to do with your likings and your preferences, child? Depend upon it, it is safest to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor, dear uncle like a blackamoor before we were married; and yet, you know, my dear, what a good wife I made him.” Such is my learned friend’s argument, to a hair.

But, finding that this doctrine did not appear to go down with the House so glibly as he had expected, my honorable and learned friend presently changed his tack, and put forward a theory which, whether for novelty or for beauty, I pronounce to be incomparable; and, in short, as wanting nothing to recommend it but a slight foundation in truth. “True philosophy,” says my honorable friend, “will always continue to lead men to virtue by the instrumentality of their conflicting vices. The virtues, where more than one exists, may live harmoniously together; but the vices bear mortal antipathy to

one another, and, therefore, furnish to the moral engineer the power by which he can make each keep the other under control.” Admirable! but, upon this doctrine, the poor man who has but one single vice must be in a very bad way. No fulcrum, no moral power, for effecting his cure! Whereas, his more fortunate neighbor, who has two or more vices in his composition, is in a fair way of ‘becoming a very virtuous member of society.

I wonder how my learned friend would like to have this doctrine introduced into his domestic establishment. For instance, suppose that I discharge a servant because he is addicted to liquor, I could not venture to recommend him to my honorable and learned friend. It might be the poor man’s only fault, and therefore clearly incorrigible; but, if I had the good fortune to find out that he was also addicted to stealing, might I not, with a safe conscience, send him to my learned friend with a strong recommendation, saying, “I send you a man whom I know to be a drunkard; but I am happy to assure you he is also a thief: you cannot do better than employ him; you will make his drunkenness counteract his thievery, and no doubt you will bring him out of the conflict a very moral personage!”

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE SWORD, Oct. 10, 1831.—*T. B. Macaulay.*

Thomas B. Macaulay. Born October 25, 1800. Died December 28, 1859. Eminent English scholar, critic, poet, and historian. Entered Parliament in 1830. While at school in Cambridge he distinguished himself as an orator. His speeches in Parliament on the Reform Bill, and on the renewal of the charter of the East India Company, have established his fame as an able and eloquent speaker, entitling him to be ranked among the famous British orators. His learning was prodigious. He is said to have been able to read one hundred ordinary octavo pages per hour. At the coffee houses and clubs which he frequented, great crowds always gathered to hear him talk. His conversation was not only brilliant, but eloquent, and his random talks on current topics were fit to be printed and distributed as the choicest literature.

AT the present moment I can see only one question in the State, the Question of Reform; only two parties—the friends of the Bill, and its enemies. No observant and unprejudiced man can look forward, without great alarm, to the effects which the recent decision of the Lords may possibly produce. I do not predict, I do not expect, open, armed insurrection. What I apprehend is this—that the People may engage in a silent but extensive and persevering war against

the law. It is easy to say, “Be bold; be firm; defy intimidation; let the law have its course; the law is strong enough to put down the seditious.” Sir, we have heard this blustering before; and we know in what it ended. It is the blustering of little men, whose lot has fallen on a great crisis. Xerxes scourging the waves, Canute commanding the waves to recede from his footstool, were but types of the folly. The law has no eyes; the law has no hands; the law is nothing—nothing but a piece of paper

printed by the King's printer, with the King's arms at the top—till public opinion breathes the breath of life into the dead letter. We found this in Ireland. The elections of 1826—the Clare election, two years later—proved the folly of those who think that nations are governed by wax and parchment: and, at length, in the close of 1828, the Government had only one plain alternative before it—cession or civil war.

I know only two ways in which societies can permanently be governed—by Public Opinion, and by the Sword. A Government having at its command the armies, the fleets, and the revenues of Great Britain, might possibly hold Ireland by the Sword. So Oliver Cromwell held Ireland; so William the Third held it; so Mr. Pitt held it; so the Duke of Wellington might,

perhaps, have held it. But, to govern Great Britain by the Sword—so wild a thought has never, I will venture to say, occurred to any public man of any party; and, if any man were frantic enough to make the attempt, he would find, before three days had expired, that there is no better Sword than that which is fashioned out of a Ploughshare! But, if not by the Sword, how is the people to be governed? I understand how the peace is kept at New York. It is by the assent and support of the People. I understand, also, how the peace is kept at Milan. It is by the bayonets of the Austrian soldiers. But how the peace is to be kept when you have neither the popular assent nor the military force,—how the peace is to be kept in England by a Government acting on the principles of the present Opposition,—I do not understand.

ON LIMITING THE HOURS OF LABOR, 1846.—*T. B. Macaulay.*

IF we consider man simply in a commercial point of view, simply as a machine for productive labor, let us not forget what a piece of mechanism he is,—how “fearfully and wonderfully made.” If we have a fine horse, we do not use him exactly as a steam-engine; and still less should we treat man so, more especially in his earlier years. The depressing labor that begins early in life, and is continued too long every day, enfeebles his body, enervates his mind, weakens his spirits, overpowers his understanding, and is incompatible with any good or useful degree of education. A state of society in which such a system prevails will inevitably, and in no long space, feel its baneful effects. What is it which makes one community prosperous and flourishing, more than another? You will not say that it is the soil; you will not say that it is its climate; you will not say that it is its mineral wealth, or its natural advantages,—its ports, or its great rivers. Is it anything in the earth, or in the air, that makes Scotland a richer country than Egypt; or, Batavia, with its marshes, more prosperous than Sicily? No; but Scotchmen made Scotland what she is, and Dutchmen raised

their marshes to such eminence. Look to America. Two centuries ago, it was a wilderness of buffaloes and wolves. What has caused the change? Is it her rich mould? Is it her mighty rivers? Is it her broad waters? No; her plains were then as fertile as they are now,—her rivers were as numerous. Nor was it any great amount of capital that the emigrants carried out with them. They took a mere pittance. What is it, then, that has effected the change? It is simply this,—you placed the Englishman, instead of the red man, upon the soil; and the Englishman, intelligent and energetic, cut down the forests, turned them into cities and fleets, and covered the land with harvests and orchards in their place.

I am convinced, sir, that this question of limiting the hours of labor, being a question connected, for the most part, with persons of tender years,—a question in which public health is concerned, and a question relating to public morality,—it is one with which the State may properly interfere. Sir, as lawgivers, we have errors of two different kinds to repair. We have done that which we ought not to have done; we have left undone that which we ought

to have done. We have regulated that which we ought to have left to regulate itself; we have left unregulated that which it was our especial business to have regulated. We have given to certain branches of industry a protection which was their bane. We have withheld from public health, and from public morality, a protection which it was our duty to have given. We have

prevented the laborer from getting his loaf where he could get it cheapest, but we have not prevented him from prematurely destroying the health of his body and mind, by inordinate toil. I hope and believe that we are approaching the end of a vicious system of interference, and of a vicious system of non-interference.

GREAT IRISH ORATORS.

ENTERPRISE OF AMERICAN COLONISTS, 1775.—*Edmund Burke.*

Born 1730. Died 1797.

Burke, the greatest of Irish statesmen, and unsurpassed as a writer of English prose, impaired his immediate success as a speaker by a badly-regulated voice, and an infelicitous delivery. Grattan, his countryman and contemporary, wrote of him: "Burke is unquestionably the first orator of the Commons of England, notwithstanding the want of energy, the want of grace, and the want of elegance, in his manner." "He was a prodigy of nature and of acquisition. He read everything—he saw everything. His knowledge of history amounted to a power of foretellings, and, when he perceived the wild work that was doing in France, that great political physician, cognizant of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health, and what others conceived to be the vigor of her constitution he knew to be the paroxysm of her madness; and then, prophet-like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury admonished nations."

FOR some time past, Mr. Speaker, has the Old World been fed from the New. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating famine, if this child of your old age,—if America,—with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent. Turning from the agricultural resources of the Colonies, consider the wealth which they have drawn from the sea by their fisheries. The spirit in which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought to raise your esteem and admiration. Pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the People of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay, and Davis' Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Artic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of Polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South.

Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the Poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game, along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent People; a People who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone, of manhood.

When I contemplate these things,—when I know that the Colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of a watchful and suspicious Govern-

ment, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection,—when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all

the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt, and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS, 1788.—*Burke.*

The unremitting energy of Burke's appeals, in the prosecution of Hastings, was a subject of wonder at the time, and is a lasting memorial of his zeal in what he believed an honest cause, for the admiration of posterity. Hastings himself has said of Burke's eloquence against him,—“For the first half hour, I looked up to the orator in a reverie of wonder; and, during that time, I felt myself the most culpable man on earth.” The trial of Warren Hastings commenced in Westminster Hall, February 18, 1788. The whole process occupied ten years, from 1785 to 1795. On the 23d of April, 1796, Hastings was acquitted by a large majority of the Peers. Economy of space prevents our making a longer extract from this famous speech.

MY Lords, I do not mean now to go further than just to remind your Lordships of this,—that Mr. Hastings' government was one whole system of oppression, of robbery of individuals, of spoliation of the public, and of supersession of the whole system of the English Government, in order to vest in the worst of the natives all the power that could possibly exist in any Government; in order to defeat the ends which all Governments ought, in common, to have in view. In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here, to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated Provinces, and of wasted Kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one?—No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote

People by the material bonds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community;—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. We commit safely the interests of India and humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,—

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose Parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the People of India, whose laws, rights and liberties, he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

TO THE ELECTORS OF BRISTOL.—*Edmund Burke.*

(On being accused of too much sympathy and benevolence in his administrations.)

GENTLEMEN, I have had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude unto you for having set me in a place wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs. If I have had my share in any measure giving quiet to private property and private conscience; if by my vote I have aided in securing to families the best possession, peace; if I have joined in reëconciling kings to their subjects, and subjects to their prince; if I have assisted to loosen the foreign holdings of the citizen, and taught him to look for his protection to the laws of his country, and for his comfort to the good will of his countrymen; if I have thus taken my part with the best of men in the best of their actions,—I can shut the book;—I might wish to read a page or two more,—but this is enough for my measure. I have not lived in vain.

And now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my ac-

count with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride, on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not here stand before you accused of venality, or of neglect of duty. It is not said that, in the long period of my service, I have, in a single instance, sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition, or to my fortune. It is not alleged that, to gratify any anger or revenge of my own, or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man in any description. No! the charges against me are all of one kind,—that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far,—further than a cautious policy would warrant, and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life,—in pain, in sorrow, in depression and distress,—I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted.

DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS, 1780.—*Henry Grattan.*

Henry Grattan, one of the most renowned of Irish orators, was born in Dublin, on the 3d of July, 1746, and died in 1820. In December, 1775, he took his seat in the Irish House of Commons; and from that time till 1800, he figured politically in that body chiefly. The Irish Revolution of 1782 was carried mainly by his efforts. Although a Protestant, he was a most earnest advocate of the entire emancipation of the Catholics from all invidious distinctions and disabilities. In 1805 Grattan took his seat in the British Parliament, where he became the leading Champion of Catholic rights. The passages from his speeches in this collection bearing date anterior to 1805 were pronounced in the Irish Parliament; those of a subsequent date were delivered before the popular branch of the Imperial Parliament. Of Grattan we may add in the words of the Rev. Sydney Smith:—"No Government ever dismayed him; the world could not bribe him; he thought only of Ireland; lived for no other object; dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his manly courage, and all the splendor of his astonishing eloquence."

SIR, I have entreated an attendance on this day, that you might, in the most public manner, deny the claim of the British Parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice lift up your hands against it. England now smarts under the lesson of the American war; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not

only her last connection,—you are the only Nation in Europe that is not her enemy. Let corruption tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety, and this hour of redemption. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone too far not to go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country, or publicly restore them. Where is the freedom of trade? Where is the security of property? Where is the liberty of the People? I therefore say, nothing is safe, satisfactory or honorable, nothing except a declara-

tion of rights. What! are you, with three hundred thousand men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say you are a free People? If England is a tyrant, it is you have made her so; it is the slave that makes the tyrant, and then murmurs at the master whom he himself has constituted.

The British Minister mistakes the Irish character; had he intended to make Ireland a slave, he should have kept her a beggar. There is no middle policy: win her heart by the restoration of her rights, or cut off the Nation's right hand; greatly emancipate, or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the Nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland. They judge of us by other great Nations; by the Nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty,—America! They judge of us with a true knowledge and just deference for our character; that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland,

and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen centuries, by the arms, inspiration and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland; declare the liberty of the land. I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked,—he shall not be in iron. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should lie, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

REPLY TO MR. FLOOD, 1783.—*Henry Grattan.*

At the time of this speech in the Irish Parliament, Flood and Grattan, although previously friends, stood before the British public as rival leaders. A bitter animosity had arisen between them; and Grattan having unfortunately led the way in personality, by speaking of his opponent's "affectation of infirmity," Flood replied with great asperity, denouncing Grattan as "a mendicant patriot," who, "bought by his country for a sum of money, then sold his country for prompt payment." He also sneered at Grattan's "aping the style of Lord Chatham." To these taunts Grattan replied in a speech, an abridgment of which we here give. An arrangement for a hostile meeting between the parties was the consequence of this speech; but Flood was arrested, and the crime of a duel was not added to the offence of vindictive personality, of which both had been guilty. Grattan lived to regret his harshness, and speak in generous terms of his rival.

IT is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man, who has not a bad character, can ever say that I deceived. No country can call me a cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence. I will begin with his character in his political cradle, and I will follow him to the

last stage of political dissolution. I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second, to have been corrupt; and in the last, seditious; that, after an envenomed attack on the persons and measures of a succession of viceroys, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion, he took office, and became a supporter of Government, when the profusion of

ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty, and voted, moreover, for an address to send four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America,—of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind. Thus defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, commerce, and toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that this probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him, and say:

Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible. You began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue; after a rank and clamorous opposition, you became, on a sudden, *silent*;

you were silent for seven years; you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money! You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry. You, sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles,—you, sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden;—you, sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America,—and you, sir, voted four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty*!

But you found, at last, that the Court had bought, but would not trust you. Mortified at the discovery, you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; and observing, with regard to Prince and People, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your Sovereign by betraying the Government, as you had sold the People. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you, the constitutionalist may say to you, the American may say to you,—and I, I now say, and say to your beard, sir,—you are not an honest man!

HEAVEN FIGHTS ON THE SIDE OF A GREAT PRINCIPLE.—Grattan.

THE Kingdom of Ireland, with her imperial crown, stands at your Bar. She applies for the civil liberty of three-fourths of her children. Will you dismiss her without a hearing? You cannot do it! I say you cannot finally do it! The interest of your country would not support you; the feelings of your country would not support you: it is a proceeding that cannot long be persisted in. No courtier so devoted, no politician so hardened, no conscience so capacious! I am not afraid of occasional majorities. A majority cannot overlay a great principle. God will guard His own cause against rank majorities. In vain shall men appeal to a church-cry, or to a mock thunder; the proprietor of the bolt is on the side of the People.

It was the expectation of the repeal of Catholic disability which carried the Union. Should you wish to support the minister of the crown against the People of Ireland, retain the Union, and perpetuate the disqualification, the consequence must be something more than alienation. When you finally decide against the Catholic question, you abandon the idea of governing Ireland by affection, and you adopt the idea of coercion in its place. You are pronouncing the doom of England. If you ask how the People of Ireland feel towards you, ask yourselves how you would feel towards us, if we disqualified three-fourths of the People of England forever. The day you finally ascertain the disqualification of the Catholic, you pronounce

the doom of Great Britain. It is just it should be so. The King who takes away the liberty of his subjects loses his Crown; the People who take away the liberty of their fellow-subjects lose their Empire. The scales of your own destinies are in your own hands; and if you throw out

the civil liberty of the Irish Catholic, depend on it, Old England will be weighed in the balance, and found wanting: you will then have dug your own grave, and you may write your own epitaph thus:—"ENGLAND DIED BECAUSE SHE TAXED AMERICA, AND DISQUALIFIED IRELAND."

SECTARIAN TYRANNY, 1812.—*Henry Grattan.*

WHenever one set degrades another on account of religion, such degradation is the tyranny of a sect.

When you enact that, on account of his religion, no Catholic shall sit in Parliament, you do what amounts to the tyranny of a sect. When you enact that no Catholic shall be a sheriff, you do what amounts to the tyranny of a sect. When you enact that no Catholic shall be a general, you do what amounts to the tyranny of a sect. There are two descriptions of laws,—the municipal law, which binds the People, and the law of God, which binds the Parliament and the People. Whenever you do any act which is contrary to His laws, as expressed in His work, which is the world, or in His book, the Bible, you exceed your right; whenever you rest any

of your establishments on that excess, you rest it on a foundation which is weak and fallacious; whenever you attempt to establish your Government, or your property, or your Church, on religious restrictions you establish them on that false foundation, and you oppose the Almighty; and though you had a host of mitres on your side, you banish God from your ecclesiastical Constitution, and freedom from your political. In vein shall men endeavor to make this the cause of the Church; they aggravate the crime, by the endeavor to make their God their fellow in the injustice. Such rights are the rights of ambition; they are the rights of conquest; and, in your case, they have been the rights of suicide. They begin by attacking liberty; they end by the loss of empire!

SATIRE ON THE PENSION SYSTEM, 1786.—*Curran.*

John Philpot Curran was born in Newcastle, Ireland, July 24, 1750. His Senatorial career was confined to the Irish Parliament, and was entirely eclipsed by his reputation at the bar. "There never lived a greater advocate," says Charles Phillips; "certainly never one more suited to the country in which his lot was cast. His eloquence was copious, rapid and ornate, and his power of mimicry beyond all description." In his boyhood he had a confusion in his utterance, from which he was called by his school-fellows "Stuttering Jack Curran." He employed every means to correct his elocution, and render it perfect. "He accustomed himself," says one of his biographers, "to speak very slowly, to correct his precipitate utterance. He practiced before a glass, to make his gestures graceful. He spoke aloud the most celebrated orations. One piece—the speech of Antony over the dead body of Cæsar—he was never weary of repeating. This he recommended to his young friends at the bar as a model of eloquence. And while he thus used art to smooth a channel for his thoughts to flow in, no man's eloquence ever issued more freshly and spontaneously from the heart. It was always the heart of the man that spoke." Curran died October 14, 1817.

THIS polygot of wealth, this museum of curiosities, the Pension List, embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke or a Rodney, to the debased situation of the lady who humbly herself that she may be exalted. But the lessons it inculcates form its greatest perfection; It teacheth, that Sloth and Vice may eat that bread which Virtue and Honesty

may starve for after they have earned it. It teaches the idle and dissolute to look up for that support which they are too proud to stoop and earn. It directs the minds of men to an entire reliance on the ruling Power of the State, who feeds the ravens of the Royal aviary, that cry continually for food. It teaches them to imitate those saints on the Pension List, that are alike the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet are arrayed like Solomon in

his glory. In fine, it teaches a lesson, which, indeed, they might have learned from Epictētus, that it is sometimes good not to be over-virtuous; it shows, that, in proportion as our distresses increase, the munificence of the Crown increases also; in proportion as our clothes are rent, the royal mantle is extended over us.

Notwithstanding that the Pension List, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, give me leave to consider it as coming home to the members of this House;—give me leave to say, that

the Crown, in extending its charity, its liberality, its profusion, is laying a foundation for the independence of Parliament; for, hereafter, instead of orators or patriots accounting for their conduct to such mean and unworthy persons as freeholders, they will learn to despise them, and look to the first man in the State; and they will, by so doing, have this security for their independence,—that while any man in the Kingdom has a shilling, they will not want one!

REPLY TO THREATS OF VIOLENCE, 1790.—*Curran.*

WE have been told this night, in express words, that the man who dares to do his duty to his country in this House may expect to be attacked without these walls by the military gentlemen of the Castle. If the army had been directly or indirectly mentioned in the course of the debate, this extraordinary declaration might be attributable to the confusion of a mistaken charge, or an absurd vindication; but, without connection with the subject, a new principle of government is advanced, and that is—the bayonet! And this is stated in the fullest house, and the most crowded audience, I ever saw. We are to be silenced by corruption within, or quelled by force of arms without. If the strength of numbers or corruption should fail against the cause of the public, it is to be backed by assassination. Nor is it necessary that those avowed principles of bribery and arms should come from any high personal authority; they have

been delivered by the known retainers of Administration, in the face of that bench, and heard even without a murmur of dissent or disapprobation.

For my part, I do not know how it may be my destiny to fall;—it may be by chance, or malady, or violence; but, should it be my fate to perish the victim of a bold and honest discharge of my duty, I will not shun it. I will do that duty; and, if it should expose me to sink under the blow of the assassin, and become a victim to the public cause, the most sensible of my regrets would be, that on such an altar there should not be immolated a more illustrious sacrifice. As to myself, while I live, I shall despise the peril. I feel in my own spirit the safety of my honor, and in my own and the spirit of the People do I feel strength enough to hold that Administration, which can give a sanction to menaces like these, responsible for their consequences to the Nation and the individual.

ON THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL.—*Daniel O'Connell.*

Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish "agitator" or "liberator," as he was frequently called, was born in the county of Kerry, Ireland, in 1775. He died in 1847. "His was that marvellous admixture of mirth, pathos, drollery, earnestness and dejection," says Charles Phillips, "which, well compounded, form the true Milesian. He could whine and wheedle, and wink with one eye while he wept with the other. His fun was inexhaustible." O'Connell was apt to be too violent and vituperative in his denunciations, and they consequently failed of their effect. The abuse that is palpably exaggerated is not much to be feared.

I DO not rise to fawn or cringe to this House;—I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the Nation to which I belong,—toward a Nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct Nation; it has been treated as such

by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious Bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the Press, and of every other

institution dear to Englishmen. Against the Bill I protest, in the name of the Irish People, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions, that grievances are not to be complained of,—that our redress is not to be agitated; for, in such cases, remonstrances cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the People suffer.

The clause which does away with trial by jury,—what, in the name of Heaven, is it, if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench; it does away with that which is more sacred than the Throne itself,—that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble. If ever I doubted, before, of the success of our agitation for repeal, this Bill,—this infamous bill,—the way in which it has been received by the House; the manner in which its opponents have been treated; the personalities

to which they have been subjected; the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted,—all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? O, they will be heard there!—yes; and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation,—they will say, “We are eight millions; and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!”

I have done my duty. I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country. I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it, as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust;—as establishing an infamous precedent, by retaliating crime against crime;—as tyrannous,—cruelly and vindictively tyrannous!

VIOLETION OF ENGLISH PROMISES.—*Daniel O'Connell.*

MY lord, the Irish Catholics never, never broke their faith; they never violated their plighted promise to the English. I appeal to history for the truth of my assertion. My lord, the English never, never observed their faith with us—they never performed their plighted promise; the history of the last six hundred years proves the accuracy of my assertion. I will leave the older periods, and fix myself at the revolution. More than a hundred and twenty years have elapsed since the treaty of Limerick. That treaty has been honorably and faithfully performed by the Irish Catholics; it has been foully, disgracefully, and directly violated by the English. English oaths and solemn engagements bound them to its performance: it remains still of force and unperformed; and the ruffian yell of English treachery, which accompanied its first violation, has, it seems, been repeated even in the senate-house at the last repetition of the violation of that treaty.

They rejoiced and they shouted at the perjuries of their ancestors; at their own want of good faith or common sense.

Nay, are there not men present, who can tell us, of their own knowledge, of another instance of English treachery? Was not the assent of many of the Catholics to the fatal—O! the *fatal* measure of the union!—purchased by the express and written promise of Catholic emancipation, made from authority by Lord Cornwallis, and confirmed by the prime minister, Mr. Pitt? And has that promise been performed? Or, has Irish credulity afforded only another instance of English faithlessness?

Now, my lord, I ask this assembly whether they can confide in English promises? I say nothing of the solemn pledges of individuals. Can you confide in the more than puny faith of your hereditary taskmasters? Or shall we be accused of over-scrupulous jealousy, when we reject, with indignation, the contamination of English control over our Church?

THE PRESS THE PROTECTION OF THE PEOPLE.—*Daniel O'Connell.*

This extract is from O'Connell's famous speech at the trial of John McGee accused of libelling the Duke of Richmond in the *Hibernian Journal*.

THE Attorney-General has talked of his impartiality; he will suppress, he says, the licentiousness of the press. Gentlemen, the Attorney-General was waited on, and respectfully requested to prosecute the *Hibernian Journal* upon the terms of having the falsehood of certain libelous assertions first proved to him. I need not tell you he refused. These are not the libelers *he* prosecutes.

Contrast the situation of my client with that of the proprietor of the *Hibernian Journal*. The one is prosecuted with all the weight and influence of the Crown, the other pensioned by the ministers of the Crown; the one dragged to your bar for the sober discussion of political topics, the other hired to disseminate the most horrid calumnies. Let the Attorney-General now boast of his impartiality; can you credit him on your oaths? Let him talk of his veneration for the liberty of the press; can you believe him in your consciences? Let him call the press the protection of the People against the Government. Yes, gentlemen, believe him when he says so! Let the press *be* the protection of the People!—he admits that it ought to be so. Will you find a verdict for him that shall contradict the only assertion upon which he and I, however, are both agreed? Gentlemen, the Attorney-General is bound by this admission. It is part of his case, and he is the prosecutor

here. It is a part of the evidence before you, for he is the prosecutor. Then, gentlemen, it is your duty to act upon that evidence, and to allow the press to afford some protection to the People.

Is there amongst you any one friend to freedom? Is there amongst you one man who esteems equal and impartial justice, who values the people's right as the foundation of private happiness, and who considers life as no boon without liberty? Is there amongst you one friend to the Constitution?—one man who hates oppression? If there be, my client appeals to his kindred mind, and confidently expects an acquittal. There are amongst you men of great religious zeal—of much public piety. Are you sincere? Do you believe what you profess! With all this zeal, with all this piety, is there any conscience amongst you? Is there any terror of violating your oaths? Be ye hypocrites, or does genuine religion inspire you? If you be sincere, if you have consciences, if your oaths can control your interests, then my client confidently expects an acquittal. If amongst you there be cherished one ray of pure religion, if amongst you there glow a single spark of liberty, if I have alarmed patriotism or roused the spirit of freedom in one breast amongst you, my client is safe, and his country is served. But, if there be none—if you be slaves and hypocrites—he will await your verdict, and despise it.

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION, 1834.—*Sheil.*

Richard Lalor Sheil was born in Dublin, Ireland, August 16, 1791, and died at Florence, Italy, where he held the post of British Minister, May 25, 1851. He was returned to the Imperial Parliament in 1829, and for twenty years was a prominent member of the House of Commons. A contemporary says of him: "His great earnestness and apparent sincerity, his unrivalled felicity of illustration, his extraordinary power of pushing the meaning of words to the utmost extent, and wringing from them a force beyond the range of ordinary expression, were such, that when he rose to speak, members took their places, and the hum of private conversation was hushed, in order that the House might enjoy the performances of an accomplished artist." His style of speaking was peculiar; his gesticulation rapid, fierce and incessant; his enunciation remarkably quick and impetuous. His matter was uniformly well arranged and logical.

THE population of Ireland has doubled since the Union. What is the condition of the mass of the People? Has her capital increased in the same pro-

portion? Behold the famine, the wretchedness and pestilence, of the Irish hovel, and, if you have the heart to do so, mock at the calamities of the country, and proceed in your demonstra-

tions of the prosperity of Ireland. The mass of the People are in a condition more wretched than that of any Nation in Europe; they are worse housed, worse covered, worse fed, than the basest boors in the provinces of Russia; they dwell in habitations to which your swine would not be committed; they are covered with rags which your beggars would disdain to wear, and not only do they never taste the flesh of animals which crowd into your markets, but, while the sweat drops from their brows, they never touch the bread into which their harvests are converted. For you they toil, for you they delve; they reclaim the bog, and drive the plough to the mountain's top, for you. And where does all this misery exist? In a country teeming with fertility, and stamped with the beneficent intents of God! When the famine of Ireland prevailed,—when her cries crossed the Channel, and pierced your ears, and reached your hearts,—the granaries of Ireland were bursting with their contents, and, while a People knelt down and stretched out their hands for food, the business of deportation, the absentee tribute, was going on! Talk of the prosperity of Ireland! Talk of the external magnificence of the poor-house, gorged with misery within!

But the Secretary for the Treasury exclaims: "If the agitators would but let us alone, and allow Ireland to be tranquil!"—The agitators, foorsooth! Does he venture—has he the intrepidity—to speak thus? Agitators! Against deep potations let the drunkard rail;—at Crockford's let there be homilies against the dice-box;—let every libertine lament the progress of licentiousness, when his Majesty's ministers deplore the influence of demagogues, and Whigs complain of agitation! How did you carry the Reform? Was it not by impelling the People almost to the verge of revolution? Was there a stimulant for their passions, was there a provocative for their excitement, to which you did not resort? If you have forgotten, do you think that we shall fail to remember your meetings at Edinburgh, at Paisley, at Manchester, at Birmingham? Did not three hundred thousand men assemble? Did they not pass resolutions against taxes? Did they not threaten to march on London? Did not two of the cabinet ministers indite to them epistles of gratitude and of admiration? and do they now dare—have they the audacity—to speak of agitation? Have we not as good a title to demand the restitution of our Parliament, as the ministers to insist on the reform of this House?

IRISH ALIENS AND ENGLISH VICTORIES, 1837.—*Sheil.*

The following brilliant appeal—one of the most eloquent in the annals of British oratory—is from Sheil's speech on the Irish Municipal Bill, in the House of Commons, February 22, 1837. The episode was called forth by an unfortunate expression which Lord Lyndhurst had employed, some time before, in the House of Lords, in alluding to the Irish as "aliens, in blood and religion." During Sheil's speech, his Lordship was sitting under the gallery; and it is recorded that Sheil shook his head indignantly at him, as he spoke. The effect upon the House was very marked. Nearly all the members turned towards Lord Lyndhurst; and the shouts of the Ministerialists, encountered by the vehement outcries of the Conservatives, continued for some minutes. The latter half of this speech demands great rapidity of utterance in the delivery. The speaker should be in deepest earnestness. His whole being should writhe under the injustice felt; his eye should burn with indignation and his manner be proudly defiant, demanding rights rather than asking favors; his gesticulation should be positive and emphatic.

I SHOULD be suprised, indeed, if, while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us justice. From the day on which Strongbow set his foot upon the shore of Ireland, Englishmen were never wanting in protestations of their deep anxiety to do us justice;—even Strafford, the deserter of the People's cause,—the renegade

Wentworth, who gave evidence in Ireland of the spirit of instinctive tyranny which predominated in his character,—even Strafford, while he trampled upon our rights, and trod upon the heart of the country, protested his solicitude to do justice to Ireland! What marvel is it, then, that gentlemen opposite should deal in such vehement protestations? There is, however, one

man, of great abilities,—not a member of this House, but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party,—who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the People of this country,—abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide, their motives,—distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish People that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity and religion, to be aliens :—to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, aliens in religion ! Aliens ! good God ! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords,—and did he not start up and exclaim : “ HOLD ! I HAVE SEEN THE ALIENS DO THEIR DUTY ! ”

The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved ; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply,—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown.

“ The battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed,” ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable,—from Assaye to Waterloo,—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned.

Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiéra through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before ? What desperate valor climbed the steepes and filled the moats at Badajos ?

All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimiéra, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuéra, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest —. Tell me,—for you were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast ;—tell me,—for you must needs remember,—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers, when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science,—when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset,—tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the “ aliens ” blenched ?

And when, at length, the moment for the last and decided movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was, at last, let loose,—when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault,—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country precipitated herself upon the foe ?

The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together ;—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited ; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust ; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate ; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life blood was poured out ?

THE NATURE OF JUSTICE.—*Sheridan.*

(From the speech on the trial of Warren Hastings, June 6th, 1788.)

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin, September, 1751, and died July 7, 1816, in London. He distinguished himself greatly, in company with Burke, in the prosecution against Warren Hastings; but the reports of his speeches at the trial are imperfect and conflicting. Sheridan's fame as a dramatist is quite equal to his Parliamentary reputation. Lord Byron was a great admirer of Sheridan and reckoned him as ranking with Pitt, Fox and Burke as an orator, while he surpassed them in certain respects.

LET me call the attention of the court to the magnificent paragraph in which Mr. Hastings concludes his communication. It will give you some idea of this man's notion of justice. "I hope," says Mr. Hastings, "it will not be a departure from official language to say, that the *majesty of justice ought not to be reproached without solicitation*. She ought not to descend to inflame or provoke, but to withhold her judgment until she is called on to determine." Justice ought not to be approached without solicitation! Justice ought not to descend! But, my lords, do you, the judges of this land, and the expounders of its rightful laws, do you approve of this mockery, and call it justice? No! *justice* is not this halt and miserable object; it is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod; it is not the portentous phantom of despair; it is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords.

In the happy reverse of all these, I turn from this disgusting caricature to the *real image*! *Justice* I have now before me, *august* and *pure*—the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in

the spirits and the aspirings of men; where the mind rises, where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and benign; where her favorite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate, to hear their cry and to help them; to rescue and relieve, to succor and save; majestic from its mercy; venerable from its utility; uplifted without pride, firm without obduracy; beneficent in each preference, lovely though in her frown!

On that justice I rely, deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose and political speculation, not in words, but in facts. You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure, by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those feelings which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the *original compact* of our nature, our controlling rank in the creation. This is the call on all, to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws; ay, as they would satisfy *themselves* with the most exalted bliss possible or conceivable for our nature,—the *self-approving consciousness of virtue*, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world! My lords, I have done.

AGAINST POLITICAL JOBBING, 1794.—*R. B. Sheridan.*

IS this a time for selfish intrigues, and the little dirty traffic for lucre and emolument! Does it suit the honor of a gentleman to ask at such a moment? Does it become the honesty of a minister to grant? What! in such an hour as this,—at a moment pregnant with the national fate, when, pressing as the exigency may be, the hard task of squeezing the money from the pockets of an impoverished People, from the toil, the drudgery of the shivering poor, must make the most practiced

collector's heart ache while he tears it from them—can it be that the people of high rank, and professing high principles—that they or their families should seek to thrive on the spoils of misery, and fatten on the meals wrested from industrious poverty? O, shame! shame! Is it intended to confirm the pernicious doctrine so industriously propagated, that all public men are impostors, and that every politician has his price? Or, even where there is no principle in the bosom, why does not prudence hint to the

mercenary and the vain to abstain awhile, at least, and wait the fitting of the times? Improvident impatience! Nay, even from those who seem to have no direct object of office or profit, what is the language which their actions speak?

"The Throne is in danger! we will support the Throne; but let us share the smiles of royalty!"

"The order of nobility is in danger! I will fight for nobility," says the Viscount; "but my zeal would be greater if I were made an Earl!"

"Rouse all the Marquis within me," exclaims the Earl; "the Peerage never turned forth a more undaunted champion in its cause than I shall prove!" "Stain my green ribbon blue," cries out the illustrious Knight, "and the fountain of honor will have a fast and faithful servant!"

What are the People to think of our sincerity? What credit are they to give to our professions? Is this system to be persevered in? Is there nothing that whispers to that right honorable gentleman that the crisis is too big, that the times are too gigantic, to be ruled by the little hackneyed and everyday means of ordinary corruption? Or, are we to believe that he has within himself a conscious feeling that disqualifies him from rebuking the ill-timed selfishness of new allies? Let him take care that the corruptions of the Government shall not have lost it the public heart; that the example of selfishness in the *few* has not extinguished public spirit in the *many*!

ON BEING FOUND GUILTY OF HIGH TREASON.—Robert Emmett.

On the 23d of June, 1803, a rebellion against the Government broke out in Dublin, in which Robert Emmett, at the time only twenty-three years of age, was a principal actor. It proved a failure. Emmett was arrested, having missed the opportunity of escape, it is said, by lingering to take leave of a daughter of Curran, the gifted orator, to whom he bore an attachment, which was reciprocated. On the 19th of September, 1803, Emmett was tried for high treason at the Sessions House, Dublin, before Lord Norbury, one of the Chief Judges of the King's Bench, and others; was found guilty, and executed the next day. Through his counsel, he had asked, at the trial, that the judgment of the Court might be postponed until the next morning. This request was not granted. The clerk of the Crown read the indictment, and announced the verdict found, in the usual form. He then concluded thus: "What have you, therefore, now to say, why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you, according to law?" Standing forward in the dock, in front of the Bench, Emmett made the following impromptu address, which we give entire, dividing it only into passages of a suitable length for declamation. As a masterpiece of extemporaneous eloquence its counterpart cannot be found, perhaps, in any language. It entitles its author to rank among the great orators of earth. At his execution, Emmett displayed great fortitude. As he was passing out of his cell, on his way to the gallows, he met the turnkey, who had become much attached to him. Being fettered, Emmett could not give his hand; so he kissed the poor fellow on the cheek, who, overcome by the mingled condescension and tenderness of the act, fell senseless at the feet of the youthful victim, and did not recover till the latter was no longer among the living. Emmett's own fate is scarcely less pathetic than that of his promised bride. The story is touchingly told by Washington Irving under the title of "Broken Hearts," and may be found elsewhere in this volume.

WHAT have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored—as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country—to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been

heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a Court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your Lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor, to shelter it from the rude storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in

silence, and meet the fate that awaits me, without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my *character* to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the Court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my Lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice:—the man dies, but his memory lives: that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from *some* of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port,—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and of virtue,—this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious Government which upholds its dominion by blasphemy of the Most High,—which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest,—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more, or a little less, than the Government standard,—a Government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

(Following the foregoing paragraph, Lord Norbury said: “The weakened enthusiasts who feel as you feel, are unequal to the accomplishments of their wild designs.” In answer to which remark Emmett continued as follows:)

II.

I appeal to the immaculate God,—to the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear,—to the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before,—that my conduct has

been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my Lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with prosterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my Lords; a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

(Lord Norbury again interrupted by saying: “You proceed to unwarrantable lengths, in order to exasperate and delude, and circulate dangerous opinions for the purpose of mischief.” To which Emmett replied with dignified sarcasm:)

Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your Lordships, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy;—my expressions were for my countrymen; if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction—

(Lord Norbury replied with great heat: “What you have hitherto said confirms and justifies the verdict of the jury.” Emmett’s rejoinder was a withering rebuke:)

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, opinions of the

motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he had been adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions,—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice,—if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

III.

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind, by humiliation, to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this Court. You, my Lord, are a judge. I am a supposed culprit. I am a man,—you are a man also. By a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this Court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar, and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions. As a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my Lord, we must appear, on the great day, at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who are engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives,—my country's oppressors or—

(Here Lord Norbury exclaimed: "Listen,

sir to the sentence of the law." To which Emmett replied with great spirit:)

My Lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why, then, insult me? or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my Lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes the right of answering! This, no doubt, may be dispensed with; and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury was impanelled. Your Lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit to the sacrifice; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

(Here Emmett paused and would have stopped, but the Court desired him to proceed, which he did; discussing in the following masterly and eloquent manner the charges on which he had been arraigned:)

IV.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France!—and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country,—not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? For a change of masters? No; but for ambition! O, my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up

my life ! O God ! No ! my Lord ; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor, and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill.

Connection with France was, indeed, intended ; but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid of them ; and we sought it, as we had assurance we should obtain it,—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the People, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I would meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war ; and I would animate you to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil. If they succeeded in landing, and if we were forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass before them, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I would leave in charge to my countrymen to accomplish ; because I should feel conscious that life, more than death, is unprofitable, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France ; but I wished to prove to France, and to the world, that Irishmen deserved to be assisted, that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty

of their country ! I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America,—to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as by its valor,—allies disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience ; who would preserve the good and polish the rough points of our character ; who would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects ; not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants. These were my views, and these only become Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

(Here the court interrupted, but after an exciting parley Emmett was allowed to proceed.)

V.

I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the *key-stone* of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your Lordship expressed it, “the life and blood of the conspiracy.” You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this *conspiracy* who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my Lord ;—men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends,—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand !

(This so exasperated Lord Norbury that he attempted to stop the speaker, but the enthusiasm was so great he dared not insist, and Emmett proceeded shaking his finger at Lord Norbury :)

What, my Lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediate minister, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed, in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor ? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so

very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my short life,—am I to be appalled here, before a mere remnant of mortality?—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it!

(This invective was so severe that the judge interfered, insisting that Emmett be less personal. After a moment's pause the speaker composed himself and proceeded as follows:)

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for my views. No inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation or treachery, from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country—who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No. God forbid!

(At this point Lord Norbury told Emmett that

his principles were treasonable, that his father would not have countenanced such sentiments, that his language was unbecoming, to which Emmett replied with feeling:)

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life!

My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which your thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim;—it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me,—and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world;—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth,—then, and not till then,—let my epitaph be written! I have done.

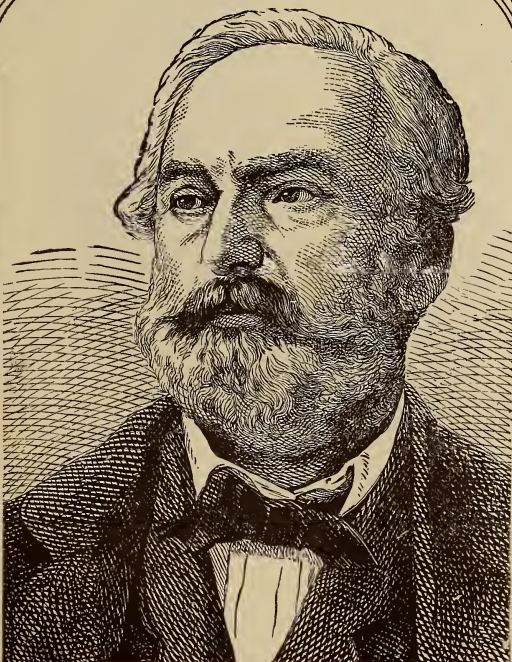
The above speech is given in full, because no subdivision of it could do justice to the orator on this great occasion. It may, of course, be spoken in sections, as divided. An excellent entertainment may be arranged by costuming the participants in the dress of that day, and arranging the characters—Judges, Jurymen and Court Spectators—on the stage.



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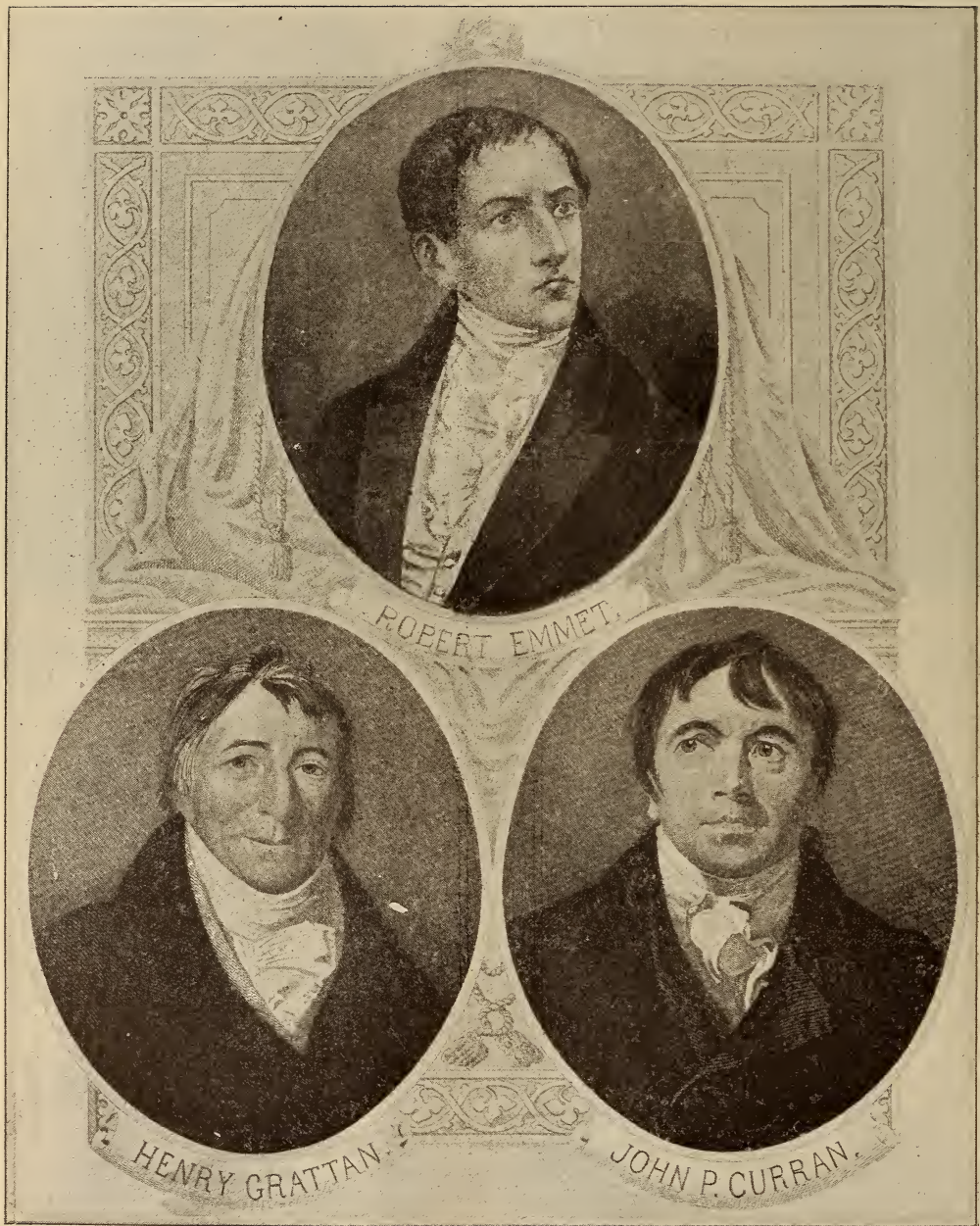
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NOTED IRISH ORATORS

GREAT AMERICAN ORATORS.

RESISTANCE TO BRITISH AGGRESSION.—*Patrick Henry.*

Patrick Henry was born May 29, 1736, in Hanover County, Virginia. His father was a native of Aberdeen, in Scotland. Patrick's education was scanty, and he entered upon the practice of the law after only six weeks of preparation. But his powers of eloquence were remarkable. He was elected repeatedly to the most important offices in the gift of the People of Virginia. In 1788, he was a member of the Convention which met there to consider the Constitution of the United States, and exerted himself strenuously against its adoption. He died in 1799.

The Virginia Convention having before them resolutions of a temporizing character towards Great Britain, March 23, 1775, Mr. Henry introduced others, manly and decided in their tone, and providing that the Colony should be immediately put in a state of defence. These counter resolutions he supported in the following memorable speech, the result of which was their adoption. Of the effect of this speech, Mr. Wirt says, that, when Henry took his seat, at its close, "No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry *to arms!* seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye. They became impatient of speech. Their souls were on fire for action."

MR. PRESIDENT, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth,—to know the worst, and to provide for it!

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss! Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be recon-

ciled, that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which Kings resort. I ask gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them?—Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that, for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the Throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have

been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the Throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve invio-

late those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

THE WAR INEVITABLE, March, 1775.—(*Continuation of the foregoing.*)—*Patrick Henry.*

THEY tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of People, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our

battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

FOR INDEPENDENCE, 1776.—*Richard Henry Lee. Born 1732. Died 1794.*

THE time will certainly come when the fated separation between the mother country and these Colonies must take place, whether you will or no; for so it is decreed by the very nature of things,—by the progressive increase of our population, the fertility of our soil, the extent of our territory, the industry of our countrymen, and the immensity of the ocean which separates the two countries. And, if this be true,—as it is most true,—who does not say that the sooner it takes place,

the better; that it would be the height of folly, not to seize the present occasion, when British injustice has filled all hearts with indignation, inspired all minds with courage, united all opinions in one, and put arms in every hand? And how long must we traverse three thousand miles of a stormy sea, to solicit of arrogant and insolent men either counsels or commands to regulate our domestic affairs? From what we have already achieved, it is easy to presume what we shall hereafter accomplish.

Why do we longer delay,—why still deliberate? Let this most happy day give birth to the American Republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and of the laws. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom, that may contrast, by the felicity of the citizens, with the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprang up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubri-

ous and interminable shade all the unfortunate of the human race. This is the end presaged by so many omens:—by our first victories; by the present ardor and union; by the flight of Howe, and the pestilence which broke out among Dunmore's people; by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleets and transports, and the terrible tempest which engulfed seven hundred vessels upon the coast of Newfoundland. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to country, the names of the American Legislators will be placed, by posterity, at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, and Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and will be, forever dear to virtuous men and good citizens!

THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE STATES.—*Alexander Hamilton.*

Alexander Hamilton was born in Nevis, one of the West India Islands, in 1757. After some military experience, he entered upon the study of the law, and rose to great eminence in the Councils of the Nation. With Madison and Jay, he wrote the "Federalist," and labored strenuously in behalf of the Constitution. He was the first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. He was shot by Aaron Burr, in a duel, in 1804. The following speech was delivered in the Convention of New York, on the adoption of the Constitution, 1788.

MR. CHAIRMAN, it has been advanced as a principle, that no Government but a Despotism can exist in a very extensive country. This is a melancholy consideration, indeed. If it were founded on truth, we ought to dismiss the idea of a Republican Government, even for the State of New York. But the position has been misapprehended. Its application relates only to democracies, where the body of the people meet to transact business, and where representation is unknown. The application is wrong in respect to all representative Governments, but especially in relation to a Confederacy of States, in which the Supreme Legislature has only general powers, and the civil and domestic concerns of the People are regulated by the laws of the several States. I insist that it never can be the interest or desire of the national Legislature to destroy the State Governments. The blow aimed at the members must give a fatal wound to the head, and the destruction of the States must be at once a political suicide. But imagine, for a moment, that a political frenzy should seize the Government;

suppose they should make the attempt. Certainly, sir, it would be forever impracticable. This has been sufficiently demonstrated by reason and experience. It has been proved that the members of Republics have been, and ever will be, stronger than the head. Let us attend to one general historical example.

In the ancient feudal Governments of Europe, there were, in the first place, a Monarch; subordinate to him, a body of Nobles; and subject to these, the vassals, or the whole body of the People. The authority of the Kings was limited, and that of the Barons considerably independent. The histories of the feudal wars exhibit little more than a series of successful encroachments on the prerogatives of Monarchy.

Here, sir, is one great proof of the superiority which the members in limited Governments possess over their head. As long as the Barons enjoyed the confidence and attachment of the People, they had the strength of the country on their side, and were irresistible. I may be told in some instances the Barons were overcome; but how did this happen? Sir, they took advan-

tage of the depression of the royal authority, and the establishment of their own power, to oppress and tyrannize over their vassals. As commerce enlarged, and wealth and civilization increased, the People began to feel their own weight and consequence; they grew tired of their oppressions; united their strength with that of their Prince, and threw off the yolk of Aristocracy.

These very instances prove what I contend for. They prove that in whatever direction the popular weight leans, the current of power

will flow; whatever the popular attachments be, there will rest the political superiority. Sir, can it be supposed that the State Governments will become the oppressors of the People? Will they forfeit their affections? Will they combine to destroy the liberties and happiness of their fellow-citizens, for the sole purpose of involving themselves in ruin? God forbid! The idea, sir, is shocking! It outrages every feeling of humanity, and every dictate of common sense!

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.—*Rufus Choate. Born 1799. Died 1858.*

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever re-awaken in them in filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard to the country he loved so well; to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life, in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as President of the Convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the Chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life, which enabled him to create his country, and, at the same time, secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were

brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American Nation, as a Nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!

Yes, Others of our great men have been appreciated,—many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements,—no sectional prejudice nor bias,—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes. When the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated. Well did Lord Byron write:

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?—
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush, there was but one."

SANCTITY OF TREATIES, 1796.—*Fisher Ames.*

Fisher Ames, one of the most eloquent of American Statesmen and writers, was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, 1758, and died July 4, 1808. He was a member of Congress during the eight years of Washington's administration, of which he was the earnest and able champion.

WE are either to execute this treaty, or break our faith. To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation: to such men I have nothing to say.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for a spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir; this is not the character of the virtue. It soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it, not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.

What rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a country odious in the eye of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country, as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any,—and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among Nations to the law of good faith. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of Governments. It is observed by barbarians. A whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity, to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—*J. Q. Adams.*

John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, and son of John Adams, the second President, was born at Quincy, Massachusetts, July 11, 1767. After studying law he entered political life, was appointed minister to the Netherlands by Washington, and filled many high offices, till he reached the highest, in 1825. He died in the Capitol, at Washington, while a member of the House of Representatives, 1848. His last words, as he fell in a fit, from which he did not recover, were, "This is the last of earth!"

THE Declaration of Independence! The interest which, in that paper, has survived the occasion upon which it was issued,—the interest which is of every age and every clime,—the interest which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes,—is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration by a Nation of the only legitimate foundation of civil Government. It was the corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of the globe. It demolished, at a stroke, the lawfulness of all Governments founded upon conquest. It swept away all the

rubbish of accumulated centuries of servitude. It announced, in practical form, to the world, the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the People. It proved that the social compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union.

From the day of this declaration, the People of North America were no longer the fragment of a distant empire, imploring justice and mercy from an inexorable master, in another hemisphere. They were no longer children, appealing in vain to the sympathies of a heartless mother; no longer subjects, leaning upon the shattered columns of royal promises, and invoking the faith.

of parchment to secure their rights. They were a Nation, asserting as of right, and maintaining by war, its own existence. A Nation was born in a day.

“How many ages hence
Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o’er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?”

It will be acted o’er, fellow-citizens, but it can never be repeated.

It stands, and must forever stand, alone ; a beacon on the summit of the mountain, to which all the inhabitants of the earth may turn their eyes, for a genial and saving light, till time shall

be lost in eternity and this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind. It stands forever, a light of admonition to the rulers of men, a light of salvation and redemption to the oppressed. So long as this planet shall be inhabited by human beings, so long as man shall be of a social nature, so long as Government shall be necessary to the great moral purposes of society so long as it shall be abused to the purposes of oppression,—so long shall this declaration hold out, to the sovereign and to the subject, the extent and the boundaries of their respective rights and duties, founded in the laws of Nature and of Nature’s God.

BRITISH INFLUENCE, 1811.—*John Randolph. Born 1773. Died 1833.*

John Randolph, an eccentric Statesman, but a man of marked talents, was a Virginian by birth, and a descendant, in the seventh generation, from the celebrated Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, a great Indian chief.

IMPUTATIONS of British influence have been uttered against the opponents of this war. Against whom are these charges brought? Against men who, in the war of the Revolution, were in the Councils of the Nation, or fighting the battles of your country! And by whom are these charges made? By run-aways, chiefly from the British dominions, since the breaking out of the French troubles. The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of Pirates are very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. “Turks, Jews and Infidels,”—Melimelli or the Little Turtle,—barbarians and savages of every clime and color, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins ; in common with whom we claim Shakespeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen ; whose form of government is the freest on earth. our own only excepted ; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed,—representation, jury trial, voting the supplies, writ of habeas corpus, our whole civil

and criminal jurisprudence ; against our fellow-Protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion, with ourselves.

In what school did the worthies of our land—the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges, of America—learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valor? American resistance to British usurpation has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots,—not more by Washington, Hancock and Henry,—than by Chatham, and his illustrious associates in the British Parliament. It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt Ministry, and their servile tools, to whom *we* were not more opposed than *they* were. I trust that none such may ever exist among us ; for tools will never be wanting to subserve the purposes, however ruinous or wicked, of kings and ministers of state. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakespeare and a Milton upon my imagination ; of a Locke, upon my understanding ; of a Sidney, upon my political principles ; of a Chatham, upon qualities which would to God I possessed in common with that illustrious man ! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religion. This is a British influence which I can never shake off.

IN FAVOR OF A STATE LAW AGAINST DUELLING.—*John Randolph.*

THE bill which has been read, Mr. Speaker, claims the serious attention of this House. It is one in which every citizen is deeply interested. Do not, I implore you, confound the sacred name of honor with the practice of duelling,—with that ferocious prejudice which attaches all the virtues to the point of the sword, and is only fitted to make bad men bold. In what does this prejudice consist? In an opinion the most extravagant and barbarous that ever took possession of the human mind!—in the opinion that all the social duties are supplied by courage; that a man is no more a cheat, no more a rascal, no more a calumniator, if he can only fight; and that steel and gunpowder are the true diagnostics of innocence and worth. And so the law of force is made the law of right; murder, the criterion of honor! To grant or receive reparation, one must kill or be killed! All offences may be wiped out by blood! If wolves could reason, would they be governed by maxims more atrocious than these?

But we are told that public opinion—the opinion of the community in which we live—upholds the custom. And, sir, if it were so, is there not more courage in resisting than in following a false public opinion? The man with a proper self-respect is little sensitive to the unmerited

contempt of others. The smile of his own conscience is more prized by him than all that the world can give or take away. Is there any guilt to be compared with that of a voluntary homicide? Could the dismal recollection of blood so shed cease ever to cry for vengeance at the bottom of the heart? The man who, with real or affected gayety and coolness, goes to a mortal encounter with a fellow-being, is, in my eyes, an object of more horror than the brute beast who strives to tear in pieces one of his kind.

True courage is constant, immutable, self-poised. It does not impel us, at one moment, to brave murder and death; and, the next, to shrink pusillanimously from an injurious public opinion. It accompanies the good man everywhere,—to the field of danger, in his country's cause; to the social circle, to lift his voice in behalf of truth or of the absent; to the pillow of disease, to fortify him against the trials of sickness, and the approach of death. Sir, if public opinion is unsound on this subject, let us not be participants in the guilt of upholding a barbarous custom. Let us affix to it the brand of legislative rebuke and disqualification. Pass this bill and you do your part in arresting it. Pass this bill, and you place a shield between the man who refuses a challenge and the public opinion that would disgrace him.

ON RECOGNIZING THE INDEPENDENCE OF GREECE, 1824.—*Henry Clay.*

Henry Clay was born in Virginia, April 12, 1777. Died at Washington, June, 1852. He served successively in the Kentucky Legislature, State Senate, United States House of Representatives and Senate; and was one of the four candidates for President in 1824, and also a candidate in 1844, being defeated both times. As an orator, Mr. Clay is, perhaps, second only to his great contemporary, Daniel Webster, in the history of American politics.

ARE we so low, so base, so despicable, that we may not express our horror, articulate our detestation, of the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained the earth, or shocked high Heaven, with the ferocious deeds of a brutal soldiery, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical religion, rioting in excess of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sick-

ens; If the great mass of Christendom can look coolly and calmly on, while all this is perpetrated on a Christian People, in their own vicinity, in their very presence, let us, at least, show that, in this distant extremity, there is still some sensibility and sympathy for Christian wrongs and sufferings; that there are still feelings which can kindle into indignation at the oppression of a People endeared

to us by every ancient recollection, and every modern tie.

But, sir, it is not first and chiefly for Greece that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give them but little aid,—that aid purely of a moral kind. It is, indeed, soothing and solacing, in distress, to hear the accents of a friendly voice. We know this as a People. But, sir, it is principally and mainly for America herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass ; it is for our own unsullied name that I feel.

What appearance, sir, on the page of history, would a record like this make :—“ In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour 1824, while all European Christendom beheld with cold, unfeeling apathy the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States,—almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom, the representatives of a Nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets,—while the freemen of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer for Grecian success ; while the whole Continent was rising, by one simultaneous

motion, solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking the aid of Heaven to spare Greece, and to invigorate her arms ; while temples and senate-houses will be resounding with one burst of generous sympathy ;—in the year of our Lord and Saviour,—that Saviour alike of Christian Greece and of us, a proposition was offered in the American Congress, to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies ;—and it was rejected ! ”

Go home, if you dare,—go home, if you can,—to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down ! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments ; that, you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you ; that the spectres of cimeters and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you ; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by National independence, and by humanity ! I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this House.

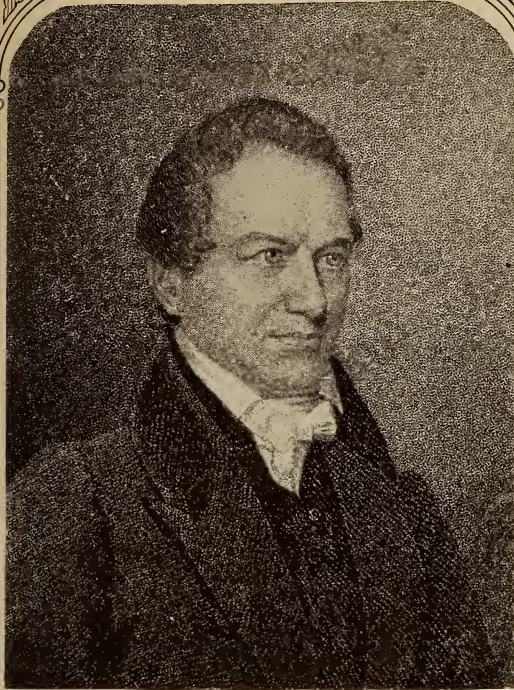
ON THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTION, 1837.—*Henry Clay.*

The Senate having, in 1834, passed resolutions to the effect that President Jackson had assumed and exercised powers not granted by the Constitution, notice was given of a motion to expunge the same. which motion was taken up and carried in 1837, when the majority of the Senate was of a different party complexion.

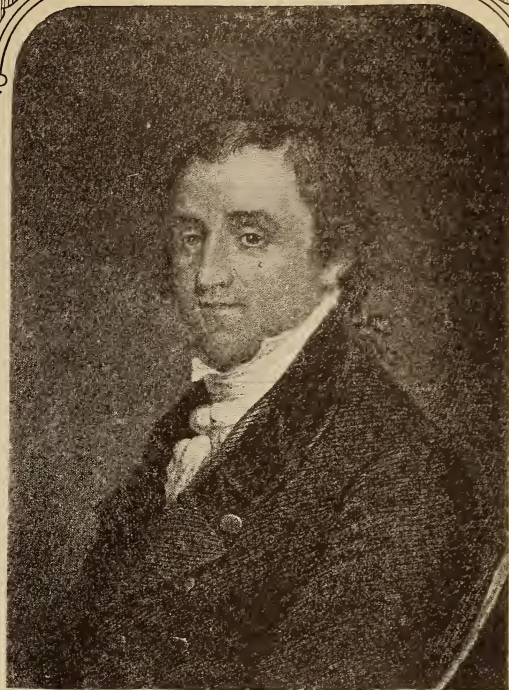
WHAT patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this expunging resolution ? Can you make that not to be which has been ? Can you eradicate from memory and history the fact that, in March, 1834, a majority of the Senate of the United States passed the resolution which excites your enmity ? Is it your vain and wicked object to arrogate to yourselves that power of annihilating the past which has been denied to Omnipotence itself ? Do you intend to thrust your hands into our hearts, and to pluck out the deeply-rooted convictions which are there ? Or, is it your design merely to stigmatize us ? You cannot stigmatize us !

“ Ne’er yet did base dishonor blur our name.”
Standing securely upon our conscious rectitude, and bearing aloft the shield of the Constitution of our country, your puny efforts are impotent ; and we defy all your power !

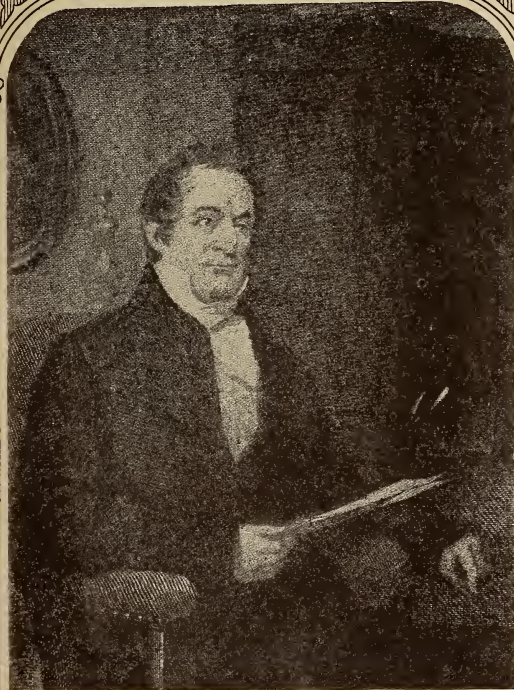
But why should I detain the Senate, or needlessly waste my breath in fruitless exertions ? The decree has gone forth. It is one of urgency, too. The deed is to be done,—that foul deed, which, like the stain on the hands of the guilty Macbeth, all ocean’s waters will never wash out. Proceed, then, to the noble work which lies before you ; and, like other skillful executioners, do it quickly. And, when you have perpetrated



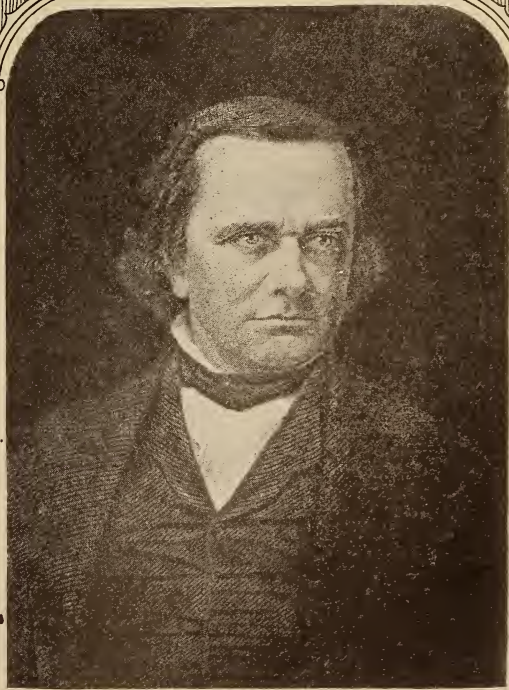
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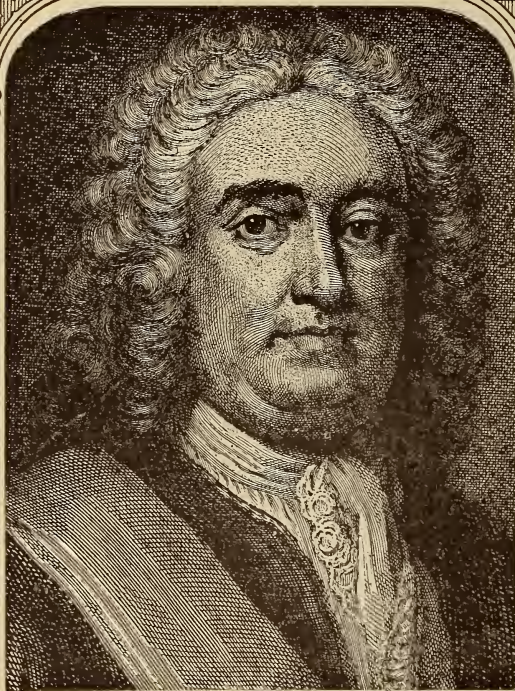
FISHER AMES.



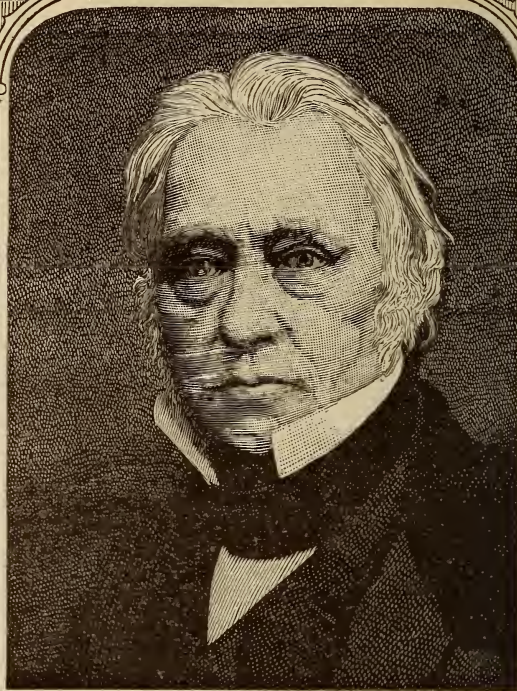
WILLIAM WIRT.



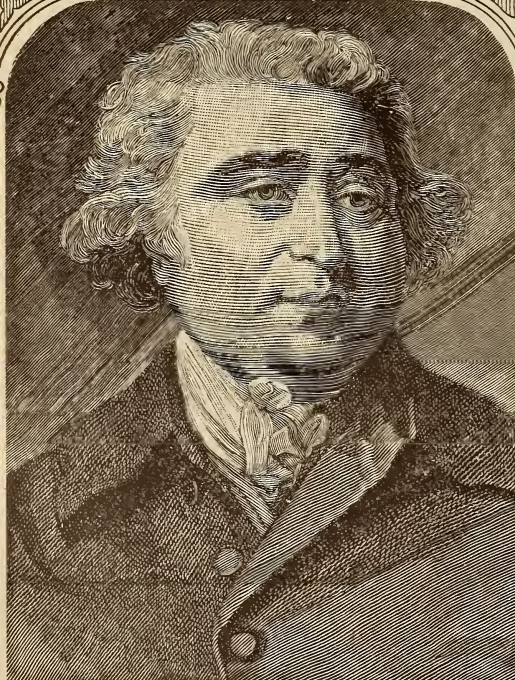
STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.



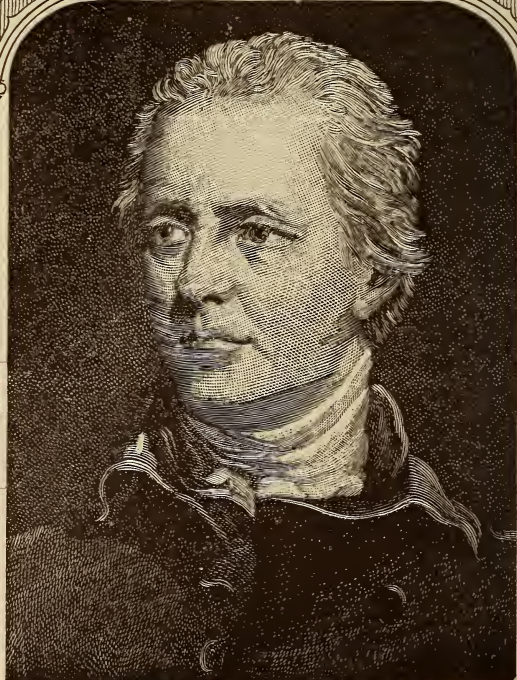
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,
English Orator, Statesman, and Prime Minister.



LORD THOMAS B. MACAULAY,
Scholar, Poet, Historian, and Orator.



CHARLES JAMES FOX,
The Demosthenes of the English Parliament.



WILLIAM PITT (The younger),
Eminent Orator and Prime Minister of England at the
Age of Twenty-four Years.

it, go home to the People, and tell them what glorious honors you have achieved for our common country.

Tell them that you have extinguished one of the brightest and purest lights that ever burnt at the altar of civil liberty. Tell them that you have silenced one of the noblest batteries that ever thundered in defence of the Constitution, and that you have bravely spiked the cannon. Tell them that, henceforward, no matter what daring or outrageous act any President may perform, you have forever hermetically sealed the mouth of the Senate. Tell them that he may fearlessly assume what power he pleases,—snatch from its lawful custody the Public Purse, com-

mand a military detachment to enter the halls of the Capitol, overawe Congress, trample down the Constitution, and raze every bulwark of freedom,—but that the Senate must stand mute, in silent submission, and not dare to lift an opposing voice; that it must wait until a House of Representatives, humbled and subdued like itself, and a majority of it composed of the partisans of the President, shall prefer articles of impeachment. Tell them, finally, that you have restored the glorious doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance; and, when you have told them this, if the People do not sweep you from your places with their indignation, I have yet to learn the character of American freemen!

ON THE PROSPECT OF WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN, 1811.—*John C. Calhoun.*

John C. Calhoun, born in South Carolina, March, 1782; died at Washington in 1850. A distinguished American statesman and orator, contemporary with Clay and Webster, both of whom he at times opposed in politics. He served as Vice-President with General Jackson, but resigned on account of his differences with the President. He is commonly considered as the father of secession, and it is not to be doubted that his radical views on State sovereignty contributed much toward fanning the flame which later burst into open revolt of the Southern States. As an orator Calhoun's powers were great, and his varied accomplishments were equal to those of any statesman of his time.

WE are told of the danger of war. We are ready to acknowledge its hazard and misfortune, but I cannot think that we have any extraordinary danger to apprehend,—at least, none to warrant an acquiescence in the injuries we have received. On the contrary, I believe no war would be less dangerous to internal peace, or the safety of the country.

The gentleman is at a loss to account for what he calls our hatred to England. He asks, How can we hate the country of Locke, of Newton, Hampden and Chatham; a country having the same language and customs with ourselves, and descended from a common ancestry? Sir, the laws of human affections are steady and uniform. If we have so much to attach us to that country, powerful, indeed, must be the cause which has

overpowered it. Yes, sir; there is a cause strong enough. Not that occult, courtly affection which he has supposed to be entertained for France; but continued and unprovoked insult and injury,—a cause so manifest, that the gentleman had to exert much ingenuity to overlook it.

But, in his eager admiration of that country, he has not been sufficiently guarded in his argument. Has he reflected on the cause of that admiration? Has he examined the reasons of our high regard for her Chatham? It is his ardent patriotism, his heroic courage, which could not brook the least insult or injury offered to his country, but thought that her interest and honor ought to be vindicated, be the hazard and expense what they might. I hope, when we are called on to admire, we shall also be asked to imitate.

THE NOBLEST PUBLIC VIRTUE, 1841.—*Henry Clay.*

THERE is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess,—a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and

happiness of my country. That, I cannot,—I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's

good—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a threat, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct

of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself! The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring towards Heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself,—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

AGAINST THE FORCE BILL, 1833.—*John C. Calhoun.*

IT is said that the bill ought to pass, because the law must be enforced. *The law must be enforced! The imperial edict must be executed!* It is under such sophistry, couched in general terms, without looking to the limitations which must ever exist in the practical exercise of power, that the most cruel and despotic acts ever have been covered. It was such sophistry as this that cast Daniel into the lions' den, and the three Innocents into the fiery furnace. Under the same sophistry the bloody edicts of Nero and Ca-lig'-ū-la were executed. *The law must be enforced!* Yes, the act imposing the tea-tax "*must be executed.*" This was the very argument which impelled Lord North and his administration in that mad career which forever separated us from the British Crown.

Under a similar sophistry, "that religion must be protected," how many massacres have been perpetrated, and how many martyrs have been tied to the stake! What! acting on this vague abstraction, are you prepared to enforce a law, without considering whether it be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional? Will you

collect money when it is acknowledged that it is not wanted? He who earns the money, who digs it from the earth with the sweat of his brow, has a just title to it, against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without his consent, except his government, and that only to the extent of its legitimate wants;—to take more is robbery; and you purpose by this bill to enforce robbery by murder. Yes! to this result you must come, by this miserable sophistry, this vague abstraction of enforcing the law, without a regard to the fact whether the law be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional!

In the same spirit we are told that the Union must be preserved, without regard to the means. And how is it proposed to preserve the Union? By force. Does any man in his senses, believe that this beautiful structure, this harmonious aggregate of States, produced by the joint consent of all, can be preserved by force? Its very introduction would be the certain destruction of this Federal Union. No, no! You cannot keep the States united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force. Has reason fled from our

borders? Have we ceased to reflect? It is madness to suppose that the Union can be preserved by force. I tell you, plainly, that the Bill, should it pass, cannot be enforced. It will prove only a blot upon your statute-book, a reproach to the year, and a disgrace to the American Senate. I repeat that it will not be

executed; it will rouse the dormant spirit of the People, and open their eyes to the approach of despotism. The country has sunk into avarice and political corruption, from which nothing can arouse it but some measure on the part of the Government, of folly and madness, such as that now under consideration.

SYMPATHY WITH SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICANISM, 1826.—*Webster.*

Daniel Webster—born in New Hampshire, 1782; died October 24, 1852—is universally acknowledged to have been the greatest orator that ever lived in the Western Hemisphere. Less vehement than Calhoun, less persuasive than Clay, he was more grand and powerful than either. The public speeches and distinguished services of Mr. Webster have been extensively published. Lack of space prevents the numerous extracts we should be pleased to insert. The selections made are representative of the sentiment of the man and style of his oratory.

WE are told that the country is deluded and deceived by cabalistic words. Cabalistic words! If we express an emotion of pleasure at the results of this great action of the spirit of political liberty; if we rejoice at the birth of new republican Nations, we happen to speak of sister Republics, of the great American family of Nations, or of the political systems and forms of Government of this hemisphere,—then, indeed, do we impose on the judgment and feeling of the community by cabalistic words! Sir, what is meant by this? Is it intended that the People of the United States ought to be totally indifferent to the fortunes of these new neighbors? Is no change in the lights in which we are to view them, to be wrought, by their having thrown off foreign dominion, established independence, and instituted, on our very borders, republican Governments, essentially after our own example?

Sir, I do not wish to overrate—I do not overrate—the progress of these new States, in the great work of establishing a well-secured popular liberty. I know that to be a great attainment, and I know they are but pupils in the school. But, thank God, they are in the school! They are called to meet difficulties such as neither we nor our fathers encountered. For these we ought to make large allowances. What have we ever known like the colonial vassalage of these States? Sir, we sprang from another stock. We belong to another race. We have known nothing—we have felt nothing—of the political despotism

of Spain, nor of the heat of her fires of intolerance.

No rational man expects that the South can run the same rapid career as the North, or that an insurgent province of Spain is in the same condition as the English Colonies when they first asserted their independence. There is, doubtless, much more to be done in the first than in the last case. But, on that account, the honor of the attempt is not less; and, if all difficulties shall be, in time, surmounted, it will be greater. The work may be more arduous,—it is not less noble,—because there may be more of ignorance to enlighten, more of bigotry to subdue, more of prejudice to eradicate. If it be a weakness to feel a strong interest in the success of these great revolutions, I confess myself guilty of that weakness. If it be weak to feel that I am an American,—to think that recent events have not only opened new modes of intercourse but have created, also, new grounds of regard and sympathy, between ourselves and our neighbors; if it be weak to feel that the South, in her present state, is somewhat more emphatically a part of America than when she lay, obscure, oppressed, and unknown, under the grinding bondage of a foreign power; if it be weak to rejoice when, even in any corner of the earth, human beings are able to get up from beneath oppression,—to erect themselves, and to enjoy the proper happiness of their intelligent nature,—if this be weak, it is a weakness from which I claim no exemption.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS, January, 1830.—*Webster.*

The two following passages by Mr. Webster are from his speeches in reply to Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, in the Senate of the United States, January, 1830. This celebrated intellectual combat, between these distinguished men, grew out of a Resolution offered by Mr. Foote, directing the committee on Public Lands to inquire into the quantity of the public lands remaining unsold, and other matters connected therewith. This resolution afforded a text for a very irrelevant debate. Of the irrelevancy of Mr. Hayne's remarks, Mr. Webster said: "He has spoken of everything but the public lands. They have escaped his notice. To that subject, in all his excursions, he has not even paid the cold respect of a passing glance." Mr. Hayne had affirmed the right of the State to annul the Acts of Congress, had assailed New England, and provoked Mr. Webster by caustic personalities. This reply and great argument by Mr. Webster, in defense of the Union and the Constitution, was probably the most remarkable speech ever made in the American Congress. His peroration, comprised in the last paragraph, second division, for patriotic eloquence has not a counterpart, perhaps, in all history. The speech is the more remarkable for the fact that Mr. Webster had but a single night in which to make preparation.

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions,—Americans all,—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it is in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather.

Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to

spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven,—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South,—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist,—alienation and distrust,—are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts;—she needs none. There she is,—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history,—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill,—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great strug-

gle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia,—and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it,—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it,—if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary

and necessary restraints, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked ; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin !

LIBERTY AND UNION, 1830.—*Webster.*

(*Continuation of the foregoing.*)

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings ; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outran its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on con-

sidering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the People when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise ! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind ! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the Sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States severed, discordant, beligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood ! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous Ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured,—bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—*What is all this worth ?*—nor those other words of delusion and folly—*Liberty first and Union afterwards*,—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable !*

REPLY TO MR. WEBSTER, Jan. 1830,—*Hayne.*

Robert Y. Hayne was born near Charleston, S. C., Nov. 10, 1791, and died Sept. 24, 1839. He attained great distinction at the bar, and received the highest honors in the gift of his native State. He was fluent and graceful in speech, and was esteemed one of the most eloquent men of his time. The two selections following are from his famous contest with Mr. Webster.

THE honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, after deliberating a whole night upon his course, comes into this chamber to vindicate New England; and, instead of making up his issue with the gentleman from Missouri, on the charges which *he had preferred*, chooses to consider me as the author of those charges; and, losing sight entirely of that gentleman, selects me as his adversary, and pours out all the vials of his mighty wrath upon my devoted head. Nor is he willing to stop there. He goes on to assail the institutions and policy of the South, and calls in question the principles and conduct of the State which I have the honor to represent. When I find a gentleman of mature age and experience, of acknowledged talents, and profound sagacity, pursuing a course like this, declining the contest offered from the West, and making war upon the unoffending South, I must believe—I am bound to believe—he has some object in view which he has not ventured to disclose. Mr. President, why is this? Has the gentleman discovered, in former controversies with the gentleman from Missouri, that he is overmatched by

that Senator? And does he hope for an easy victory over a more feeble adversary? Has the gentleman's distempered fancy been disturbed by gloomy forebodings of "new alliances to be formed," at which he hinted? Has the ghost of the murdered *coalition* come back, like the ghost of Banquo, to "sear the eye-balls of the gentleman," and will it not "down at his bidding?" Are dark visions of broken hopes, and honors lost forever, still floating before his heated imagination? Sir, if it be his object to thrust me between the gentleman from Missouri and himself, in order to rescue the East from the contest it has provoked with the West, he shall not be gratified. Sir, I will not be dragged into the defence of my friend from Missouri. The South shall not be forced into a conflict not its own. 'The gentleman from Missouri is able to fight his own battles. The gallant West needs no aid from the South to repel any attack which may be made on them from any quarter. Let the gentleman from Massachusetts controvert the facts and arguments of the gentleman from Missouri, if he can; and, if he win the victory, let him wear the honors. I shall not deprive him of his laurels.

THE SOUTH DURING THE WAR OF 1812.—*Hayne, 1830.*

(Continuation of the foregoing.)

COME now to the war of 1812,—a war which I well remember, was called, in derision (while its event was doubtful), the Southern war, and sometimes the Carolina war; but which is now universally acknowledged to have done more for the honor and prosperity of the country than all other events in our history put together. What, sir, were the objects of that war? "Free trade and sailors' rights!" It was for the protection of Northern shipping, and New England seamen, that the country flew to arms. What interest had the South in that contest? If they had sat down coldly to calculate

the value of their interests involved in it, they would have found that they had everything to lose, and nothing to gain.

But, sir, with that generous devotion to country so characteristic of the South, they only asked if the rights of any portion of their fellow-citizens had been invaded; and when told that Northern ships and New England seamen had been arrested on the common highway of Nations, they felt that the honor of their country was assailed; and, acting on that exalted sentiment "which feels a stain like a wound," they resolved to seek, in open war, for a redress of

those injuries which it did not become freemen to endure. Sir, the whole South, animated as by a common impulse, cordially united in declaring and promoting that war. South Carolina sent to your councils, as the advocates and supporters of that war, the noblest of her sons.

How they fulfilled that trust, let a grateful country tell. Not a measure was adopted, not a battle fought, not a victory won, which contributed, in any degree, to the success of that war, to which Southern councils and Southern valor did not largely contribute. Sir, since South Carolina is assailed, I must be suffered to speak it to her praise, that at the very moment when, in one quarter we heard it solemnly proclaimed "that it did not become a religious and moral People to rejoice at the victories of our Army or our Navy," her Legislature unanimously

"*Resolved*, That we will cordially support the

Government in the vigorous prosecution of the war, until a peace can be obtained on honorable terms; and we will cheerfully submit to every privation that may be required of us, by our Government, for the accomplishment of this object."

South Carolina redeemed that pledge. She threw open her treasury to the Government. She put at the absolute disposal of the officers of the United States all that she possessed,—her men, her money, and her arms. She appropriated half a million dollars, on her own account, in defence of her maritime frontier; ordered a brigade of State troops to be raised; and, when left to protect herself by her own means, never suffered the enemy to touch her soil, without being instantly driven off or captured. Such, sir, was the conduct of the South—such the conduct of my own State—in that dark hour "which tried men's souls!"

BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT.—*William Wirt.*

William Wirt, one of the brightest ornaments of the American bar, was born at Bladensburg, Maryland, November 8, 1772. The most memorable case in which his talents as an advocate were exercised was the celebrated trial of Aaron Burr, in 1807, for treason, in which Wirt was retained as counsel for the Government. His exquisite description of the temptation of Blennerhassett by Burr is a most graceful and masterly specimen of forensic art. In 1817 Mr. Wirt was appointed Attorney-General of the United States. He died February 18, 1834.

A PLAIN man, who knew nothing of the curious transmutations which the wit of man can work, would be very apt to wonder by what kind of legerdemain Aaron Burr had contrived to shuffle himself down to the bottom of the pack, as an accessory, and turn up poor Blennerhassett as principal, in this treason. Who, then, is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction? He is its author, its projector, its active executor. Bold, ardent, restless, and aspiring, his brain conceived it, his hand brought it into action.

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. On his arrival in America, he retired, even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he brought with him taste, and science, and wealth; and "lo, the desert smiled!" Possess-

ing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children.

The *evidence* would convince you, sir, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity,—this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart,—the destroyer comes.

He comes to turn this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers!

The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the object of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor, panting for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain—he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of

music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen.

Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors,—of Cromwell, and Cæsar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately “permitted not the winds of” summer “to visit too roughly,”—we find her shivering at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

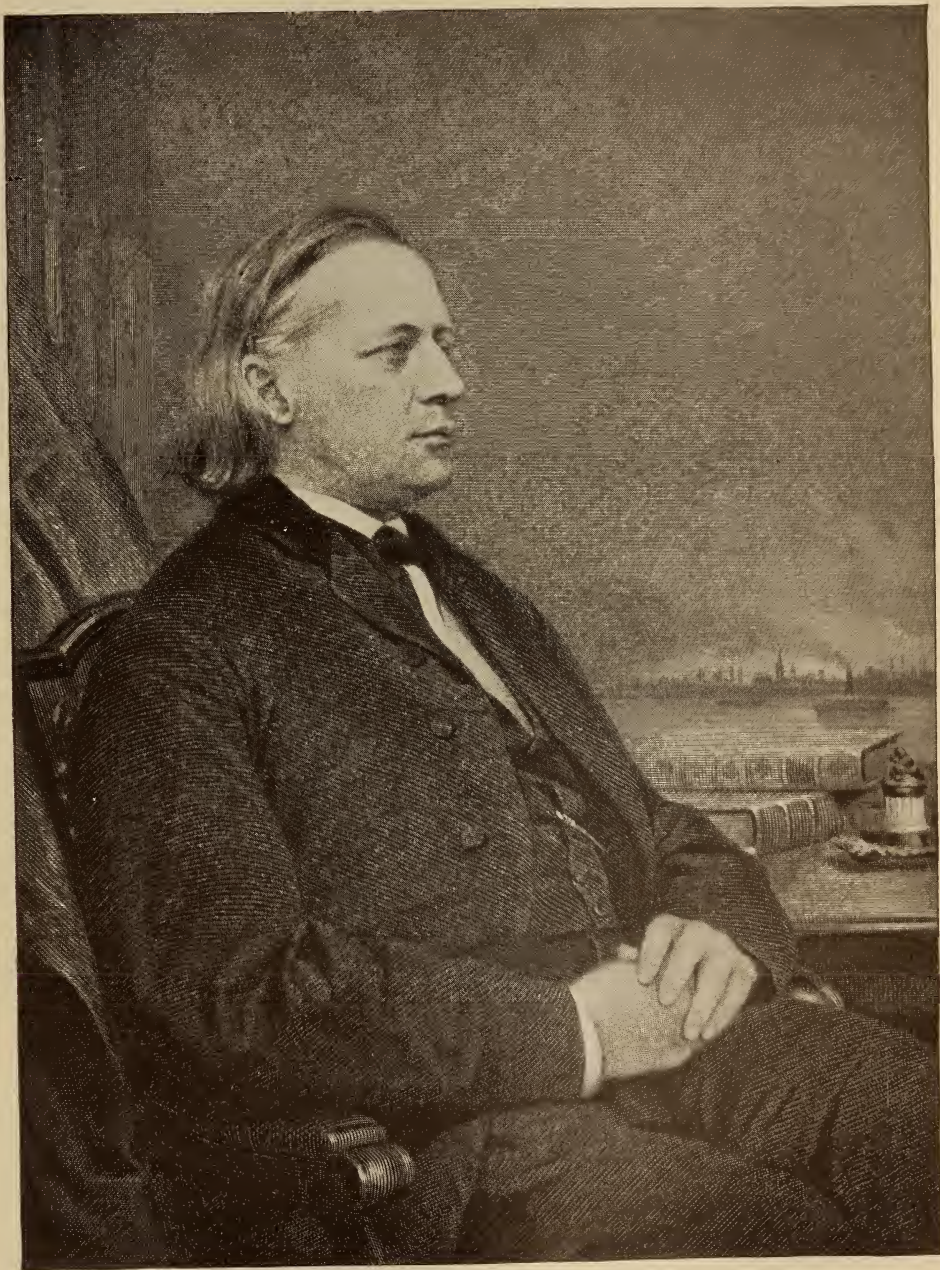
Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness,—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace,—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another,—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason,—this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd, so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason!

RELIEF FOR STARVING IRELAND, 1847.—*S. S. Prentiss.*

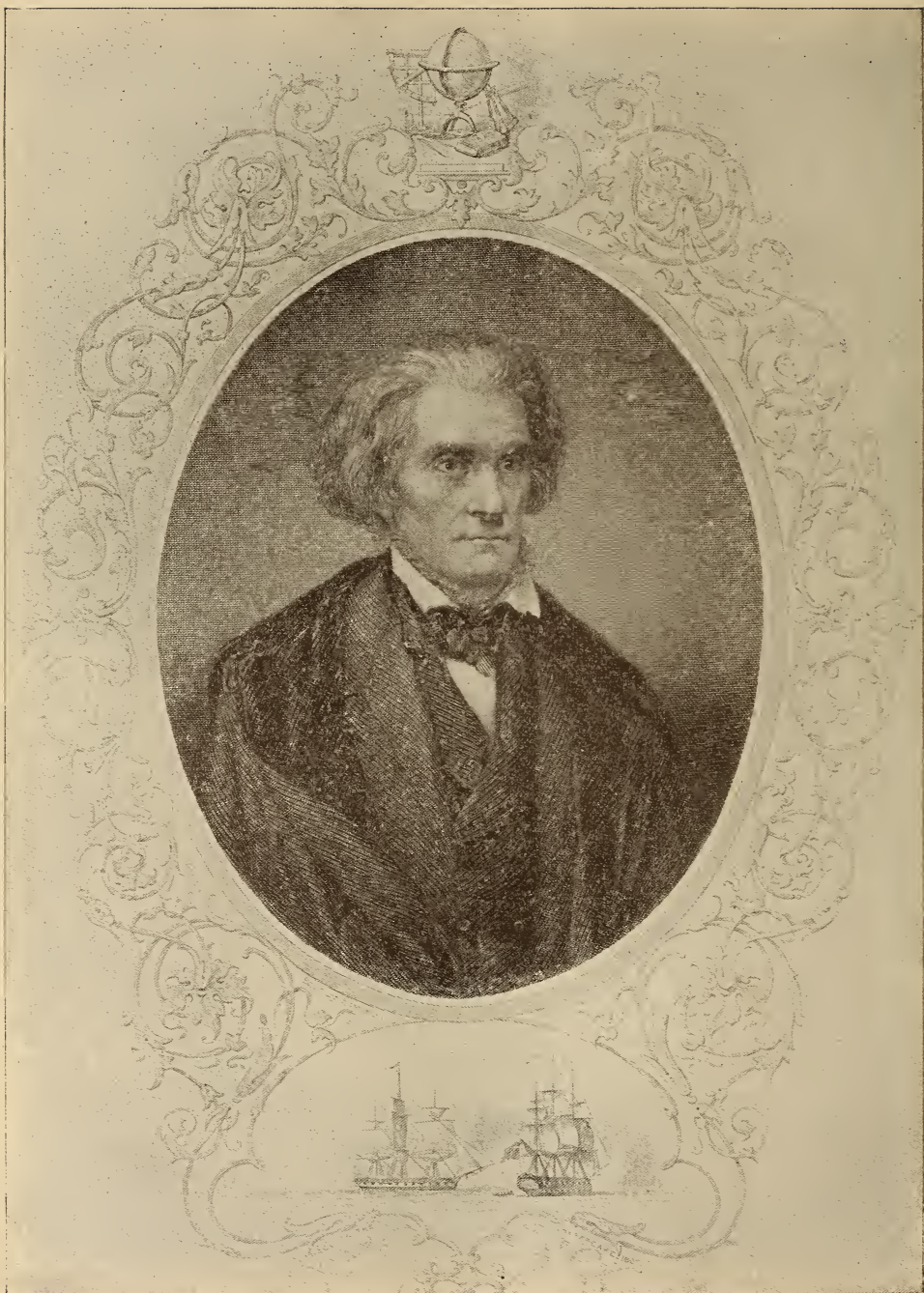
S. S. Prentiss was born in Maine, 1808; died in Mississippi, 1850. An eminent American orator and lawyer. In early manhood he moved to Mississippi, where he lived from 1832 to the time of his death. In 1837 he was elected to Congress. His reputation as an orator and advocate at the bar was superior to any lawyer in the Southwestern States.

WE have assembled, not to respond to shouts of triumph from the victorious army of the Union against Mexico in the West, but to answer the cry of want and suffering which comes from

the East. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplies the young and vigorous child for bread. There lies, upon the other side of the wide Atlantic, a beautiful island, famous in story and



Henry Ward Beecher



J. C. Calhoun

in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal, while its harp, like its history, moves to tears, by its sweet but melancholy pathos.

Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfil his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation in its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

O! it is terrible in this beautiful world, which the good God has given us, and in which there is plenty for us all, that men should die of starvation! You, who see, each day poured into the lap of your city, food sufficient to assuage the hunger of a nation, can form but an imperfect idea of the horrors of famine. In battle, in the fulness of his pride and strength, little reckes the soldier whether the hissing bul-

let sings his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. The blood recedes, the flesh deserts, the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last, the mind, which, at first, had bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way, under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body. Then he begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence; he hates his fellow-men, and glares upon them with the longings of a cannibal, and, it may be, dies blaspheming!

Who will hesitate to give his mite to avert such awful results? Surely not the citizens of New Orleans, ever famed for deeds of benevolence and charity. Freely have your hearts and purses opened, heretofore, to the call of suffering humanity. Nobly did you respond to oppressed Greece and to struggling Poland. Within Erin's borders is an enemy more cruel than the Turk, more tyrannical than the Russian. Bread is the only weapon that can conquer him. Let us, then, load ships with this glorious munition, and, in the name of our common humanity, wage war against this despot Famine. Let us, in God's name, "cast our bread upon the waters," and if we are selfish enough to desire it back again, we may recollect the promise, that it shall return to us after many days.

THE VALUE OF THE UNION, 1847.—*S. S. Prentiss.*

WE cannot do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows northern and southern blood; how shall it be separated; who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption, so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both; and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the Republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of Union; thrice accursed the traitorous lips, whether of northern fanatic

or southern demagogue, which shall propose its severance. But no! the Union cannot be dissolved; its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here will be earth's greatest triumph, its most mighty development. And when the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the north, shall meet the sons of the cavaliers, and stand together upon the banks of the great river of the south, they will exclaim with mingled pride and wonder, Lo! this is our country; when did the world ever witness so rich and magnificent—so great and glorious a Republic! A people so free, brave, united, and happy!

PUBLIC DISHONESTY.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Henry Ward Beecher. Born 1813. Died 1887. A distinguished American preacher and orator, son of the eminent Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher's fame is known throughout the literary world for breadth of mind, grasp of intellect, innate wit, and burning eloquence. The modern pulpit, perhaps, has not produced the equal of Henry Ward Beecher.

A CORRUPT public sentiment produces dishonesty. A public sentiment in which dishonesty is not disgraceful; in which bad men are respectable, are trusted, are honored, are exalted, is a curse to the young. The fever of speculation, the universal derangement of business, the growing laxness of morals is, to an alarming extent, introducing such a state of things.

If the shocking stupidity of the public mind to atrocious dishonesties is not aroused; if good men do not bestir themselves to drag the young from this foul sorcery; if the relaxed bands of honesty are not tightened, and conscience tutored to a severer morality, our night is at hand—our midnight not far off. Woe to that guilty people who sit down upon broken laws, and wealth saved by injustice! Woe to a generation fed by the bread of fraud, whose children's inheritance shall be a perpetual memento of their father's unrighteousness; to whom dishonesty shall be made pleasant by association with the revered memories of father, brother, and friend!

But when a whole people, united by a common disregard of justice, conspire to defraud public creditors, and States vie with States in an infamous repudiation of just debts, by open or sinister methods; and nations exert their sovereignty to protect and dignify the knavery of the commonwealth, then the confusion of domestic affairs has bred a fiend before whose flight honor fades away, and under whose feet the sanctity of truth and the religion of solemn compacts are stamped down and ground into the dirt. Need we ask the cause of growing dishonesty among the young, the increasing untrustworthiness of all agents, when States are seen clothed with the panoply of dishonesty, and nations put on fraud for their garments?

Absconding agents, swindling schemes, and defalcations, occurring in such melancholy abundance, have at length ceased to be wonders, and rank with the common accidents of fire and flood. The budget of each week is incomplete without its mob and runaway cashier—its duel and defaulter, and as waves which roll to the shore are lost in those which follow on, so the villainies of each week obliterate the record of the last.

Men of notorious immorality, whose dishonesty is flagrant, whose private habits would disgrace the ditch, are powerful and popular. I have seen a man stained with every sin, except those which required courage; into whose head I do not think a pure thought has entered for forty years; in whose heart an honorable feeling would droop for very loneliness; in evil, he was ripe and rotten; hoary and depraved in deed, in word, in his present life and in all his past; evil when by himself, and viler among men; corrupting to the young; to domestic fidelity, recreant; to common honor, a traitor; to honesty, an outlaw; to religion, a hypocrite—base in all that is worthy of man and accomplished in whatever is disgraceful, and yet this wretch could go where he would—enter good men's dwellings and purloin their votes. Men would curse him, yet obey him; hate him, and assist him; warn their sons against him, and lead them to the polls for him. A public sentiment which produces ignominious knaves cannot breed honest men.

We have not yet emerged from a period in which debts were insecure; the debtor legally protected against the rights of the creditor; taxes laid, not by the requirements of justice, but for political effect, and lowered to a dishonest inefficiency, and when thus diminished, not collected; the citizens resisting their own officers; officers resigning at the bidding of

the electors; the laws of property paralyzed; bankrupt laws built up, and stay-laws unconstitutionally enacted, upon which the courts look with aversion, yet fear to deny them lest the wildness of popular opinion should roll back

disdainfully upon the bench to despoil its dignity and prostrate its power. General suffering has made us tolerant of general dishonesty, and the gloom of our commercial disaster threatens to become the pall of our morals.

EULOGY ON GENERAL GRANT.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

PART I.

ANOTHER name is added to the roll of those whom the world will not willingly let die. A few years since, storm-clouds filled his heaven, and obloquy, slander and bitter lies rained down upon him. The clouds are all blown away; under a serene sky General Grant laid down his life and the whole nation wept. The path to his tomb is worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims.

The mildewed lips of slander are silent, and even criticism hesitates lest some incautious word should mar the history of the modest, gentle, magnanimous warrior. The whole nation watched his passage through humiliating misfortunes with unfeigned sympathy—the whole world sighed when his life ended. At his burial the unsworded hands of those whom he had fought lifted his bier and bore him to his tomb with love and reverence.

* * * * *

The South had laid the foundation of her industry, her commerce, and her very commonwealth upon slavery.

It was slavery that inspired her councils, that engorged her philanthropy, that corrupted her political economy and theology, that disturbed all the ways of active politics—broke up sympathy between North and South. The hand that fired upon Sumter exploded the mine under the Flood Rock of slavery and opened the way to civilization. The spark that was there kindled fell upon the North like fire upon autumnal prairies. Men came together in the presence of this universal calamity with sudden fusion; the whole land became a military school. But the Northern armies once organized, an amiable folly of conciliation began to show itself. Some peaceable way out of the war was hoped for.

Generals seemed to fight so that no one should be hurt. The South had smelted into a glowing mass; it believed in its course with an infatuation that would have been glorious if the cause had been better; it put its whole soul into it and struck hard. For two years the war lingered, unmarked by great deeds. Lincoln, sad and sorrowful, felt the moderation of his generals and longed for a man of iron mould, who had but two words in his military vocabulary—victory or annihilation. He was coming; he was heard from at Henry and Donelson. Three great names were rising to sight,—Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and, larger than any, Grant.

At the opening of the war his name was almost unknown. It was with difficulty he could obtain a command. Once set forward, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, Appomattox—these were his footsteps! In four years he had risen, without political favor, from the bottom to the very highest command—not second to any living commander in all the world. His plans were large, his undiscouraged will was patient to obduracy. He was not fighting for reputation, nor for the display of generalship, nor for a future Presidency. He had but one motive, and that as intense as life itself—the subjugation of the rebellion and the restoration of the broken Union. He embodied the feelings of the common people; he was their perfect representative.

PART II.

The war was waged for the maintenance of the Union, the suppression of armed resistance, and, at length, for the eradication of slavery. Every step, from Donelson to Appomattox, evinced with increasing intensity this as Grant's one terrible purpose. He never wavered, turned aside, or

dallied: he waded through blood to the horses' bridles.

The moment that the South lay panting and helpless upon the ground, Grant carried himself with magnanimous and sympathetic consideration. He imposed no humiliating conditions, spared the feelings of his antagonists, sent home the disbanded Southern men with food and with horses for working their crops, and when a revengeful spirit in the Executive chair showed itself, and threatened the chief Southern generals, Grant, with a holy indignation, interposed himself and compelled his superior to relinquish his rash purpose. He never forgot that the South was a part of the country.

The tidings of his death, long expected, gave

a shock to the whole world. Governments, rulers, eminent statesmen, and scholars from all civilized nations gave sincere tokens of sympathy. For the hour sympathy rolled as a wave over all our own land. It closed the last furrow of war, it extinguished the last prejudice, it effaced the last vestige of hatred, and cursed be the hand that shall bring them back!

Johnson and Buckner on one side, Sherman and Sheridan upon the other, of his bier, he went to his tomb, a silent symbol that liberty had conquered slavery, patriotism rebellion, and peace war. He rests in peace. No drum or cannon shall disturb his rest. Sleep, hero, until another trumpet shall shake the heavens and the earth—then come forth to glory in immortality!

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.—*John B. Gough.*

John B. Gough. Born in England, 1817. Died 1886. The most celebrated temperance lecturer of the nineteenth century. Came to America in 1829. Was a book-binder; acquired the habits of intemperance and sunk to the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness. In 1840, he was induced to sign the pledge of total abstinence, and from 1843 to the time of his death devoted himself, without interruption, to lecturing on temperance in the United States, Canada, and the British Isles. Mr. Gough combines the qualities of the dramatic actor with those of a great orator.

OUR enterprise is in advance of the public sentiment, and those who carry it on are glorious iconoclasts, who are going to break down the drunken Dragon worshipped by their fathers. Count me over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you men that stood alone—ay, alone, while those they toiled, and labored, and agonized for, hurled at them contumely, scorn, and contempt. They stood alone; they looked into the future calmly, and with faith; they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice; and they fought on amid the storm of persecution. In Great Britain they tell me when I go to see such a prison: "Here is such a dungeon, in which such a one was confined;" "Here, among the ruins of an old castle, we will show you where such a one had his ears cut off, and where another was murdered." Then they will show me monuments towering up to the heavens. "There is a monument to such a one; there is a monument to another." And what do I find? That the one generation persecuted and howled

at these men, crying, "crucify them! crucify them!" and danced around the blazing fagots that consumed them; and the next generation busied itself in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes, and depositing them in the golden urn of a nation's history. O, yes! the men that fight for a great enterprise are the men that bear the brunt of the battle, and "He who seeth in secret"—seeth the desire of his children, their steady purpose, their firm self-denial—"will reward them openly," though they may die and see no sign of the triumphs of their enterprise.

Our cause is a progressive one. I read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York, in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated, "Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the Fourth of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster." We laugh at that now; but it was a serious matter in those days; it was in

advance of the public sentiment of the age. The very men that adopted that principle were persecuted; they were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. Some are living to-day; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By-and-by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with “Love, truth, sympathy, and good-will to men.” Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet—because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but

by-and-by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle-fields, waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death, and dry it up; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the cope-stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. The last poor drunkard shall go into it, and find a refuge there; loud shouts of rejoicing shall be heard, and there shall be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ. I believe it; on my soul, I believe it. Will you help us? That is the question. We leave it with you. Good-night.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?—*John B. Gough.*

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world.

You will find that each generation has always

been busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom! To the Covenanters. Ah! they were in a minority! Read their history if you can without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority that, through blood and tears and hootings and scourgings—dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! If a man stand up for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong parade in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

“Troops of beautiful, tall, angels”

gathered round him; and God Himself stands within the dim future and keeps watch over His own! If a man stands for the right and truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority, for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all that be against!

THE NEW SOUTH.—*H. W. Grady.*

(By permission of H. C. Hudgins, publisher of “Life of Grady.”)

Henry Woodfin Grady was born in Athens, Ga., May 17, 1851, and died in Atlanta, Ga., December 23, 1889. No written memorial can indicate the strong hold which this young orator had upon the Southern people. Although he died at the early age of thirty-eight, his fame was world-wide, and there was, perhaps, no man in the nation more honored and respected, both North and South, than was this phenomenally gifted writer and speaker during the last few years of his life. On the 21st of December, 1887, Mr. Grady, in response to an urgent invitation, delivered an address at the banquet of the New England Club, New York, of which the following extract forms a closing part. This, and similar speeches, did much to wipe out the prejudices engendered by the war, bridge the bloody chasm, and draw the two sections into a closer union.

PART I.

“THERE was a South of secession and slavery—that South is dead. There is a South of Union and freedom—that South is living, breathing, growing every hour.

I accept the term, “The New South,” as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. You have just heard an eloquent description of the triumphant armies of the North, and the grand review at Washington. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture, if you can, the foot-sore soldier, who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds. Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful

journey. What does he find?—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, credit, employment, material, or training—and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold—does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely, God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; the horses that had charged upon General Sherman's line marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

From the ashes left us in 1864, we have raised a brave and beautiful city; and, somehow or other, we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. On the record of her social, industrial, and political restoration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

PART II.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading into the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair in her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity.

As she stands full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon an expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten. This is said in no spirit of time-serving and apology. The South has nothing to take back; nothing for which she has excuses to make. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from

Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

I stand here, Mr. President, to profess no new loyalty. When General Lee, whose heart was the temple of our hopes and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to the government at Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false, and he spoke for every honest man from Maryland to Texas. From that day to this, Hamilcar has nowhere in the South sworn young Hannibal to hatred and vengeance—but everywhere to loyalty and to love. Witness the soldier standing at the base of a Confederate monument above the graves of his comrades, his empty sleeve tossing in the April wind, adjuring the young men about him to serve as honest and loyal citizens the government against which their fathers fought. This message, delivered from that sacred presence, has gone home to the hearts of my fellows! And, sir, I declare here, if physical courage be always equal to human aspirations, that they would die, sir, if need be, to restore this Republic their fathers fought to dissolve!

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. What answer has New England to this message! Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered about the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with peace, touch-

ing his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed, a benediction, or a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal. But if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friend-

ship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered to this very Society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever."

REGARD FOR THE NEGRO RACE.—*H. W. Grady.*

(By permission of H. C. Hudgins, publisher of "Life of Grady," Extract from speech on the Race Problem, at annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association, December, 1889.)

THE resolute, clear-headed, broad-minded men of the South—the men whose genius made glorious every page of the first seventy years of American history—whose courage and fortitude you tested in four years of the fiercest war—realize, as you cannot, what this race problem means—what they owe to this kindly and dependent race. Nor are they wholly to blame for the presence of slavery. The slave-ships sailed from your ports—the slaves once worked in your fields, and you sold them to the South. Neither of us now defends the traffic, nor the institution.

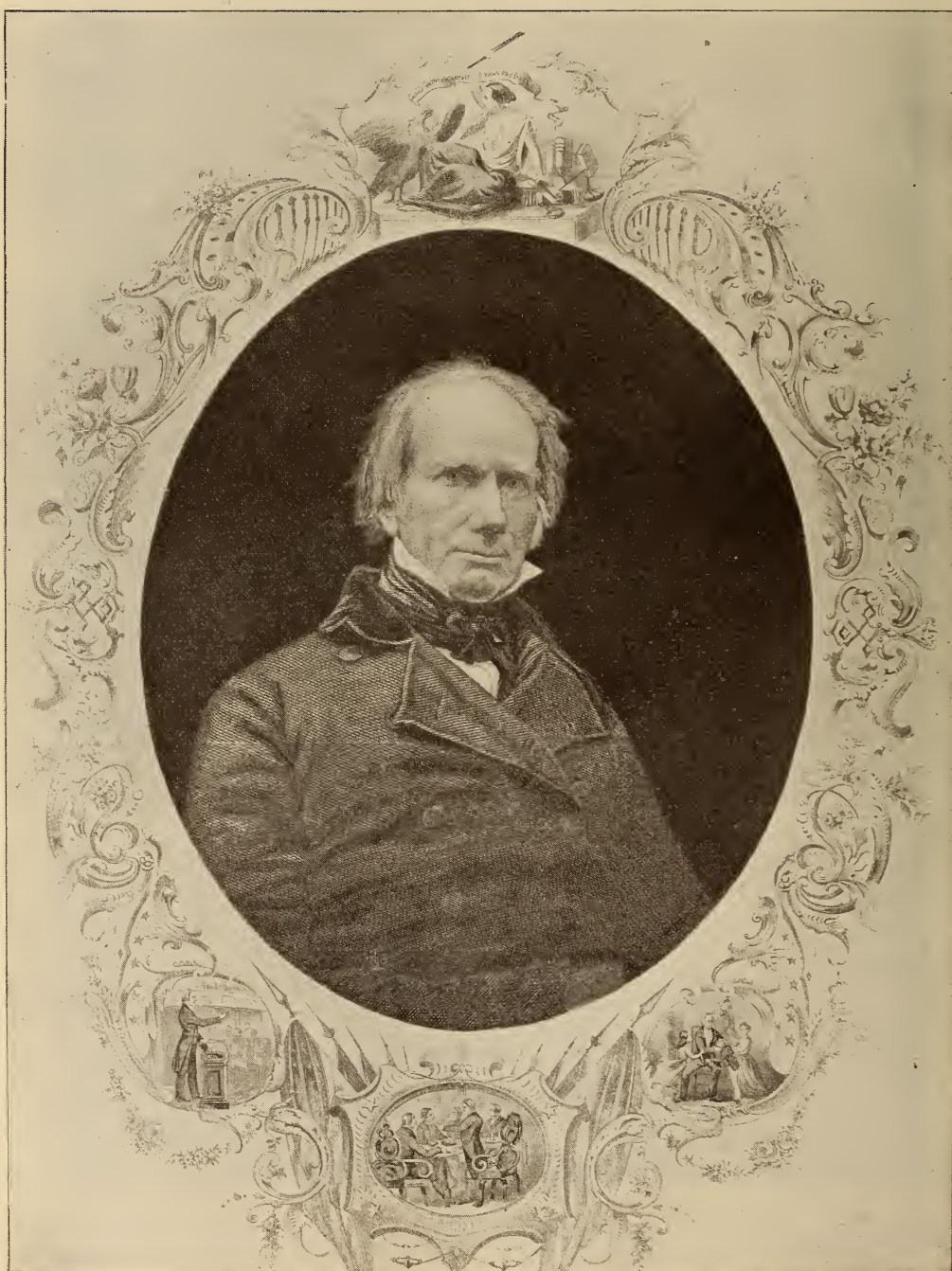
The love the whites of the South feel for the negro race you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her croonings as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep. This scene vanishes as I speak, and I catch a vision of an old Southern home, with its lofty pillars, and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces, and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and its apprehensions, and in a big homely room I feel on my tired head the touch of loving hands—now worn and wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man—as they lay a mother's blessing there while at her knee—the truest altar

I yet have found—I thank God that she is safe in her sanctuary, because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin or guard at her chamber door, puts a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle—a soldier struck, staggering, fallen. I see a slave, scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death—bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom. I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice saying, "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into this new world—strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both—I follow! And may God forget my people—when they forget these.



Henry



H. Cary

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

(Extract from a Lecture.)

T. De Witt Talmage. Born 1832. One of the most eminent orators of the American pulpit. Mr. Talmage's power as a delineator, or word painter, is, perhaps, unequalled in modern times. His sermons have been printed in the leading weekly newspapers throughout the world. No preacher has ever enjoyed the distinction of speaking to so many auditors through the public press. Mr. Talmage has traveled, lectured, and preached throughout the world. Few public speakers have spoken more directly to the hearts of the people. His happy way of putting wholesome truth so it both amuses and instructs, without offending, is illustrated in the following selection :

PART I.

IF you or I had been consulted as to which of all the stars we would choose to walk upon, we could not have done a wiser thing than to select this. I have always been glad that I got aboard this planet. The best color that I can think of for the sky is blue, for the foliage is green, for the water is crystalline flash. The mountains are just high enough, the flowers sufficiently aromatic, the earth right for solidity and growth. The human face is admirably adapted for its work—sunshine in its smile, tempest in its frown ; two eyes, one more than absolutely necessary, so that if one is put out we still can look upon the sunrise and the faces of our friends. One nose, which is quite sufficient for those who walk among so many city nuisances, being an organ of two stops, and adding dignity to the human face, whether it have the graceful arch of the Roman, or turn up toward the heavens with celestial aspirations in the shape of a pug, or wavering up or down, now as if it would aspire, now as if it would descend, until suddenly it shies off into an unexpected direction, illustrating the proverb that it is a long lane which has no turn. People are disposed, I see, to laugh about the nose, but I think it is nothing to be sneezed at.

Standing before the grandest architectural achievements, critics have differences of opinion ; but where is the blasphemer of his God who would criticize the arch of the sky, or the crest of a wave, or the flock of snow-white, fleecy clouds driven by the shepherd of the wind across the hilly pastures of the heavens, or the curve of a snow bank, or the burning cities of the sunset, or the fern-leaf pencilings of frost on a window-pane ?

Where there is one discord there are ten thousand harmonies. A skyful of robins to one owl croaking ; whole acres of rolling meadow land to one place cleft by the grave-digger's spade ; to one mile of rapids, where the river writhes among the rocks, it has hundreds of miles of gentle flow ; water-lilies anchored ; hills coming down to bathe their feet ; stars laying their reflections to sleep on its bosom ; boatmen's oars dropping on it necklaces of diamonds ; chariots of gold coming forth from the gleaming forge of the sun to bear it in triumphant march to the sea.

Why, it is a splendid world to live in. Not only is it a pleasant world, but we are living in such an enlightened age. I would rather live ten years now than five hundred in the time of Methuselah. But is it not strange that in such an agreeable world there should be so many disagreeable people ? But I know that everybody in this audience is all right. Every wife meets her husband at night with a smile on her face, his slippers and supper ready ; and the husband, when the wife asks him for money, just puts his hand in his pocket, throws her the purse, and says : " Here you are, my darling, take all you want ; " every brother likes his own sister better than any other fellow's sister, and the sister likes best the arm of a brother, when around her waist.

PART II.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to, a cross, crabbed, ill-contented man is the most undurable, because the most inexcusable. No occasion, no matter how trifling, is permitted to pass without eliciting his dissent, his sneer, or his growl. His good and patient wife never yet prepared a dinner that he liked. One day she

prepares a dish that she thinks will particularly please him. He comes in the front door, and says: "Whew! whew! what have you got in the house? Now, my dear, you know that I never did like codfish." Some evening, resolving to be especially gracious; he starts with his family to a place of amusement. He scolds the most of the way. He cannot afford the time or the money, and he does not believe the entertainment will be much, after all. The music begins. The audience are thrilled. The orchestra, with polished instruments, warble and weep, and thunder and pray—all the sweet sounds of the world flowering upon the strings of the base viol, and wreathing the flageolets, and breathing from the lips of the cornet, and shaking their flower-bells upon the tinkling tambourine.

He sits motionless and disgusted. He goes home saying: "Did you see that fat musician that got so red blowing that French horn? He looked like a stuffed toad. Did you ever hear such a voice as that lady has? Why it was a perfect squawk! The evening was wasted." And his companion says: "Why, my dear!" "There, you needn't tell me—you are pleased with everything. But never ask me to go again!" He goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He yawns. He gapes. He twists himself in his pew, and pretends he is asleep, and says: "I could not keep awake. Did you ever hear anything so dead? Can these dry bones live?" Next Sabbath he enters a church where the minister is much given to illustration. He is still more displeased. He says: "How dare that man bring such every-day things into his pulpit? He ought to have brought his illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon and the fir-tree, instead of the hickory and sassafras. He ought to have spoken of the Euphrates and the Jordan, and not of the Kennebec and Schuylkill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined. Why, it is ridiculous." Perhaps afterward he joins the church. Then the church will have its hands full. He growls and groans and whines all the

way up toward the gate of heaven. He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the minister would preach differently, that the elders would pray differently. In the morning, he said, "The church was as cold as Greenland;" in the evening, "It was hot as blazes." They painted the church; he didn't like the color. They carpeted the aisles; he didn't like the figure. They put in a new furnace; he didn't like the patent. He wriggles and squirms, and frets and stews, and worries himself. He is like a horse, that, prancing and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight ahead, makes no fuss, and comes to his oats in peace. Like a hedge-hog, he is all quills. Like a crab that, you know, always goes the other way, and moves backward in order to go forward, and turns in four directions all at once, and the first you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost he has gone by the heel—so that the first thing you know you don't know anything—and while you expected to catch the crab, the crab catches you.

So some men are crabbed—all hard-shell and obstinacy and opposition. I do not see how he is to get into heaven unless, he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and coloquintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than night-shade. And in a world where God has put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the grumbler to find fault.

BACK FROM THE WAR.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

Those who have heard Dr. Talmage in sublime and dramatic passages, and followed his graphic and vivid descriptions of great scenes and events, will recognize in this a masterpiece of descriptive eloquence, a living, moving panorama, which those unacquainted with the orator cannot appreciate in its fullness.

I NEVER realized what this country was and is as on the day when I first saw some of these gentlemen of the Army and Navy.

It was when, at the close of the war, our armies came back, and marched in review before the President's stand at Washington. I do not care whether a man was a Republican or a Democrat, a Northern man or a Southern man, if he had any emotion of nature he could not look upon it without weeping. God knew that the day was stupendous, and he cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and sprung the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage shook out its welcome, as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long Bridge and in almost interminable line passed over. The Capitol never seemed so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging down, billow after billow. Passing in silence, yet I heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions, brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing; marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp—thousands after thousands, battery front, arms shouldered, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril.

Commanders on horses whose names were intertwined with roses, and necks enchained with garlands, fractious at the shouts that ran along the line, increasing from the clapping of children

clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultuous vociferation of hundreds of thousands of enraptured multitudes, crying Huzza! Huzza! Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon-wagons, ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crushed and the dying that they had carried. These men came from balmy Minnesota, those from Illinois prairies. These were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon, those were New England lumbermen. Those came out of the coal-shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause, consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg, in lines that seemed infinite they passed on.

We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come; but no! Looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril, coming as it were from under the Capitol. Forward! Forward! Their bayonets caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed like one long river of silver, ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession, no rest for the eyes. We turned our heads from the scene, unable longer to look. We felt disposed to stop our ears, but still we heard it marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp. But hush—uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on, and wring their hands. But wheel into line, all ye people! North, South, East, West—all decades, all centuries, all millenniums! Forward, the whole line! Huzza! Huzza!

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Wendell Phillips. Born in Boston, Mass., 1811, and died 1884. A renowned American orator and scholar. The following extract is regarded as one of the greatest masterpieces of eulogistic eloquence in the English language.

[Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has been pronounced one of the renowned statesmen and generals of the nineteenth century, saved his master and family by hurrying them on board a vessel at the insurrection of the negroes of Hayti. He then joined the negro army, and soon found himself at their head. Napoleon sent a fleet with French veterans, with orders to bring him to France at all hazards. But all the skill of the French soldiers could not subdue the negro army; and they finally made a treaty, placing Toussaint L'Ouverture governor of the island. The negroes no sooner disbanded their army, than a squad of soldiers seized Toussaint by night, and taking him on board a vessel hurried him to France. There he was placed in a dungeon, and finally starved to death.]

IF I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood

in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earliest civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

PART V.

SPEECHES OF GREAT WARRIORS

CONTAINING THE

ADDRESSES AND EXTRACTS FROM IMPUTED SPEECHES OF FAMOUS
GENERALS AND NOTED MARTIAL HEROES, DELIVERED IN
THE CAMP, ON THE EVE OF BATTLE, AND BEFORE
THE PUBLIC ON STIRRING OCCASIONS

RECALLING HISTORIC MILITARY EVENTS FROM THE DAYS OF ANCIENT
GREECE TO RECENT TIMES

REPLY OF ACHILLES TO THE ENVOYS OF AGAMEMNON, SOLICITING A
RECONCILIATION.—*Cowper's "Homer."*

Agamemnon had taken the beautiful captive maiden whom Achilles had made his wife, thus incensing the latter. To appease Achilles, Agamemnon proffered him his daughter in marriage, but Achilles spurned the offer.

I MUST with plainness speak my fixed re-
solve ;
For I abhor the man,—not more the gates
Of hell itself!—whose words belie his
heart.

So shall not mine ! My judgment undisguised
Is this : that neither Agamemnon me
Nor all the Greeks shall move ! For ceaseless
toil

Wins here no thanks ; one recompense awaits
The sedentary and the most alert !
The brave and base in equal honor stand,—
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.
I, after all my labors, who exposed
My life continual in the field, have earned
No very sumptuous prize ! As the poor bird
Gives to her unfledged brood, a morsel gained
After long search, though wanting it herself,
So I have worn out many sleepless nights,
And waded deep through many a bloody day

In battle for their wives. I have destroyed
Twelve cities with my fleet ; and twelve, save
one,

On foot contending, in the fields of Troy.
From all these cities precious spoil I took
Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand
Gave all the treasure. He within his ships
Abode the while, and, having all received,
Little distributed, and much retained.
He gave, however, to the Kings and Chiefs
A portion, and they keep it. Me alone,
Of all the Grecian host, hath he despoiled !
My bride, my soul's delight, is in his hands !
Tell him my reply :

And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks
May indignation feel like me, if, armed
Always in imprudence, he seek to wrong
Them also. Let him not henceforth presume—
Canine and hard in aspect though he be—
To look me in the face. I will not share

His counsels, neither will I aid his works.
 Let it suffice him, that he wronged me once,—
 Deceived me once;—henceforth his glozing arts
 Are lost on me! But, let him rot in peace,
 Crazy as he is, and, by the stroke of Jove,
 Infatuate! I detest his gifts!—and him
 So honor as the thing which most I scorn!
 And would he give me twenty times the worth
 Of this his offer,—all the treasured heaps
 Which he possesses, or shall yet possess,
 All that Orchōmēnos within her walls,
 And all that opulent Egyptian Thebes

Receives,—the city with a hundred gates,
 Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war,—
 And would he give me riches as the sands,
 And as the dust of earth,—no gifts from *him*
 Should soothe me, till my soul were first avenged
 For all the offensive license of his tongue.
 I will not wed the daughter of your Chief,—
 Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms
 With golden Venus,—had she all the skill
 Of blue-eyed Pallas,—even so endowed.
 She were no bride for me!
 Bear ye mine answer back.

HECTOR'S REBUKE TO POLYDAMUS.—*Cowper's "Homer."*

Hector was the son of King Priam. He was killed in battle by Achilles.

POLYDAMAS to dauntless Hector spake:
 Ofttimes in council, Hector, thou art
 wont

To censure me, although advising well;
 Yet hear my best opinion once again.
 Proceed we not in our attempt against
 The Grecian fleet. The omens we have seen
 All urge against it. When the eagle flew,
 Clutching the spotted snake, then dropping it
 Into the open space between the hosts,
 Troy's host was on the left. Was this propitious?
 No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind,
 Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.
 An augur skilled in omens would expound
 This omen thus, and faith would win from all.

To whom dark-louring Hector thus replied:
 Polydāmus! I like not thy advice;
 Thou couldst have framed far better; but if this
 Be thy deliberate judgment, then the Gods
 Make thy deliberate judgment nothing worth,

Who bidd'st me disregard the Thunderer's firm
 Assurance to myself announced, and make
 The wild inhabitants of air my guides,
 Which I alike despise, speed they their course
 With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East,
 Or leftward down into the shades of eve!
 Consider *we* the will of Jove alone,
 Sovereign of Heaven and Earth. *Omens abound;*
*But the best omen is our country's cause.**
 Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm?
 For were we slaughtered, one and all, around
 The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to
 die,
 Whose courage never will thy flight retard.
 But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech
 Seduce one other from a soldier's part,
 Pierced by this spear incontinent thou diest!

* The nobleness of this reply may have been paralleled, but not surpassed, by patriots of succeeding times.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT TO HIS MEN.—*Quintus Curtius.*

AT length, fellow-soldiers, we enter on
 the last of our battles. How many
 regions have we traversed, looking
 forward to the victory which we
 must this day achieve! We have crossed the
 Gran'i-cus, we have climbed the ridges of
 Cilicia, we have passed through Syria and
 Egypt; our very entrance into a country has
 been the signal of victory; what more irresist-

ible incitements could we have to confidence
 and glory? The Perisian fugitives, overtaken,
 rally and attempt to make head against us,
 simply because they cannot fly. This is the
 third day that they have stood under their loads
 of armor, fixed in one position, scarcely surviving
 their terrors.

What stronger proof of their desperate condition
 could they give than in burning their

cities, and laying waste their fields; thus acknowledging, in act, that whatever they cannot destroy must fall into our hands? We hear of unknown tribes that have joined them,—tribes with barbarous names. Be sure, soldiers, their names are the most formidable part of them. But when were brave men scared by names? And how does it affect the fate of this contest to know who are Scythians, or who Cadusians? Obscurity is the lot of the ignoble. Heroes do not dwell in oblivion. These unwarlike hordes, dragged from their dens and caves, bring into the field—their alarming *names*! Well, even in names we can beat them; for to such eminence in manly virtue have you arrived, that there is not a spot in the whole earth where the name of the Macedonians is not known and respected.

Observe the wretched appointments of these barbarians. Some have no weapon but a dart; others poise stones in a sling; few have proper and efficient arms. *There* stands the larger *mob*—here stands the stronger *army*!

Soldiers! Intrepid sons of Macedonia! Your courage has been tried in many a well-fought field; nor do I ask you now to show once more that bravery which could defy all odds, unless you see *me*, Alexander, your general, fighting to the last gasp, in front of the banners! My scars I shall count as ornaments. What spoils we seize shall be bestowed in honoring and enriching yourselves. Did Alexander ever stint you of your share?

Thus much to the brave. Should there be others here,—very few, if any, they must be,—let them consider, that, having advanced thus far, it is impossible for us to retreat. We must conquer—or we must perish. There is no alternative. Such is the extent of country to be retraced, so multiplied and difficult are the rivers and mountains obstructing return, so hostile the tribes in our way, that we can cut a passage to our native land and our household gods no otherwise than by the sword. Forward, then, Macedonians—forward to the field, and victory shall secure at once your glory and your safety!

DARIUS TO HIS ARMY.—*Quintus Curtius.*

THIS day, O soldiers, will terminate or establish the largest empire that any age has known. But recently lords of all the climes from the Hellespont to the ocean, we have now to fight, not for glory, but for safety, and, for what we prize above safety—liberty! If we cannot make a stand *here*, no place of retreat remains. By continued armaments everything in our rear is exhausted. The cities are deserted. The very fields are abandoned by their cultivators. Our wives and children, who have followed the levies, are but so many spoils prepared for the enemy, unless we interpose our bodies as a rampart before the dearest objects and pledges of affection.

On *my* part, I have collected an army such as the largest plain can hardly contain. I have chosen a field of battle where our whole line can act. The rest depends on yourselves. *Dare* to conquer, and you *will* conquer! We hear of the enemy's reputation. Reputation!—as if

that were a weapon which brave men had not learnt to despise! These spacious plains expose the poverty of your foe—a poverty which the Cilician mountains concealed. We perceive thin ranks, wire-drawn wings, a centre quite drained; while their last line faces to the rear, in readiness to fly.

If we but conquer *now*, all the victories of the war will be transferred to us. The enemy have no place of refuge; here the Euphrates bars them in, and there the Tigris. A heavy booty impedes their operations. Entangled in the spoils they have won from us, they may be easily overwhelmed; and thus the means of our triumph will be its reward.

Does a name startle you?—the name of Alexander? Let girls and cowards stand in awe of it! Imprudent, reckless, absurd, our own irresolution, and not his courage, has been the cause of his successes hitherto. Nothing that is not built on moderation can last. His prosperity

has reached its height, and punishment now awaits his presumption.

By our guardian deities, O soldiers! by the eternal fire carried before us on our altars; by the dazzling sun which rises within the limits of my dominions; by the immortal memory of Cyrus, who transferred the empire from the Medes and Lydians to the Persians; by your

hopes of freedom and your scorn of oppression, I con-juré you to vindicate your name and nation from the last disgrace! In your own right hand you carry liberty, power, and every future reliance. Whoever despises death, escapes it. Follow me, then,—for home and country, family and freedom,—follow me to the field!

ADDRESS OF NICIAS TO HIS TROOPS.—(*From "The Peloponnesian War."*)—*Thucydides.*

ATHENIANS, I must remind you that you left behind you no more such ships in your docks, nor so fine a body of heavy-armed troops; and that if anything else befall you but victory, your enemies here will immediately sail thither, and those of our countrymen who are left behind there will be unable to defend themselves against both their opponents on the spot and those who will join them; and thus, at the same time, you who are here will be at the mercy of the Syracusans (and you know with what feelings you came against them), and those who are there at home at that

of the Lacedæmonians. Being brought then to this one struggle for both parties, fight bravely now, if you ever did; and reflect, both individually and collectively, that those of you who will now be on board your ships represent both the army and the navy of the Athenians, all that is left of your country, and the great name of Athens: in behalf of which, whatever be the point in which one man excels another, either in science or courage, on no other occasion could he better display it, so as both to benefit himself and to contribute to the preservation of all.

BRUTUS OVER THE DEAD LUCRETIA.—*Original and Compiled.*

YOU are amazed, O Romans! even amid the general horror at Lucretia's death, that Brutus, whom you have known hitherto only as the fool, should all at once assume the language and bearing of a man. Did not the Sibyl say, a fool should set Rome free? I am that fool! Brutus bids Rome be free! If he has played the fool, it was to seize the wise man's opportunity. Here he throws off the mask of madness. 'Tis Lucius Junius now, your countryman, who calls upon you, by this innocent blood, to swear eternal vengeance against kings!

Look, Romans! turn your eyes on this sad spectacle!—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus' wife! By her own hand she died! See there a noble lady, whom the ruffian lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence! Hospitably entertained by her as her husband's kinsman, Sextus, the perfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucre-

tia, could not survive the outrage. Heroic matron! But once only treated as a slave, life was no longer endurable! And if she, with her soft woman's nature, disdained a life, that depended on a tyrant's will, shall we—shall *men*, with such an example before their eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious servitude—shall we, through a fear of death, delay one moment to assert our freedom? No, Romans! The favorable moment is come. The time is—now! Fear not that the army will take the part of their Generals, rather than of the People. The love of liberty is natural to all; and your fellow-citizens in the Camp feel the weight of oppression as sensibly as you. Doubt not they will as eagerly seize the opportunity of throwing off their yoke.

Courage, Romans! The Gods are for us! those Gods whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned. By the blood of the wronged Lucretia, I swear,—hear me, ye

Powers Supreme!—by this blood, which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villainy *could* have polluted,—I swear that I will pursue, to the death, these Tarquins, with fire and sword; nor will I ever suffer any one of

that family, or of any other family *whatsoever*, to be King in Rome!—On to the Forum! Bear the body hence, high in the public view, through all the streets! On, Romans, on! The *fool* shall set you free!

LEONIDAS TO HIS THREE HUNDRED.—*Translated.*

Leonidas was King of Greece. Xerxes, King of Persia, was marching against him with an overwhelming army. With three hundred men, Leonidas defended the pass of Thermopylæ until he and all of his soldiers perished.

YE men of Sparta, listen to the hope with which the Gods inspire Leōnidas! Consider how largely our death may redound to the glory and benefit of our country. Against this barbarian King, who, in his battle array, reckons as many nations as our ranks do soldiers, what could united Greece effect? In this emergency there is need that some unexpected power should interpose itself; that a valor and devotion, unknown hitherto, even to Sparta, should strike, amaze, confound this ambitious Despot! From our blood, here freely shed to-day, shall this moral power, this sublime lesson of patriotism, proceed.

To Greece it shall teach the secret of her strength; to the Persians the certainty of their weakness. Before our scarred and bleeding bodies, we shall see the great King grow pale at his own victory, and recoil affrighted. Or, should he succeed in forcing the pass of Thermopylæ, he will tremble to learn, that, in marching upon our cities, he will find ten thousand, after us, equally prepared for death. Ten thousand, do I say? O, the swift contagion of a generous enthusiasm! Our example shall make Greece all fertile in heroes.

An avenging cry shall follow the cry of her affliction. Country! Independence! From the Messēnian hills to the Hellespont, every heart shall respond; and a hundred thousand heroes, with one sacred accord, shall arm themselves, in emulation of our unanimous death. These rocks shall give back the echo of their oaths. Then shall our little band,—the brave three hundred,—from the world of shades, revisit the scene; behold the haughty Xerxes, a fugitive, re-cross the Hellespont in a frail bark; while Greece, after eclipsing the most glorious of her exploits, shall hallow a new Olympus in the mound that covers our tombs.

Yes, fellow-soldiers, history and posterity shall consecrate our ashes. Wherever courage is honored, through all time, shall Thermopylæ and the Spartan three hundred be remembered. Ours shall be an immortality such as no human glory has yet attained. And when ages shall have swept by, and Sparta's last hour shall have come, then, even in her ruins, shall she be eloquent. Tyrants shall turn away from them, appalled; but the heroes of liberty—the poets, the sages, the historians of all time—shall invoke and bless the memory of the gallant three hundred of Leōnidas!

CATILINE TO HIS ARMY, NEAR FÆSULÆ.—*Ben Jonson. Born 1574. Died 1637.*

A paraphrase of the celebrated speech which Sallust attributes to Catiline, previous to the engagement which ended in the rout of his army, and his own death.

I NEVER yet knew, Soldiers, that in fight
Words added virtue unto valiant men;
Or that a General's oration made
An army fall or stand: but how much
prowess,
Habitual or natural, each man's breast
Was owner of, so much in act it showed.

Whom neither glory nor danger can excite,
'Tis vain to attempt with speech.

Two armies wait us, Soldiers; one from
Rome

The other from the provinces of Gaul.

The sword must now direct and cut our pas-
sage.

I only, therefore, wish you, when you strike,
To have your valors and your souls about
you ;

And think you carry in your laboring hands
The things you seek,—glory and liberty !

For by your swords the Fates must be instructed !

If we can give the blow, all will be safe ;
We shall not want provision, nor supplies ;
The colonies and free towns will lie open ;
Where, if we yield to fear, expect no place,
Nor friend, to shelter those whom their own
fortune

And ill-used arms have left without protection.

You might have lived in servitude or exile,
Or safe at Rome, depending on the great,
But that you thought those things unfit for
men ;

And, in that thought, my friends, you then were
valiant ;

For no man ever yet changed peace for war
But he that meant to conquer. Hold that
purpose.

Meet the opposing army in that spirit.
There's more necessity you should be such,
In fighting for yourselves, than they for others.
He's base who trusts his feet, who hands are
armed.

Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
What we will do, and all the Heaven at leisure
For the great spectacle. Draw then your
swords,

And, should our destiny begrudge our virtue
The honor of the day, let us take care,
To sell ourselves at such a price as may
Undo the world to buy us.

MARCUS BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.—*Shakespeare.*

Marcus Junius Brutus. Born 80 B. C. Killed himself 36 B. C. A noted Roman general who joined the conspiracy against the life of Cæsar, and afterwards became the leader of the republican army against Antony and Octavius.

(This selection, and the one following, will be rendered more effective if the speakers dress in Roman costume, and have several spectators on the stage to represent the Roman people. Other details, such as the mantle, coffin, etc., suggested by the text, may be added with good effect.)

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers ! Hear
me for my cause, and be silent, that
you may hear. Believe me for mine
honor, and have respect to mine
honor, that you may believe. Censure me in
your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you
may the better judge. If there be any in this
assembly,—any dear friend of Cæsar's,—to
him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not
less than his. If, then, that friend demand why
Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer :
Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved
Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were
living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were
dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me,
I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice
at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him ; but as he
was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears,
for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honor, for his
valor ; and death, for his ambition ! Who is
here so base, that would be a bondman ? If

any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is
here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If
any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is
here so vile that will not love his country ? If
any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause
for a reply.—

None ?—Then none have I offended. I have
done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to
Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled
in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein
he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for
which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark
Antony ; who, though he had no hand in his
death, shall receive the benefit of his dying
a place in the commonwealth : As which
of you shall not ? With this I depart : That,
as I slew my best lover for the good of
Rome, I have the same dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to need my
death.

MARK ANTONY TO THE PEOPLE, ON CÆSAR'S DEATH.—*Shakespeare.*

Mark Antony. Born 83 B. C. Died 30 B. C. A noted Roman general and statesman who was a friend of Cæsar, and after Cæsar's death conducted, with Octavius, a war against Brutus and Cassius.

(For convenience in recitation, this selection is divided into two parts.)

PART I.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen lend me
your ears
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise
him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interréd with their bones :
So let it be with Cæsar ! Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :—
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it !
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man !
So are they all ! all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me,—
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man !
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
wept.

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff !—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
And Brutus is an honorable man !
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And sure he is an honorable man !
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once ; not without cause :
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for
him !

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason ! Bear with me :
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar ;
And I must pause till it come back to me.—

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ;—now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence !
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men !—
I will not do them wrong : I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men !—
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will !
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue !

PART II.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on :
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,—
That day he overcame the Nervii !—
Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through !
See what a rent the envious Casca made !—
Through this,—the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it !
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no !
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved
him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all !
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty
heart

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,—

Which all the while ran blood!—great Cæsar
fell!

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—look you here!
Here is himself,—marred, as you see, by trait-
ors!—

Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and hon-
orable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend,—and that they know full
well

That gave me public leave to speak of him,—
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds,—poor, poor,
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But, were I
Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

HANNIBAL TO HIS ARMY.—*Abridgment from Livy.*

When Hannibal was a child his father made him swear eternal enmity to Rome.

HERE, soldiers, you must either conquer
or die. On the right and left two seas
enclose you; and you have no ship to
fly to for escape. The river Po
around you,—the Po, larger and more impetuous
than the Rhone,—the Alps behind, scarcely
passed by you when fresh and vigorous, hem you
in. Here Fortune has granted you the termina-
tion of your labors; here she will bestow a re-
ward worthy of the service you have undergone.
All the spoils that Rome has amassed by so many
triumphs will be yours. Think not that, in pro-
portion as this war is great in name, the victory
will be difficult. From the Pillars of Hercules,
from the ocean, from the remotest limits of the
world, over mountains and rivers, you have ad-
vanced victorious through the fiercest Nations of
Gaul and Spain. And with whom are you now
to fight? With a raw army, which this very
summer was beaten, conquered, and surrounded;
an army unknown to their leader, and he to
them! Shall I compare myself, almost born,
and certainly bred, in the tent of my father, that
illustrious commander,—myself, the conqueror,

not only of the Alpine Nations, but of the Alps
themselves,—myself, who was the pupil of you
all, before I became your commander,—to this
six months' general? or shall I compare *his* army
with *mine*?

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold
all full of courage and strength:—a veteran in-
fantry; a most gallant cavalry; you, our allies,
most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians,
whom not only your country's cause, but the
justest anger, impels to battle. The valor, the
confidence of invaders, are ever greater than
those of the defensive party. As the assailants
in this war, we pour down, with hostile standards,
upon Italy. We bring the war. Suffering, in-
jury and indignity, fire our minds. First they
demanded me, your leader, for punishment; and
then all of you, who had laid siege to Saguntum.
And, had we been given up, they would have
visited us with the severest tortures. Cruel and
haughty Nation! Everything must be *yours*,
and at *your* disposal! You are to prescribe to us
with whom we shall have war, with whom peace!
You are to shut us up by the boundaries of moun-

tains and rivers, which we must not pass ! But you—you are not to observe the limits yourselves have appointed !

Soldiers, there is nothing left to us, in any quarter, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Let those be cowards who have something to look back upon ; whom, flying through safe and unmolested roads, their own country

will receive. There is a necessity for *us* to be brave. There is no alternative but victory or death ; and if it must be *death*, who would not rather encounter it in battle than in flight ? The immortal gods could give no stronger incentive to victory. Let but these truths be fixed in your minds, and once again I proclaim, you are conquerors !

After the above speech, Hannibal gained a great victory over Scipio, the Roman general. The following address is supposed to be delivered by Scipio to his army, prior to the same engagement, namely, Ticinus, 218 B. C.

SCIPIO TO HIS ARMY.—*Abridgment from Livy.*

NOT because of their courage, O soldiers, but because an engagement is now inevitable, do the enemy prepare for battle. Two-thirds of their infantry and cavalry have been lost in the passage of the Alps. Those who survive hardly equal in number those who have perished. Should any one say, "Though few, they are stout and irresistible," I reply,—Not so ! They are the veriest shadows of men ; wretches, emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold ; bruised and enfeebled among the rocks and crags ; their joints frost-bitten, their sinews stiffened with the snow, their armor battered and shivered, their horses lame and powerless. Such is the cavalry, such the infantry, against which you have to contend ;—not enemies, but shreds and remnants of enemies ! I fear nothing more, than that when you have fought Hannibal, the Alps may seem to have been beforehand, and to have robbed you of the renown of a victory. But perhaps it was fitting that the gods themselves, irrespective of human aid, should commence and carry forward a war against a leader and a people who violate the faith of treaties ; and that we, who next to the gods have been most injured, should complete the contest thus commenced, and nearly finished.

I would, therefore, have you fight, O soldiers, not only with that spirit with which you are wont to encounter other enemies, but with a certain indignation and resentment, such as you might experience if you should see your slaves suddenly taking up arms against you. We

might have slain these Carthaginians, when they were shut up in Eryx, by hunger, the most dreadful of human tortures. We might have carried over our victorious fleet to Africa, and, in a few days, have destroyed Carthage, without opposition.

We yielded to their prayers for pardon ; we released them from the blockade ; we made peace with them when conquered ; and we afterwards held them under our protection, when they were borne down by the African war. In return for these benefits, they come, under the leadership of a hot-brained youth, to lay waste our country. Ah ! would that the contest on your side were now for glory, and not for safety ! It is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but for Italy, that you must fight : nor is there another army behind, which, should we fail to conquer, can resist the enemy ; nor are there other Alps, during the passage of which, fresh forces may be procured.

Here, soldiers, here we must make our stand. Here we must fight, as if we fought before the walls of Rome ! Let every man bear in mind, it is not only his own person, but his wife and children, he must now defend. Nor let the thought of them alone possess his mind. Let him remember that the Roman Senate—the Roman People—are looking, with anxious eyes, to our exertions ; and that, as our valor and our strength shall this day be, such will be the fortune of Rome—such the welfare—nay, the very existence, of our country !

ALFRED THE GREAT TO HIS MEN.—*Adaptation from Knowles.*

MY friends, our country must be free!
The land
Is never lost that has a son to right
her,—

And here are troops of sons, and loyal ones!
Strong in her children should a mother be:
Shall ours be helpless, that has sons like us?
God save our native land, whoever pays
The ransom that redeems her! Now, what wait
we?—

For Alfred's word to move upon the foe?
Upon him, then! Now think ye on the things
You most do love! Husbands and fathers, on
Their wives and children; lovers, on their be-
loved;

And *all*, upon their COUNTRY! When you use
Your weapons, think on the beseeching eyes,
To whet them, could have lent you tears for
water!

O, now be men, or never! From your hearths
Thrust the unbidden feet, that from their nooks
Drove forth your aged sires—your wives and
babes!

The couches, your fair-handed daughters used
To spread, let not the vaunting stranger press,

Weary from spoiling you! Your roofs, that hear
The wanton riot of the intruding guest,
That mocks their masters,—clear them for the
sake

Of the manhood to which all that's precious
clings

Else perishes. The land that bore you—O!
Do honor to her! Let her glory in
Your breeding! Rescue her! Revenge her,—
or

Ne'er call her mother more! Come on, my
friends,

And, where you take your stand upon the field,
However you advance, resolve on this,
That you will ne'er recede, while from the
tongues

Of age, and womanhood, and infancy,
The helplessness, whose safety in you lies,
Invokes you to be strong! Come on! Come
on!

I'll bring you to the foe! And when you meet
him,

Strike hard! Strike home! Strike while a
dying blow

Is in an arm! Strike till you're free, or fall!

GALGACUS TO THE CALEDONIANS.—*Abridgment from Tacitus.*

REFLECTING on the origin of this war,
and on the straits to which we are
reduced, I am persuaded, O Caledo-
nians, that to your strong hands and
indomitable will is British liberty this day con-
fided. There is no retreat for us, if vanquished.
Not even the sea, covered as it is by the Roman
fleet, offers a path for escape. And thus war
and arms, ever welcomed by the brave, are now
the only safety of the cowardly, if any such
there be. No refuge is behind us; naught but
the rocks, and the waves, and the deadlier
Romans: men whose pride you have vainly
tried to conciliate by forbearance; whose cruelty
you have vainly sought to deprecate by modera-
tion. The robbers of the globe, when the land
fails, they scour the sea. Is the enemy rich,—

they are avaricious; is he poor,—they are am-
bitious. The East and the West are unable to
sate their desires. Wealth and poverty are
alike coveted by their rapacity. To carry off,
to massacre, to make seizures under false pre-
tences, this they call empire; and when they
make a desert, they call it peace!

Do not suppose, however, that the prowess of
these Romans is equal to their lust. They have
thrived on our divisions. They know how to
turn the vices of others to their own profit.
Casting off all hope of pardon, let us exhibit
the courage of men to whom salvation and
glory are equally dear. Nursed in freedom as
we have been, unconquered and unconquerable,
let us, in the first onset, show these usurpers
what manner of men they are that Old Cale-

donia shelters in her bosom! All the incitements to victory are on our side. Wives, parents, children,—these we have to protect; and these the Romans have not. They have none to cry shame upon their flight; none to shed tears of exultation at their success. Few in numbers, fearful from ignorance, gazing on unknown forests and untried seas, the gods have delivered them, hemmed in, bound and helpless, into our hands.

Let not their showy aspect, their glitter of

silver and gold, dismay you. Such adornments can neither harm nor protect from harm. In the very line of the enemy we shall find friends. The Britons, the Gauls, the Germans, will recognize their own cause in ours. Here is a leader; here an army! There are tributes, and levies, and badges of servitude,—impositions, which to assume, or to trample under foot forever, lies now in the power of your arms. Forth, then, Caledonians, to the field! Think of your ancestors! Think of your descendants!

MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.—*Shakespeare.*

WHEREFORE rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?

What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climbed up the walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The life-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;

And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks

To hear the replication of your sounds,

Made in her concave shores?

And do you *now* put on your best attire?

And do you *now* cull out a holiday?

And do you *now* strew flowers in *his* way,

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude!

CATILINE TO THE GALLIC CONSPIRATORS.—*Adaptation from Croly.*

MEN of Gaul!

What would you give for Freedom?—

For Freedom, if it stood before your eyes;

For Freedom, if it rushed to your embrace;

For Freedom, if its sword were ready drawn

To hew your chains off?

Ye would give death or life! Then marvel not

That I am here—that Catiline would join you!—

The great Patrician?—Yes—an hour ago—

But *now* the rebel; Rome's eternal foe,

And *your* sworn friend! My desperate wrong's my pledge

There's not in Rome,—no—not upon the earth,

A man so wronged. The very ground I tread

Is grudged me.—Chieftains! ere the moon be down,

My land will be the Senate's spoil; my life,

The mark of the first villain that will stab

For lucre.—But there's a time at hand!—Gaze on!

If I had thought you cowards, I might have come

And told you lies. But you have now the thing

I am;—Rome's enemy,—and fixed as fate

To you and yours forever!

The State is weak as dust.

Rome's broken, helpless, heart-sick. Vengeance sits

Above her, like a vulture o'er a corpse,

Soon to be tasted. Time, and dull decay,

Have let the waters round her pillar's foot;

And it *must* fall. Her boasted strength's a ghost,

Fearful to dastards;—yet, to trenchant swords,

Thin as the passing air ! A single blow,
 In this diseased and crumbling state of Rome,
 Would break your chains like stubble.
 But "ye've no swords !"
 Have you no ploughshares, scythes ?
 When men are brave, the sickle is a spear !
 Must Freedom pine till the slow armorer

Gilds her caparison, and sends her out
 To glitter and play antics in the sun ?
 Let hearts be what they ought,—the naked earth
 Will be their magazine ;—the rocks—the trees—
 Nay, there's no idle and unnoted thing,
 But, in the hand of Valor, will out-thrust
 The spear, and make the mail a mockery !

CATILINE'S LAST HARANGUE TO HIS ARMY.—*Croly.*

BRAVE comrades ! all is ruined ! I disdain
 To hide the truth from you. The die
 is thrown !

And now, let each that wishes for long
 life

Put up his sword, and kneel for peace to Rome.
 Ye are all free to go.—What ! no man stirs !
 Not one !—a soldier's spirit in you all ?
 Give me your hands ! (This moisture in *my* eyes
 Is womanish—'twill pass.) My noble hearts !
 Well have you chosen to die ! For, in my
 mind,

The grave is better than o'erburthened life ;—
 Better the quick release of glorious wounds,
 Than the eternal taunts of galling tongues ;—

Better the spear-head quivering in the heart,
 Than daily struggle against Fortune's *curse* ;
 Better, in manhood's muscle and high blood,
 To leap the gulf, than totter to its edge
 In poverty, dull pain, and base decay.—
 Once more, I say,—are ye resolved ?
 Then, each man to his tent, and take the arms
 That he would love to die in,—for, *this hour*,
 We storm the Consul's camp.—A last farewell !
 When next we meet, we'll have no time to look,
 How parting clouds a soldier's countenance :—
 Few as we are, we'll rouse them with a peal
 That shall shake Rome !—
 Now to your cohorts' heads,—the word's—
Revenge !

REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.—*Sargent.*

In the wars with Carthage, Regulus, the Roman general, was taken prisoner. He was released to make a tour to Rome to sue for peace, and, on the condition of its being granted, Regulus was to be liberated ; otherwise, he gave his word to return. On appearing before the Roman Senate, to the astonishment of the Carthaginian ambassadors, he advised Rome against the overtures of Carthage, and returned to captivity, where he suffered death rather than break his promise to return.

ILL does it become *me*, O Senators of Rome !—
 ill does it become Regulus,—after having
 so often stood in this venerable Assembly
 clothed with the supreme dignity of the
 Republic, to stand before you a captive—the
 captive of Carthage ! Though outwardly I am
 free,—though no fetters encumber the limbs, or
 gall the flesh,—yet the heaviest of chains,—the
 pledge of a Roman Consul,—makes me the bond-
 sman of the Carthaginians. They have my promise
 to return to them, in the event of the failure of
 this their embassy. My life is at their mercy.
 My honor is my own ;—a possession which no
 reverse of fortune can jeopard ; a flame which
 imprisonment cannot stifle, time cannot dim,
 death cannot extinguish.

Of the train of disasters which followed close
 on the unexampled successes of our arms,—of
 the bitter fate which swept off the flower of our
 soldiery, and consigned me, your General,
 wounded and senseless, to Carthaginian keep-
 ing,—I will not speak. For five years, a rigor-
 ous captivity has been my portion. For five
 years, the society of family and friends, the dear
 amenities of home, the sense of freedom, and the
 sight of country, have been to me a recollection
 and a dream,—no more ! But during that period
 Rome has retrieved her defeats. She has re-
 covered under Metellus what under Regulus she
 lost. She has routed armies. She has taken
 unnumbered prisoners. She has struck terror to
 the hearts of the Carthaginians ; who have now

sent me hither with their Ambassadors, to sue for peace, and to propose that, in exchange for me, your former Consul, a thousand common prisoners of war shall be given up. You have heard the Ambassadors. Their intimations of some unimaginable horror—I know not what—impending over myself, should I fail to induce you to accept their terms, have strongly moved your sympathies in my behalf. Another appeal, which I would you might have been spared, has lent force to their suit. A wife and children, threatened with widowhood and orphanage, weeping and despairing, have knelt at your feet, on the very threshold of the Senate-chamber.—Conscript Fathers! Shall not Regulus be saved? Must he return to Carthage to meet the cruelties which the Ambassadors brandish before our eyes? With one voice you answer, No!—Countrymen! Friends! For all that I have suffered—for all that I may have to suffer—I am repaid in the compensation of this moment! Unfortunate, you may hold me; but, O, not undeserving! Your confidence in my honor survives all the ruin that adverse fortune could inflict. You have not forgotten the past. Republics are not ungrateful! May the thanks I cannot utter bring down blessings from the Gods on you and Rome!

Conscript Fathers! There is but one course to be pursued. Abandon all thought of peace. Reject the overtures of Carthage! Reject them wholly and unconditionally! What! Give back to her a thousand able-bodied men, and receive in return this one attenuated, war-worn, fever-wasted frame,—this weed, whitened in a dungeon's darkness, pale and sapless, which no kindness of the sun, no softness of the summer breeze, can ever restore to health and vigor?

It must not—it shall not be! O! were Regulus what he was once, before captivity had unstrung his sinews and enervated his limbs, he might pause,—he might proudly think he were well worth a thousand of the foe;—he might say, “Make the exchange! Rome shall not lose by it!” But now—alas! now 'tis gone,—that impetuosity of strength, which could once make him a leader indeed, to penetrate a phalanx or guide a pursuit.

His very armor would be a burthen now. His battle-cry would be drowned in the din of the onset. His sword would fall harmless on his opponent's shield. But, if he cannot *live*, he can at least *die*, for his country! Do not deny him this supreme consolation. Consider: every indignity, every torture, which Carthage shall heap on his dying hours, will be better than a trumpet's call to your armies. They will remember only Regulus, their fellow-soldier and their leader. They will forget his defeats. They will regard only his services to the Republic. Tunis, Sardinia, Sicily,—every well-fought field, won by *his* blood and *theirs*,—will flash on their remembrance, and kindle their avenging wrath. And so shall Regulus, though dead, fight as he never fought before against the foe.

Conscript Fathers! There is another theme. My family—forgive the thought! To you, and to Rome, I confide them. I leave them no legacy but my name,—no testament but my example.

Ambassadors of Carthage! I have spoken, though not as you expected. I am your captives. Lead me back to whatever fate may await me. Doubt not that you shall find, to Roman hearts, country is dearer than life, and integrity more precious than freedom!

REGULUS TO THE CARTHAGINIANS.—*E. Kellogg.*

After the return of Regulus to Carthage, he is supposed to have delivered this heroic address to the Carthaginians assembled to put him to death.

YE doubtless thought—for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own—that I would break my plighted oath, rather than, returning, brook your vengeance. If the bright blood that fills my veins,

transmitted free from godlike ancestry, were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries, I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life.

I am a Roman citizen; therefore have I re-

turned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them. Here, in your capital, do I defy you. Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels, since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered Senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but pastime compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.

The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome's proud matrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow so oft had bent over me before the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, did with fondest memory of bygone hours entreat me to remain. I have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, did buckle on my harness with trembling hands, while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales,—I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her aged breast, as on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage; and all the assembled Senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me withal, shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer's brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

Last night, as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strange, ominous sound: it seemed

like the distant march of some vast army, their harness clanging as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me, and, with a voice low as when the solemn wind moans through the leafless forest, he thus addressed me: "Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city; know that in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightest honor. But, for this foul deed, the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter." And then he vanished.

And now, go bring your threatened tortures. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle in its agony. I die! but my death shall prove a proud triumph; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers. Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman Senators! Thy citizens in terror! Thy ships in flames! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome! I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed! The curse of God is on thee—a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.—*Mary Russell Mitford.*

FRIENDS!
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well

The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!

The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave: not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,—
But base, ignoble slaves!—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,

Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell—a name! Each hour,
dark fraud

Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,

And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are
common.

I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak
to ye;

I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried

For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse,
ye slaves!

Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce
brawl

To see them die! Have ye fair daughters?—
Look

To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet, this is Rome,
That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world? Yet, we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a King! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear
The Eternal City shall be free!

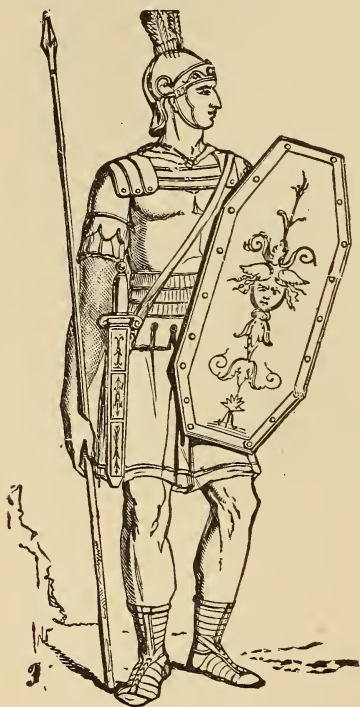
SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.—*E. Kellogg.*

Spartacus was born about 110 B. C. He was a Thracian soldier, who was taken prisoner by the Romans, made a slave, and trained as a gladiator. He escaped with a number of fellow-gladiators to the mountains, where he became leader of a numerous band, and defeated Claudius Pulcher, a Roman general. He proclaimed freedom to all slaves who would join him, and thus raised a powerful army, defeating, repeatedly, the Roman Consuls sent against him. His army numbered more than 100,000 men, and he would, no doubt, have conquered Rome, had not dissensions arisen among his soldiers. He was prudent and brave, and altogether a most extraordinary man with all the qualities of a great hero. He was killed in battle 71 B. C., and the great Servile War, of which he was leader, ended with his death.

IT had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was as still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were assembled; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows; when Spartacus, arising in the midst of that grim assembly, thus addressed them:

“Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arēna every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say, that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth, and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd’s flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which

shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Maráthon, and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night, the



SPARTACUS.

Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

"To-day I killed a man in the arēna; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first

ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arēna, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said: 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adōnis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sestercēs upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*,—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound

beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves*! If we must slaughter, let

us slaughter our *oppressors*! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

After the above speech, Spartacus, with his gladiator companion, is supposed to have fought his way out; and, when free, soon collected an army, with which he forced Rome to treat for peace.

SPARTACUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS IN ETRURIA.—*Sargent.*

(This should be spoken with great dignity, yet intense suppressed feeling.)

ENVOYS of Rome, the poor camp of Spartacus is too much honored by your presence. And does Rome stoop to parley with the escaped gladiator, with the rebel ruffian, for whom heretofore no slight has been too scornful? You have come, with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. What heed we give the former, ask Cossinius; ask Claudius; ask Varinius; ask the bones of your legions that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your gold—would ye know what we do with *that*,—go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny has crushed, or Roman avarice plundered. Ye have seen me before; but ye did not then shun my glance as now. Ye have seen me in the arēna, when I was Rome's pet ruffian, daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day—shall I forget it ever?—ye were present;—I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your münër-ator, your lord of the games, bethought him, it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword and buckler, forth he came, a beautiful defiance on his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. "He has it!" cried the People! "*habet! habet!*" But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power. I looked around upon the Podium, where sat your Senators and men of State, to catch the signal of release, of mercy. But not a thumb was reversed. To crown your sport, the vanquished man must die!

Obedient brute that I was, I was about to slay him, when a few hurried words—rather a welcome to death than a plea for life—told me he

was a Thracian. I stood transfixed. The arēna vanished. I was in Thrace, upon my native hills! The sword dropped from my hands. I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. O, the magnanimity of Rome! Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their death-show, hissed their disappointment, and shouted "Kill!" I heeded them as I would heed the howl of wolves. Kill *him*?—They might better have asked the mother to kill the babe, smiling in her face. Ah! he was already wounded unto death; and, amid the angry yells of the spectators, he died. That night I was scourged for disobedience. I shall not forget it. Should memory fail, there are scars here to quicken it.

Well! do not grow impatient. Some hours after, finding myself, with seventy fellow-gladiators, alone in the amphitheatre, the laboring thought broke forth in words. I said,—I know not what. I only know that, when I ceased, my comrades looked each other in the face—and then burst forth the simultaneous cry, "Lead on! lead on, O Spartacus!" Forth we rushed,—seized what rude weapons Chance threw in our way, and to the mountains speeded. There, day by day, our little band increased.

Disdainful Rome sent after us a handful of her troops, with a scourge for the slave Spartacus. Their weapons soon were ours. She sent an army; and down from old Vesuvius we poured, and slew three thousand. Now it was Spartacus, the dreaded rebel. A larger army, headed by the Prætor, was sent, and routed; then another still. And always I remembered that fierce cry, riving my heart, and calling me to "kill!" In three pitched battles, have I not obeyed it! And now affrighted Rome sends

her two Consuls, and puts forth all her strength by land and sea, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannibal were on her borders!

Envoys of Rome! To Lentulus and Gellius bear this message: "Their graves are measured!" Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain side! Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss, where all is ruin. So Spartacus comes

on! So swells *his* force,—small and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! O! we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now begone! Prepare the Eternal City for *our* games!

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS.—*Shakespeare.*

WHAT'S he that wishes for more men from England?

My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin;

If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
I pray thee do not wish for one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;—
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith my Lord, wish not a man from England:
I would not lose, methinks, so great an honor
As only one man more would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one
more

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host.

That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian!
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our
names,—

Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son:
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

TO THE ARMY BEFORE QUEBEC, 1759.—*General Wolfe. Born 1726. Died 1759.*

I CONGRATULATE you, my brave countrymen and fellow-soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable Heights of Abraham are now

surmounted; and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in full view before us. A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face

you on the open plain, without ramparts or intrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who, when fresh, were unable to withstand the British soldiers, are their General's chief dependence. Those numerous companies of Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady and ill-disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and, as soon as their irregular ardor is damped by one firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs, and give you no further trouble but in the pursuit. As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forests have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with a tomahawk and scalping-knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how

little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground: you can now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valor must gain over such enemies, I have led you up these steep and dangerous rocks, only solicitous to show you the foe within your reach. The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die: and, believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your General, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE TO THE MEN OF GHENT.—*Henry Taylor.*

SIRS, ye have heard these knights discourse
to you

Of your ill fortunes, telling on their
fingers

The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.

True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs;
And ill would it become us to make light
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall.

They died like heroes; for no recreant step
Had e'er dishonored them, no stain of fear,
No base despair, no cowardly recoil.

They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.

But had they guessed, or could they but have
dreamed,

The great examples which they died to show
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless
here,

That men should say, "For liberty these died,
Wherefore let us be slaves,"—had they thought
this,

O, then, with what an agony of shame,
Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
Had their great spirits parted hence for heaven!

What! shall we teach our chroniclers hence-
forth

To write, that in five bodies were contained
The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five de-
funct,

The heartless town, by brainless counsel led,
Delivered up her keys, stript off her robes,
And so with all humility besought
Her haughty Lord that he would scourge her
lightly.

It shall not be—no, verily! for now,
Thus looking on you as ye stand before me,
Mine eye can single out full many a man
Who lacks but opportunity to shine
As great and glorious as the chiefs that fell.

But, lo! the Earl is "mercifully minded!"
And, surely, if we, rather than revenge
The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
And fall upon our knees, and say we've
sinned,

Then will my Lord the Earl have mercy on us,
And pardon us our strike for liberty!

O, Sirs! look round you, lest ye be deceived
Forgiveness may be spoken with the tongue,
Forgiveness may be written with the pen,

But think not that the parchment and mouth
pardon

Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.

There's that betwixt you been which men re-
member

Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot,—

Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed

From which no morrow's mischief rouses them.

There's that betwixt you been which you your-
selves

Should ye forget, would then not be yourselves,

For must it not be thought some base men's souls

Have ta'en the seats of yours and turned you out,

If, in the coldness of a craven heart,

Ye should forgive this bloody-minded man

For all his black and murderous monstrous crimes!

THE EARL OF RICHMOND TO HIS ARMY.—*Shakespeare.*

MORE than I *have* said, loving country-
men,
The leisure and enforcement of the
time

Forbids to dwell on. Yet remember this:—

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,

The prayers of holy saints, and wrongéd souls,

Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces.

Richard except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win than him they follow.

For what is he they follow? Truly, gentleman,

A bloody tyrant and a homicide;

One raised in blood, and one in blood established;

One that made means to come by what he hath,

And slaughtered those that were the means to

help him

A base, foul stone, made precious by the foil

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;

One that hath ever been God's enemy.

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will, in justice, guard you as his soldiers;

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;

If you do fight against your country's foes,

Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,

Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

If you do free your children from the sword,

Your children's children quit it in your age.

Then, in the name of God and all these rights,

Advance your standards, draw your willing
swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt

Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;

But, if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,

The least of you shall share his part thereof.

Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully:

God, and St. George! Richmond and victory!

TO THE ARMY OF ITALY, May 15, 1796.—*Translated.*

Napoleon Bonaparte. Born 1769. Died 1821.

SOLDIERS: You have precipitated your-
selves like a torrent from the Apennines.

You have overwhelmed or swept before
you all that opposed your march. Pied-

mont, delivered from Austrian oppression, has

returned to her natural sentiments of peace and

friendship towards France. Milan is yours;

and over all Lombardy floats the flag of the Re-

public. To your generosity only, do the Dukes

of Parma and of Modèna now owe their political

existence. The army which proudly threatened

you finds no remaining barrier of defence against

your courage. The Po, the Tessino, the Adda,

could not stop you a single day. Those vaunted

ramparts of Italy proved insufficient, you trav-

ersed them as rapidly as you did the Apennines.

Successes so numerous and brilliant have carried

joy to the heart of your country. Your repre-

sentatives have decreed a festival, to be celebrated

in all the communes of the Republic, in honor

of your victories. There will your fathers,

mothers, wives, sisters, all who hold you dear,

rejoice over your triumphs, and boast that you

belong to them.

Yes, soldiers, you have done much; but much

still remains for you to do. Shall it be said of

us that we knew how to conquer, but not to profit

by victory? Shall posterity reproach us with

having found a Capua in Lombardy? Nay, fellow-soldiers! I see you already eager to cry "to arms!" Inaction fatigues you; and days lost to glory are days lost to happiness. Let us, then, begone! We have yet many forced marches to make; enemies to vanquish; laurels to gather; and injuries to avenge! Let those who have sharpened the poniards of civil war in France, who have pusillanimously assassinated our Ministers, who have burned our vessels at Toulon,—let them now tremble! The hour of vengeance has knolled!

But let not the People be disquieted. We are the friends of every People: and more especially of the descendants of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and other great men to whom we look as

bright exemplars. To re-establish the Capitol; to place there with honor the statues of the heroes who made it memorable; to rouse the Roman People, unnerved by many centuries of oppression,—such will be some of the fruits of our victories. They will constitute an epoch for posterity. To you, Soldiers, will belong the immortal honor of redeeming the fairest portion of Europe. The French People, free and respected by the whole world, shall give to Europe a glorious peace, which shall indemnify it for all the sacrifices which it has borne, the last six years. Then, by your own firesides you shall repose; and your fellow-citizens, when they point out any one of you, shall say: "*He belonged to the army of Italy!*"

WAT TYLER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING.—*Robert Southey.*

Born 1774. Died 1843.

KING of England,
Petitioning for pity is most weak,—
The sovereign People ought to *demand*
justice.

I lead them here against the Lord's anointed,
Because his Ministers have made him odious!
His yoke is heavy, and his burden grievous.
Why do ye carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a King they
hate;
Tearing our young men from their peaceful
homes,
Forcing his hard-earned fruits from the honest
peasant

Distressing *us* to desolate our neighbors?
Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your Court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the Crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils,
Petitioning for pity? King of England,
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets,
Deprived of every privilege of man?
Must we lie tamely at our tyrant's feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that
beats us?

You sit at ease in your gay palaces.

The costly banquet courts your appetite;

Sweet music soothes your slumbers: we, the
while,
Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,
And sleep scarce sheltered from the cold night
wind,
Whilst your wild projects wrest the little from *us*
Which might have cheered the wintry hours of
age!

The Parliament forever asks more money;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes;
Where is the benefit,—what good reap *we*
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that *we* should quarrel with the
French?

What boots to *us* your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight,—*you* profit at your ease!
Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of Heaven, your own?—prohibit-
ing us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which Nature offers? King! is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we
suffer?

The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble—mark me, King of Eng-
land!

WASHINGTON TO HIS SOLDIERS.—*General George Washington. Born 1732. Died 1799.*

Addressed to the American troops before the battle of Long Island, 1776.

THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freeman or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings

and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a free-man contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life and honor, are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children and parents, expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad,—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

LORD BYRON TO THE GREEKS.—*Translated from Alphonse De Lamartine.*

Lord Byron joined the Greeks in their struggle for liberty from Turkish oppression in 1823. He was put in command of a division of Greek soldiers, and, it is said by his biographers, they were deeply attached to him. He died of fever at Missolongi while serving in the Greek army.

A STRANGER to your clime, O men of Greece!—born under a sun less pure, of an ancestry less renowned, than yours,—I feel how unworthy is the offering of the life I bring you—you, who number kings, heroes, and demi-gods among your progenitors. But, throughout the world, wherever the lustre of your history has shed its rays,—wherever the heart of man has thrilled at the thought of glory, or softened at the mention of misfortune,—Greece may count a friend, and her children an avenger. I come not here in the vain hope to stimulate the courage of men already roused and resolved. One sole cry remained for you, and you have uttered it. Your language has now one only word—Liberty! Ah! what

other invocation need the men of Sparta—of Athens—to bid them rise? These blue heavens, these mountains, these waters,—here are your orators,—here is your present Demosthenes! Wherever the eye can range, wherever the feet can tread, your consecrated soil recounts a triumph or a glorious death. From Leuctra to Marathon, every inch of ground responds to you—cries to you—for vengeance! liberty! glory! virtue! country! These voices, which tyrants cannot stifle, demand,—not words, but steel. 'Tis here! Receive it! Arm. Let the thirsting earth at length be refreshed with the blood of her oppressors! What sound more awakening to the brave than the clank of his country's fetters? Should the sword ever tremble

in your grasp, remember yesterday ! think of to-morrow !

For myself, in return for the alliance which I bring you, I ask but the recompense of an honorable grave. I ask but the privilege of shedding my blood with you, in your sacred cause. I ask but to know, in dying, that I, too, belong to Greece—to liberty ! Yes, might the Pilgrim

hope that, on the pillars of a new Parthēnon, his name might, one day, be inscribed,—or, that in the nobler mausolēum of your hearts his memory might be cherished,—he were well content. The tomb where Freedom weeps can never have been prematurely reached by its inmate. Such martyrdom is blessed, indeed. What higher fortune can ambition covet ?

ADDRESS OF BLACK HAWK TO GENERAL STREET.

The simple, strong eloquence of Indian orators has been dwelt upon by writers of early colonial and United States history. Many of the savage chiefs, in their treaties and dealings with the whites, displayed a natural eloquence of the highest order. The following speeches are fair specimens of their style and spirit of oratory.

YOU have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. I am much grieved ; for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last General understood Indian fighting. I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me ; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men ; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them, and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. They smile in the face of the poor Indian, to cheat him ; they shake him by the hand, to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, and to deceive him. We told them to let us alone, and keep

away from us ; but they followed on and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises ; but we got no satisfaction : things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled. The springs were drying up, and our squaws and papposes without victuals to keep them from starving.

We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose, and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk ; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him. Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for the Nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. Farewell, my Nation ! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are crushed. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk !

LOGAN, A MINGO CHIEF, TO LORD DUNMORE.

The charge against Colonel Cresap, in the subjoined speech,—or, rather, message,—sent to Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, in 1774, through John Gibson, an Indian trader, has been proved to be untrue. Gibson corrected Logan on the spot, but probably felt bound to deliver the speech as it was delivered to him.

I APPEAL to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed at me as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel

Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not think that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. Logan will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR, 1824.—*Pushmataha. Born 1764. Died 1824.*

FATHER—I have been here at the council-house some time; but I have not talked. I have not been strong enough to talk. You shall hear me talk to-day. I belong to another district. You have, no doubt, heard of me. I am Pushmataha.

Father—When in my own country, I often looked towards this council-house, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble. I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child, not half as high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, father, I hang in the bend of your arm, and look in your face; and now hear me speak.

Father—When I was in my own country, I heard there were men appointed to talk to us. I would not speak there; I chose to come here, and speak in this beloved house; for Pushmataha

can boast, and say, and tell the truth, that none of his fathers, or grandfathers, or any Choctaw, ever drew bow against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out.

Father—I have come to speak. My nation has always listened to the applications of the white people. They have given of their country till it is very small. I came here, when a young man, to see my Father Jefferson. He told me, if ever we got into trouble, we must run and tell him. I am come. This is a friendly talk; it is like that of a man who meets another, and says, How do you do? Another of my tribe shall talk further. He shall say what Pushmataha would say, were he stronger.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF A CHIEF OF THE POCUMTUC INDIANS.—*Edward Everett.*

WHITE man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life. In those woods where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer. Over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls

I will still lay up my winter's store of food. On these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more..

How could my fathers sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, It is mine. Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels.

If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the South, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the West?—the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the East?—the great water is before me. No, stranger;

here I have lived, and here I will die! and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction. For that alone I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps;—the red man is thy foe.

When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way, for this time, in safety; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!

ALASCO TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.—*Shee.*

SOLDIERS, the chief, Malinski, has been betrayed
His post, and fled. I would that every knave

He has left behind him would strip the patriot cloak

And follow him. Such ruffian spirits taint
The cause of freedom. They repel its friends,
And so disfigure it by blood and violence,
That good men start, and tremble to embrace it.
But now, my friends, a sterner trial waits us:
Within yon castle's walls we sleep to-night,
Or die to-day before them. Let each man
Preserve the order of advance, and charge
As if he thought his individual sword
Could turn the scale of fate. String every heart
To valor's highest pitch;—fight, and be free!
This is no common conflict, set on foot

For hireling hosts to ply the trade of war.
Ours is a noble quarrel. We contend
For what's most dear to man, wherever found—
Free or enslaved—a savage, or a sage;—
The very life and being of our country.
'Tis ours to rescue from the oblivious grave,
Where tyrants have combined to bury them,
A gallant race, a nation, and her fame;
To gather up the fragments of our State,
And in its cold, dismembered body breathe
The living soul of empire. Such a cause
Might warm the torpid earth, put hearts in stones,
And stir the ashes of our ancestors,
Till from their tombs our warrior sires come
forth,

Range on our side, and cheer us on to battle.
Strike, then, ye patriot spirits, for your country!
Fight, and be free!—for liberty and Poland.

ARMINIUS TO HIS SOLDIERS.—*Murphy.*

SOLDIERS and friends! we soon shall
reach the ground
Where your poor country waits the sacrifice,
The holiest offering of her children's blood!

Here have we come, not for the lust of conquest,
Not for the booty of the lawless plunderer;
No, friends, we come to tell our proud invaders
That we will use our strength to purchase freedom!

Freedom—prime blessing of this fleeting life !—
Is there a man that hears thy sacred name,
And thrills not to the sound with loftiest hope,
With proud disdain of tyrant whips and chains ?
Much-injured friends, your slavish hours are past !
Conquest is ours ! not that your German swords
Have keener edges than the Roman falchions ;
Not that your shields are stouter, nor your armor
Impervious to the swift and deadly lance ;
Not that your ranks are thicker than the
Roman ;—

No, no ; they will outnumber you, my soldiers ;—
But that your cause is good ! They are poor slaves

Who fight for hire and plunder,—pampered
ruffians,
Who have no soul for glory. *We* are Germans ;
Who here are bound, by oaths indissoluble,
To keep your glorious birthrights or to die !
This is a field where beardless boys might fight,
And, looking on the angel Liberty,
Might put such mettle in their tender arms
That veteran chiefs would ill ward off their blows.
I say no more, my dear and trusty friends !
Your glorious rallying-cry has music in it,
To rouse the sleepest spirit from his trance,—
For Freedom and Germania !

SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.—*Byron.*

WARRIORS and chiefs ! should the
shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the hosts of the
Lord,

Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,

Stretch me that moment in blood at thy
feet !
Mine be the doom, which they dared not to
meet.

Farewell to others, but never *we* part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart !
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day !

GUSTAVUS VASA TO THE DALECARLIANS.

Christian II., King of Denmark, having made himself master of Sweden, confined Gustavus at Copenhagen ; but he, making his escape, contrived to reach the Dalecarlian mountains, where he worked at the mines like a common slave. Having seized a favorable opportunity, he declared himself to the miners and peasants, whom he incited to join his cause. Fortune befriended him, and in the year 1527 he gained the throne of Sweden.

SWEDES ! countrymen ! behold at last,
after a thousand dangers past, your chief,
Gustavus, here. Long have I sighed 'mid
foreign bands, long have I roamed in
foreign lands ;—at length, 'mid Swedish hearts
and hands, I grasp a Swedish spear ! Yet, look-
ing forth, although I see none but the fearless
and the free, sad thoughts the sight inspires ; for
where, I think, on Swedish ground, save where
these mountains frown around, can that best
heritage be found—the freedom of our sires ?—
Yes, Sweden pines beneath the yoke ; the gall-
ing chain our fathers broke is round our country
now ! On perjured craft and ruthless guilt his
power a tyrant Dane has built, and Sweden's
crown, all blood-bespilt, rests on a foreign brow.

On *you* your country turns her eyes—on you,
on you, for aid relies, scions of noblest stem !
The foremost place in rolls of fame, by right
your fearless fathers claim ; *yours* is the glory
of *their* name—'tis yours to equal *them*.—As
rushing down, when winter reigns, resistless to
the shaking plains, the torrent tears its way,
and all that bars its onward course sweeps to
the sea with headlong force,—so swept your
sires the Dane and Norse :—can *ye* do less than
they ?

Rise ! reassert your ancient pride, and down
the hills a living tide of fiery valor pour. Let
but the storm of battle lower, back to his den
the foe will cower ;—then, then shall Freedom's
glorious hour strike for our land once more !

What! silent—motionless, ye stand? Gleams not an eye? Moves not a hand? Think ye to fly your fate? Or till some better cause be given, wait ye?—Then wait! till, banished, driven, ye fear to meet the face of Heaven; till ye are slaughtered, wait!

But no! your kindling hearts gainsay the thought. Hark! Hear that bloodhound's bay! Yon blazing village see! Rise, countrymen! Awake! Defy the haughty Dane! Your battle-cry be *Freedom!* We will do or die! On! Death or victory!

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.—*Shakespeare.*

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more;
Or close the wall up with our English
dead!

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,

Like the brass cannon.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height! On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and St. George!

GERMANICUS TO HIS MUTINOUS TROOPS.—*Tacitus.*

A. D. 14, the Roman soldiers on the lower Rhine mutinied on receiving the news of the death of the Emperor Augustus, and the accession of Tiberius. According to Tacitus, the following speech, by Germanicus, the consul, recalled the mutinous troops to their duty, and restored discipline.

TO this audience what name shall I give?
Can I call you *soldiers*? Soldiers!
you who have beset with arms the son
of your emperor—confined him in your
trenches? *Citizens*, can I call you? you who
have trampled under your feet the authority of
the Senate; who have violated the most awful
sanctions, even those which hostile states have
ever held in respect—the rights of ambassadors
and the laws of nations?

Julius Cæsar, by a single word, was able to quell a mutiny; he spoke to the men who resisted his authority: he called them Romans, and they returned to their allegiance. Augustus showed himself to the legions who fought at Actium, and the majesty of his countenance awed them into submission. The distance between myself and these illustrious characters I know is great; and yet, descended from them, with their blood in my veins, I should resent with indignation a parallel outrage from the

soldiers of Syria or of Spain; and will you, men of the first and the twentieth legions,—the former enrolled by Tiberius himself, the other his constant companions in so many battles, and by him enriched with so many bounties,—will you thus requite his benefits?

From every other quarter of the empire Tiberius has received none but joyful tidings; and must I wound his ears with the news of your revolt? Must he hear from me, that neither the soldiers raised by himself, nor the veterans who fought under him, are willing to own his authority? Must he be told that neither exemptions from service, nor money lavishly bestowed, can appease the fury of ungrateful men? Must I tell him that here centurions are butchered, tribunes expelled, ambassadors imprisoned; the camp and the rivers polluted with blood; and that a Roman general drags out a precarious existence at the mercy of men implacable and mad?

Wherefore, on the first day that I addressed

you, did you wrest from me that sword which I was on the point of plunging into my heart? Officious friends! Greater was the kindness of that man who proffered me a sword. At all events, I should have fallen ere I had become aware of the enormities committed by my army. You would have chosen a general who, though he might leave my death unatoned for, would yet avenge the massacre of Varus and his three legions. May that revenge be still reserved for the Roman sword! May the gods withhold from

the Belgic states, though now they court the opportunity, the credit and renown of retrieving the Roman name, and of humbling the German nations! May *thy* spirit, O, deified Augustus! which is received into heaven,—*thy* image, my father Drusus!—prevail with these soldiers, who, even now, I see, are touched with a noble remorse! May your inspiration dispel the disgrace that sits heavy upon them; and may the rage of civil discord discharge itself on the enemies of Rome!

FAREWELL TO THE ARMY AT FONTAINEBLEAU, 1814.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

SOLDIERS! receive my adieu. During twenty years that we have lived together, I am satisfied with you. I have always found you in the paths of glory. All the powers of Europe have armed against me. Some of my generals have betrayed their trust and France. My country herself has wished another destiny: with you, and the other brave men who have remained true to me, I could have maintained a civil war: but France would have been unhappy.

Be faithful to your new king. Be submissive to your new generals; and do not abandon our dear country. Mourn not my fortunes. I shall be happy while I am sure of your happiness. I might have died; but if I have consented to live, it is still to serve your glory; I shall record now the great deeds which we have done together.

Bring me the eagle standard; let me press it to my heart. Farewell, my children; my hearty wishes go with you. Preserve me in your memories.

THE VETERANS.—*Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.*

AS you all know, comrades especially, I was but one of those leaders who fought in the war. We are veterans, and our white hairs tell us that, our feelings tell us that, and as we look over the crowds here to-day, we old soldiers realize the fact, without being told, that our days of fighting are past; that our days of rest and peace from the gun are here, and that we should, every one of us, come together on all suitable occasions to press each other's hands and look back and around us; to look back and see if that for which we fought honestly and truly, that for which we left our dead comrades upon the bare pine-fields of the South—whether it remains secure to us and whether we may now sleep in rest and peace.

Every man, be he American, English, French, or German, was as much interested that America should be a free land—to-day free from Main to Texas and from Florida to Oregon—as you who

are living here in your homes in New Hampshire. We fought for mankind. We fought for all the earth and for all civilization, and now stand pre-eminent among the nations of the earth, with a glorious past, a magnificent present and future, at which we may all rejoice.

Anybody can fight with a stranger; anybody can shoot an Indian down, and it is not a very hard thing to pull the trigger on a foreigner, but when we come to shoot each other, and when we had to go to fight these Southern friends of ours, and sometimes fight in our own streets, that called for nerve, and the highest kind of nerve; and that is what I want the citizen to bear in mind when he looks at soldiers in this country. They went out, fought and conquered, and when it was done they stopped and went home.

The war has passed and a new generation has grown up, young men capable of doing as much as those who fought. From the simple mechanic

and farmer we can secure as capable men for putting on the blue and buckling on the cartridge-belt and taking a rifle, and if their hearts be in the right place and their heads ordinarily clear, they can go on the field and be as good men as Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant ever were. We

have yet 50,000,000 such people in America, and the work is not done yet. I do not think there are any more civil wars before us, but we must be prepared for what God brings us and be true to ourselves, our country, and our God.

WHAT SAVED THE UNION.

(Fourth of July Speech of General Grant at Hamburg.)

I SHARE with you in all the pleasure and gratitude which Americans so far away should feel on this anniversary. But I must dissent from one remark of our consul, to the effect that I saved the country during the recent war. If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of any one man, we should not have a country, and we should not now be celebrating our Fourth of July. There are many men who would have done far better than I did, under the circumstances in which I found myself during the war. If I had never held command, if I had fallen, if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well, who would have followed the contest to the end, and never surrendered the Union. Therefore, it is a mistake and a reflection upon

the People to attribute to me, or to any number of us who hold high commands, the salvation of the Union. We did our work as well as we could, so did hundreds of thousands of others. We demand no credit for it, for we should have been unworthy of our country and of the American name if we had not made every sacrifice to save the Union. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and fields, as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country. To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear for the Union.

CROMWELL ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES I.—*Adapted from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

BY what law fell King Charles? By all the laws
He left us! And I, Cromwell, here proclaim it.

Sirs, let us, with a calm and sober eye,
Look on the spectre of this ghastly deed.
Who spills man's blood, his shall by man be shed!
'Tis Heaven's first law; to that law we had come,—

None other left us. Who, then, caused the strife
That crimsoned Naseby's field, and Marston's
moor?

It was the Stuart;—so the Stuart fell!
A victim, in the pit himself had digged!
He died not, Sirs, as hated Kings have died,
In secret and in shade,—no eye to trace
The one step from their prison to their pall;

He died i' the eyes of Europe,—in the face
Of the broad heaven; amidst the sons of England,

Whom he had outraged; by a solemn sentence,
Passed by a solemn Court. Does this seem
guilt?

You pity Charles! 'tis well; but pity more
The tens of thousand honest humble men,
Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled
To draw the sword, fell butchered in the field!
Good Lord! when one man dies who wears a
Crown,

How the earth trembles,—how the Nations gape,
Amazed and awed!—but when that one man's
victims,

Poor worms, unclothed in purple, daily die,
In the grim cell, or on the groaning gibbet,

Or on the civil field, ye pitying souls
Drop not one tear from your indifferent eyes !

He would have stretched his will
O'er the unlimited empire of men's souls,
Fettered the Earth's pure air,—for freedom is
That air, to honest lips,—and here he lies.
In dust most eloquent, to after time
A never-silent oracle for Kings !
Was this the hand that strained within its grasp
So haught a sceptre ?—this the shape that wore
Majesty like a garment ? Spurn that clay,—
It can resent not ; speak of royal crimes,
And it can frown not ; schemeless lies the brain
Whose thoughts were sources of such fearful deeds.
What things are we, O Lord, when, at thy will,
A worm like this could shake the mighty world !
A few years since, and in the port was moored

A bark to far Columbia's forests bound ;
And I was one of those indignant hearts
Panting for exile in the thirst for freedom.
Then, that pale clay (poor clay, that was a King !)
Forbade my parting, in the wanton pride
Of vain command, and with a fated sceptre
Waved back the shadow of the death to come.
Here stands that baffled and forbidden wanderer,
Loftiest amid the wrecks of ruined empire,
Beside the coffin of a headless King !
He thrall'd my fate,—I have prepared his
doom ;—
He made me captive,—lo ! his narrow cell !
So hands unseen do fashion forth the earth
Of our frail schemes into our funeral urns ;
So, walking dream-led in Life's sleep, our steps
Move blindfold to the scaffold or the Throne !

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

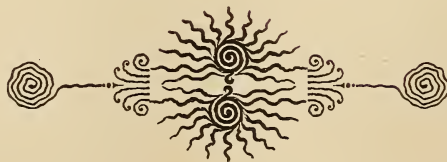
STAND ! the ground's your own, my
braves !
Will ye give it up to slaves ?
Will you look for greener graves ?
Hope ye mercy still ?
What's the mercy despots feel ?
Hear it in that battle peal !
Read it on yon bristling steel !
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire ?
Will ye to your *homes* retire ?
Look behind you ! they're afire !
And, before you, see

Who have done it !—From the vale
On they come !—and will ye quail ?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be !

In the God of battles trust !
Die we may—and die we must :—
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell ?

PIERPONT.



PART VI.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

CONTAINING

CHOICE READINGS, RECITATIONS, DECLAMATIONS AND DIALOGUES

EMBRACING

PATRIOTIC, MARTIAL, RELIGIOUS, TEMPERANCE, DRAMATIC, DESCRIPTIVE,
PATHETIC, HUMOROUS AND DIALECTIC SELECTIONS, SUITABLE
FOR LYCEUMS, SCHOOLS AND GENERAL OCCASIONS

THE RED KING'S WARNING.

Historians relate that the death of William Rufus, in the New Forest, was preceded by several predictions clearly announcing his fate.

WITH hound and horn the wide New Forest rung,
When William Rufus, at the bright noon-day,

Girt by his glittering train, to saddle sprung,
And to the chase spurred forth his gallant gray.

O'er hill, o'er dale, the hunters held their track;

But that gray courser, fleetier than the wind,

Was foremost still—and as the king looked back,

Save Tyrrell, all were far and far behind.

Slow through a distant pass the train defiled;

Alone the king rode on—when in mid course,

Lo! rushed across his path a figure wild,

And on his bridle-rein with giant force

Seized *—then swift pointing to a blighted oak,

Thus to the astonished king his warning spoke:

“Curb thy race of headlong speed!

Backward, backward, turn thy steed!

Death is on thy onward track,—

Turn, O, turn thy courser back!

“See'st thou, King, yon aged tree,—

Blighted now, alas! like me?

Once it bloomed in strength and pride,

And my cottage stood beside;

*The right hand should be here thrust forward, as in the act of grasping the bridle, while the other hand should be extended, pointing to the supposed object. There should be a suspensive pause at “Seized.”

“Till on Hastings' fatal field
England's baleful doom was sealed!
Till the Saxon stooped to own
Norman lord on English throne!

“Where the forest holds domain,
Then were fields of golden grain;
Hamlets then and churches stood
Where we see the wide waste wood.

“But the Norman king must here
Have his wood to hunt his deer.
What were we?—He waved his hand,
And we vanished from the land.

“Fiercely burned my rising ire
When I saw our cots on fire!
When ourselves were forced to fly,
Or to beg, or rob, or die!

“Then on William's head abhorred,
Then my deepest curse I poured. —
Turning to this aged oak,
Thus in madness wild I spoke:

“‘Powers of Hell, or Earth, or Air,
Grant an injured Saxon's prayer! —
Ne'er may one of William's race
Pass alive this fatal place!

“‘Powers of Hell, or Earth, or Air,
Give a sign ye grant my prayer!
Give! O, give! —While yet I spoke,
Lightning struck yon witness oak!

"Shun, O King ! thy certain lot !——
 Fly with speed the fatal spot !——
 Here to death thy uncle passed ;——
 Here thy nephew breathed his last !

"Yes, my curse has worked too well !
 Sorrow seized me when they fell.
 Would, O would I might revoke
 What in madness wild I spoke !

——"Monarch ! to my words give heed,
 Backward,—backward turn thy steed !
 Danger, death, beset thee round ;
 Chase not on the fated ground !"

"Away," fierce William cried, "ill-boding seer !
 Think'st thou to strike thy sovereign's heart
 with fear?—

Think'st thou with idle threats to bar my way?—
 —I scorn thy warning !—On my gallant gray !"

He plunged his spurs deep in his courser's side,
 When from the blighted oak as he advanced,
 Right to the monarch's heart an arrow glanced :
 The blood gushed forth,—he FELL ! he GROANED !
 he DIED ! ANON. (*altered*).

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

The body of Henry II. lay in state in the abbey-
 church of Fontevrault, where it was visited by Richard
 Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with
 horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself
 for that rebellious conduct which had been the means
 of bringing his father to an untimely death.

TORCHES were blazing clear,
 Hymns pealing deep and slow,
 Where a king lay stately on his bier
 In the church of Fontevrault ;
 Banners of battle o'er him hung,
 And warriors slept beneath,
 And light as noon's broad light was flung
 On the settled face of death,—

On the settled face of death
 A strong and ruddy glare ;
 Though dimmed at times by the censor's breath,
 Yet it fell still brightest there ;
 As if each deeply furrowed trace
 Of earthly years to show.

Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race
 Had surely closed in woe !

The marble floor was swept
 By many a long dark stole,
 As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,
 Sang mass for the parted soul ;
 And solemn were the strains they poured
 Through the stillness of the night,
 With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
 And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
 As of steel-girt men the tread,
 And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
 With a sounding thrill of dread ;
 And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
 As by the torch's flame,
 A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle
 With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
 An eagle glance and clear ;
 But his proud heart through its breast-plate shook
 When he stood beside the bier !
 He stood there still with a drooping brow,
 And clasped hands o'er it raised ;
 For his father lay before him low,
 It was Cœur de Lion gazed !

And silently he strove
 With the workings of his breast ;
 But there's more in late repentant love
 Than steel may keep suppressed !
 And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain,
 Men held their breath in awe,
 For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
 And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
 And sorrow seemed to lie,—
 A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
 Pale on the fast-shut eye.
 He stooped and kissed the frozen cheek,
 And the heavy hand of clay,
 Till bursting words—yet all too weak—
 Gave his soul's passion way.

“O father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father, once again!
I weep,—behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire.
Were but this work undone,
I would give England’s crown, my sire,
To hear thee bless thy son.

“Speak to me! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirred!
Hear me, but hear me!—father, chief,
My king, I *must* be heard!
Hushed, hushed,—how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus, woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot!

“Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!
And father, father! but for me,
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart, at last!
No longer couldst thou strive;—
Oh, for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say,—‘Forgive!’

“Thou wert the noblest king
On royal throne e’er seen;
And thou didst wear in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war, the bravest heart.
Oh, ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert,—and *there* thou art!

“Thou that my boyhood’s guide
Didst take fond joy to be!
The times I’ve sported at thy side,
And climbed thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire, I see thee lie;
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!”

FELICIA HEMANS.

CATO OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HIS SON.

The opening line of the following should be uttered with emotion, and with eyes and hands elevated. At the second line the speaker may take a step forward, as if to meet the body. He is to imagine friends around him, and, in places, to address them. The beautiful climax, beginning “The mistress of the world,” etc., should be spoken with animation; the voice rising at each successive step of the climax. In the sixth line from the end of the extract, at the words “brave youth,” the speaker may point to where the dead body is supposed to lie.

THANKS to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.

Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,

Full in my sight; that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.

—How beautiful is Death when earned by
Virtue!

Who would not be *that youth*! what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!

—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?

I should have blushed if Cato’s house had stood
Secure and flourished in a civil war.

—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Alas, my friends!

Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. ’Tis Rome requires our tears.

The mistress of the world, the seat of empire

The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,

That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,

And set the nations free,—Rome is no more!

O, liberty! O virtue! O, my country!

Whate’er the Roman virtue has subdued,

The sun’s whole course, the day and year, are
Cæsar’s!

For him the self-devoted Decii died,

The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered:

Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. O, my friends!

How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,

The Roman empire fallen! O, cursed ambition!

Fallen into Cæsar’s hands! our great forefathers

Had left him naught to conquer but his country.

Lose not a thought on me,—I'm out of danger :
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say, "*I conquered Cato !*"

—But, O ! my friends, *your* safety fills my
heart

With anxious thoughts : a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul : how shall I save my *friends* ?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee !

Farewell, my friends ! If there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepared by my command
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wished for port.

—Is there aught else, my friends, I can do
for you ?

The conqueror draws near. Once more, fare-
well !

If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar *never* shall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot
there,

Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by Faction, Vice, and Fortune crost,
Shall find the generous labor—was not lost.

ADDISON.

CÆSAR'S MESSAGE TO CATO.

(Dialogue between Decius and Cato.)

Decius. Cæsar sends health to Cato.

Cato. Could he send it

To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be wel-
come.

Are not your orders to address the Senate ?

Dec. My business is with Cato, Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven ; and, as he
knows

Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato ? Bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this : and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar ;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,

Who checked his conquests, and denied his
triumphs.

Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend ?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urged for-
bid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it ;
Still may you stand high in your country's honors :
Do but comply and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more ;

I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your vir-
tues,

And therefore sets this value on your life :
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman Senate ;
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your
wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more,—though Cato's voice was
ne'er employed

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favor,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a
Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe ?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar, he's a friend to
virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little Senate ;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that who drives us
hither ;

'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's Senate
little,

And thinned its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon
him;

Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him
black

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and—crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;
But, as I love my country, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to
Cæsar,

For all his generous cares and proffered friend-
ship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By sheltering men much better than himself.

ADDISON.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE

To the Roman Senate on the following decree being
read by the Consul: "Lucius Sergius Catiline, by
the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy
and an alien to the State, and banished from the
territory of the Commonwealth."

BANISHED from Rome!—what's banished
but set free

From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!"*—Who says
this?

Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished?—I thank you for't. It breaks my
chain!

I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my
lords!

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling

Hatred and full defiance in your face.

Your Consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.

"Traitor!" I go—but I *return*. This—trial!

Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,

Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.

This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's
work

Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths,
my lords,

For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tar'tarus!—all shames and
crimes;—

Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THE FOUR KISSES.

(By permission of the Author.)

A BABY on a woman's breast,
Has fallen asleep in peaceful rest;
With tender care she lays it down,
Draws o'er its feet the tiny gown;
Then, thrilled with love, with holy bliss,
Bends low and gives

A mother's kiss.

With blushing cheeks, with downcast eyes
A maiden struggles, softly sighs,
Then yields. And from her fancy's flow
Drinks deep the joy that angels know;
Thus two hearts learn the rapturous bliss
That comes to all, with

Love's first kiss.

A troop halts at a cottage door,
A young wife craves one moment more;
Her husband draws her to his side,
"Thou art," says he, "a soldier's bride;
O love, I can but give thee this—
And this—and this—

My farewell kiss."

* Here he quotes the words of Cicero against him.

The lamps shed forth a tender light
 Upon a sweet face, cold and white ;
 The flowers lie strewn, the dirge is sung,
 The rite is o'er, the bell has rung :
 God help them, by that dread abyss,
 Who sobbing press

The last sad kiss.

GEO. M. VICKERS.

'THE DRUMMER BOY.

(Pathetic. An incident of the Crimean War.)

"CAPTAIN GRAHAM, the men were sayin'
 Ye would want a drummer lad,
 So I've brought my boy Sandie,
 Tho' my heart is woful sad ;
 But nae bread is left to feed us,
 And no siller to buy more,
 For the gudeman sleeps forever,
 Where the heather blossoms o'er.

"Sandie, make your manners quickly,
 Play your blithest measure true—
 Give us 'Flowers of Edinboro','
 While yon fifer plays it too.
 Captain, heard ye e'er a player
 Strike in truer time than he?"
 "Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray
 Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I give ye thanks—but, Captain, maybe
 Ye will hae a kindly care
 For the friendless, lonely laddie,
 When the battle wark is sair ;
 For Sandie's aye been good and gentle,
 And I've nothing else to love,
 Nothing—but the grave off yonder,
 And the Father up above."

Then her rough hand gently laying
 On the curl-encircled head,
 She blest her boy. The tent was silent,
 And not another word was said ;
 For Captain Graham was sadly dreaming
 Of a benison long ago,
 Breathed above his head, then golden,
 Bending now, and touched with snow.

"Good-bye, Sandie." "Good-bye, mother ;
 I'll come back some summer day ;
 Don't you fear—they don't shoot drummers
 Ever. Do they, Captain Gra—?
 One more kiss—watch for me, mother,
 You will know 'tis surely me,
 Coming home—for you will hear me
 Playing soft the reveille."

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly
 Seemed to link in strange affright,
 As the scudding clouds before them
 Shadowed faces dead and white ;
 And the night wind softly whispered,
 When low moans its light wing bore—
 Moans that ferried spirits over
 Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless
 Might go splashing down in blood,
 Or a helpless hand lie grasping
 Death and daisies from the sod—
 Captain Graham walked swift onward,
 While a faintly-beaten drum
 Quickened heart and step together :
 "Sandie Murray ! See, I come !

"Is it thus I find you, laddie ?
 Wounded, lonely, lying here,
 Playing thus the reveille ?
 See—the morning is not near."
 A moment paused the drummer boy,
 And lifted up his drooping head :
 "Oh, Captain Graham, the light is coming,
 'Tis morning, and my prayers are said.

"Morning ! See, the plains grow brighter—
 Morning—and I'm going home ;
 That is why I play the measure,
 Mother will not see me come ;
 But you'll tell her, won't you, Captain—" "
 Hush, the boy has spoken true ;
 To him the day has dawned forever,
 Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

TO A SKELETON.

The MSS. of this poem was found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and sent by the curator to the *Morning Chronicle* for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his incognito, and, we believe, has never been discovered.

BEHOOLD this ruin ! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot ?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye ;
But start not at the dismal void ;
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,—
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue ;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained ;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity !

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine ?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod ?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed ;

If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky !

BETTY AND THE BEAR.

(Humorous.)

IN a pioneer's cabin out West, so they say,
A great big black grizzly trotted one day,
And seated himself on the hearth, and
began,

To lap the contents of a two-gallon pan
Of milk and potatoes,—an excellent meal,—
And then looked about to see what he could steal.
The lord of the mansion awoke from his sleep,
And, hearing a racket, he ventured to peep
Just out in the kitchen, to see what was there,
And was scared to behold a great grizzly bear.

So he screamed in alarm to his slumbering *frow*,
“Thar's a bar in the kitching as big's a cow !”
“A what ?” “Why a bar !” “Well, murder
him, then !”
“Yes, Betty, I will, if you'll first venture in.”
So Betty leaped up, and the poker she seized,
While her man shut the door, and against it he
squeezed.

As Betty then laid on the grizzly her blows,
Now on his forehead, and now on his nose,
Her man through the key-hole kept shouting
within,

“Well done, my brave Betty, now hit him agin,
Now a rap on the ribs, now a knock on the snout,
Now poke with the poker, and poke his eyes out.”
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty *alone*,
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.

Now when the old man saw the bear was no more,
He ventured to poke his nose out of the door,
And there was the grizzly, stretched on the floor.
Then off to the neighbors he hastened, to tell
All the wonderful things that that morning befell ;
And he published the marvellous story afar,
How “*me* and my Betty jist slaughtered a bar !
O yes, come and see, all the neighbors hev sid it,
Come see what we did, *ME* and Betty, we did it.”

FAREWELL.

(By permission of Geo. M. Vickers, the Author.)

(Let the first stanza of the song be sung by a quartette. The music then ceases, while two stanzas of the poem, "Farewell" is recited. As the speaker closes the second stanza, the quartette immediately sings the second stanza; and, as they sing the words "ever bind me," the speaker resumes his recitation, and speaks the last two stanzas, during which some soft accompaniment may be played on the instrument.)

WITH white sails set the vessels glide
Fast onward o'er the drifting tide.
'Tis now while near and yet in view
That still is heard the fond adieu;
'Tis now that lips and gestures tell
The heart's good-by, the sad farewell!

To-night, when sails to sight are lost
And gloomy darkness veils the coast;
To-night, when children fast asleep
Forget who sails the lonely deep,
To one will sound, like funeral knell,
Her husband's dreaded word. farewell.

The helmsman as he grasps the wheel
The sea spray on his cheek can feel,
And to his mind each drop appears
The moisture of his loved ones' tears;
And in a song he tries to quell
The sadness of their sweet farewell.

Each day the word farewell is said,
The silent, parting tear is shed;
And so each day warm hearts unite,
Some home is reached, some eye made bright;
What glooms the word is, none can tell
Which time 'twill be a last farewell.

THE AMERICAN'S FAREWELL.

G. M. V.

QUARTETTE.

GEO. M. VICKERS.

This beautiful quartette is the first American farewell song ever written, and furnishes something that has long been wanted by tourists and others departing from our shores. In the event of a war with a foreign country, it would have a peculiar significance to our soldiers and sailors. The author, Geo. M. Vickers, has composed many patriotic songs, among them being "Guard the Flag," "Columbia, My Country," the new music for "America," etc.

The musical score is written for a quartette and piano. It features two vocal staves (treble and bass clef) and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is marked "Moderato con espressione." and the piano part is marked "Piano. p". The lyrics are: "1. Fare - well, fare-well, my / 2. Fare - well, fare-well, each". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

own dear land, This heart will ne'er de - ceive thee, And as I watch thy fad - ing strand I
 faith - ful heart, What joy when - e'er I met thee; And, oh, what pain it is to part, Yet

sigh be - cause I leave thee; The home I prize, the tear - ful eyes, The ties I leave be -
 I shall ne'er for - get thee! A - mer - i - ca, how sweet thy name; Still true thou'lt ev - er

hind me, Though years I roam 'neath for - eign skies, To thee in love shall ev - er bind me.
 find me; O land a - glow with freedom's flame, To thee my love shall ev - er bind me.

Rit.

THE SOLDIER'S PARDON.

(Suited to Soldier's reunion.)

WILD blew the gale in Gibraltar one night,
As a soldier lay stretched in his cell;
And anon, 'mid the darkness, the moon's
silver light

On his countenance dreamily fell.

Naught could she reveal, but a man true as
steel,

That oft for his country had bled;
And the glance of his eye might the grim king
defy,

For despair, fear, and trembling had fled.

But in rage he had struck a well-merited blow

At a tyrant who held him in scorn;

And his fate soon was sealed, for alas! honest
Joe

Was to die on the following morn.

Oh! sad was the thought to a man that had
fought

'Mid the ranks of the gallant and brave,—

To be shot through the breast at a coward's be-
hest,

And laid low in a criminal's grave!

The night call had sounded, when Joe was
aroused

By a step at the door of his cell;

'Twas a comrade with whom he had often
caroused,

That now entered to bid him farewell.

"Ah, Tom! is it you come to bid me adieu?"

'Tis kind, my lad! give me your hand!

Nay—nay—don't get wild, man, and make me a
child!—

I'll be soon in a happier land!"

With hands clasped in silence, Tom mournfully
said,

"Have you any request, Joe, to make?"—

Remember by me 'twill be fully obeyed:

Can I anything do for your sake?"

"When it's over, to-morrow!" he said, filled
with sorrow,

"Send this token to her whom I've sworn

All my fond love to share!"—'twas a lock of
his hair,

And a prayer-book, all faded and worn.

"Here's this watch for my mother; and when
you write home,"—

And he dashed a bright tear from his eye—

"Say I died with my heart in old Devonshire,
Tom,

Like a man, and a soldier!—Good bye!"

Then the sergeant on guard at the grating ap-
peared,

And poor Tom had to leave the cold cell;

By the moon's waning light, with a husky

"Good night!

God be with you, dear comrade!—farewell!"

Gray dawned the morn in a dull cloudy sky,

When the blast of a bugle resounded;

And Joe ever fearless, went forward to die,

By the hearts of true heroes surrounded.

"Shoulder arms" was the cry as the prisoner
passed by:

"To the right about—march!" was the
word;

And their pale faces proved how their comrade
was loved,

And by all his brave fellows adored.

Right onward they marched to the dread field of
doom:

Sternly silent, they covered the ground;

Then they formed into line amid sadness and
gloom,

While the prisoner looked calmly around.

Then soft on the air rose the accents of prayer,

And faint tolled the solemn death-knell,

As he stood on the sand, and with uplifted hand,

Waved the long and the lasting farewell.

"Make ready!" exclaimed an imperious voice:

—"Present!"—struck a chill on each
mind;

Ere the last word was spoke, Joe had cause to
rejoice,

For "Hold!—hold!" cried a voice from be-
hind.

Then wild was the joy of them all, man and boy,
As a horseman cried, "Mercy!—Forbear!"
With a thrilling "Hurrah!—a free pardon!—
huzzah!"

And the muskets rang loud in the air.

Soon the comrades were locked in each other's
embrace:

No more stood the brave soldiers dumb:
With a loud cheer they wheeled to the right-
about-face,

Then away at the sound of the drum!—
And a brighter day dawned in sweet Devon's fair
land,

Where the lovers met never to part;
And he gave her a token—true, warm, and un-
broken—

The gift of his own gallant heart!

JAMES SMITH.

THE LAST STATION.

(Pathetic reading.)

HE had been sick at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road dropped in daily to see how he got along, and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous; but the other day the patient began sinking, and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind wandered, and he did not recognize them.

It was near one of the depots, and after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and short, sharp whistles of the yard-engines sounded painfully loud. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted:

"Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead, and the brakeman closed his eyes, and was quiet for a time. Then the wind whirled around the depot and banged the blinds

on the window of his room, and he lifted his hand, and cried out:

"Jack-son! Passengers going north by the Saginaw Road change cars!"

The men understood. The brakeman thought he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if life had not gone out. A tug going down the river sounded her whistle loud and long, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out:

"Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the road a thousand times, but had made his last trip. Death was drawing a spectral train over the old track, and he was brakeman, engineer and conductor.

One of the yard-engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the engineer some stranger in peril, and the brakeman called out:

"Yp-silanti! Change cars here for the Eel River Road!"

"He is coming in fast," whispered one of the men.

"And the end of his 'run' will be the end of his life," said a second.

The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead, and there was that ghastly look on the face that death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head, and faintly said:

"Grand Trunk Junction! Passengers going east by the Grand Trunk change cars!"

He was so quiet after that that all the men gathered around the bed, believing that he was dead. His eyes closed, and the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his head, and whispered:

"De—"

Not "Detroit," but Death! He died with the half-uttered whisper on his lips. And the headlight on death's engine shone full in his face, and covered it with such pallor as naught but death can bring.



DEAD MAN'S GULCH

GEORGE M. VICKERS

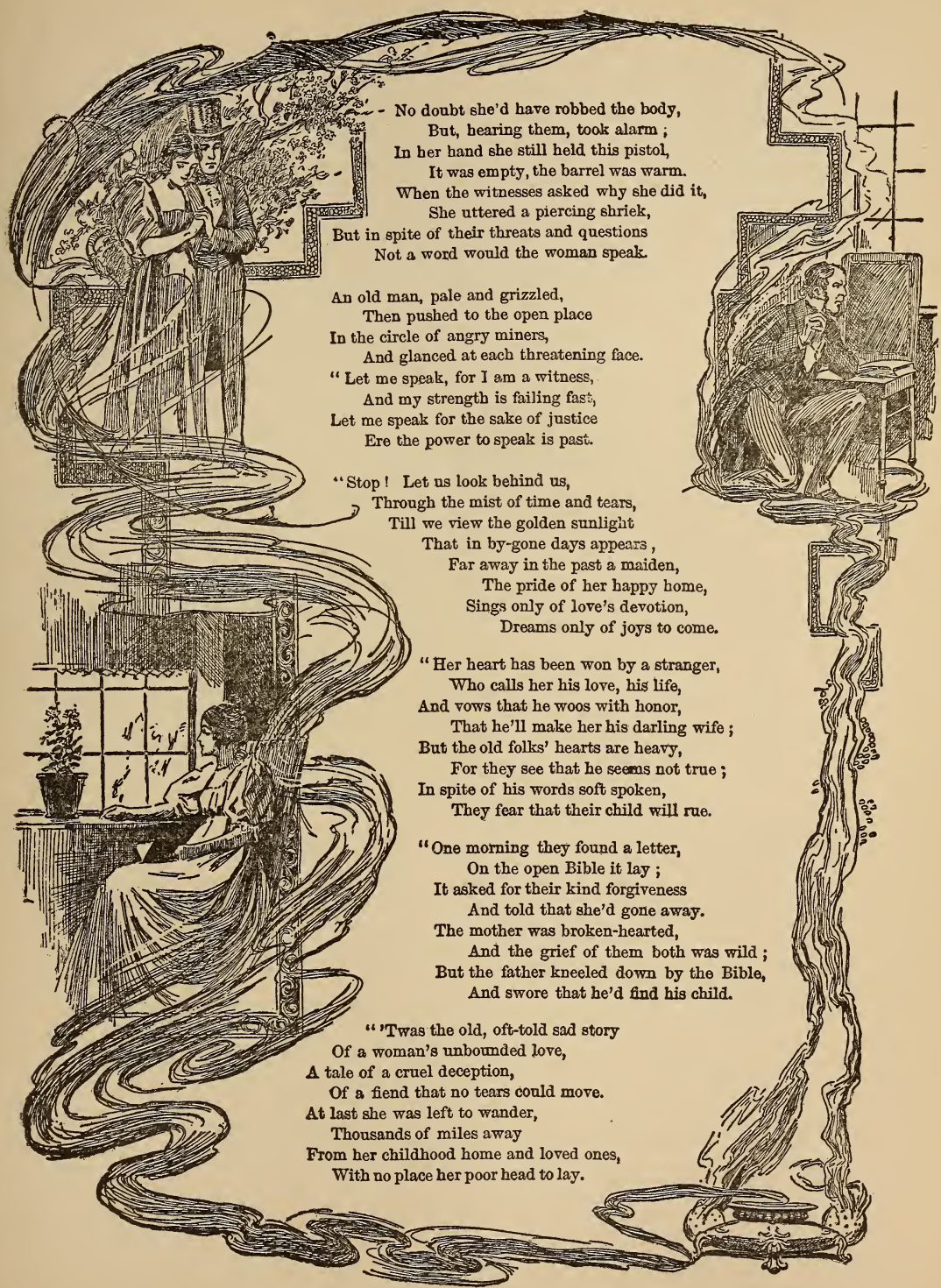
IT happened 'way back in the fifties
When the country was crazy on gold,
When the gulches and hills near 'Frisco
Were yielding their wealth untold ;
It happened when men and women,
Of every manner and kind,
Came seeking the yellow nuggets
That the thrifty diggers mined.

The camp was of rambling shanties,
With a single narrow street,
And a tall tree shaded the tavern
And the crowd from the noon-day heat ;
In a circle the miners were seated,
A jury of fifty or more,
And the prisoner sat in a wagon
In front of the bar-room door.

She was one of those wretched creatures
Whose lives are made up of sin,
Whose crimes are all seen on the surface,
But none of the good within.
Tom Scott was the judge and spokesman,
And he briefly lined out his case
That the woman was guilty of murder,
Cowardly, cruel and base.

A man had been found in a thicket
With a bullet-hole through his head ;
Still the blood from the wound was flowing
But the spark of his life had fled :
While the party that found him wondered
Who fired the fatal shot,
This woman was silently stealing -
Away from the dreadful spot.





No doubt she'd have robbed the body,
But, hearing them, took alarm ;
In her hand she still held this pistol,
It was empty, the barrel was warm.
When the witnesses asked why she did it,
She uttered a piercing shriek,
But in spite of their threats and questions
Not a word would the woman speak.

An old man, pale and grizzled,
Then pushed to the open place
In the circle of angry miners,
And glanced at each threatening face.
"Let me speak, for I am a witness,
And my strength is failing fast,
Let me speak for the sake of justice
Ere the power to speak is past.

"Stop ! Let us look behind us,
Through the mist of time and tears,
Till we view the golden sunlight
That in by-gone days appears ,
Far away in the past a maiden,
The pride of her happy home,
Sings only of love's devotion,
Dreams only of joys to come.

"Her heart has been won by a stranger,
Who calls her his love, his life,
And vows that he woos with honor,
That he'll make her his darling wife ;
But the old folks' hearts are heavy,
For they see that he seems not true ;
In spite of his words soft spoken,
They fear that their child will rue.

"One morning they found a letter,
On the open Bible it lay ;
It asked for their kind forgiveness
And told that she'd gone away.
The mother was broken-hearted,
And the grief of them both was wild ;
But the father kneeled down by the Bible,
And swore that he'd find his child.

"'Twas the old, oft-told sad story
Of a woman's unbounded love,
A tale of a cruel deception,
Of a fiend that no tears could move.
At last she was left to wander,
Thousands of miles away
From her childhood home and loved ones,
With no place her poor head to lay.



Two miners then sprang beside him
And seated him on the ground,
Then the jury and those about them
Leaned forward to catch each sound.
"I am that poor girl's father,"
The old man whispered in pain,
"And to save her I shot that monster,
Or my child he would quick have slain."

"When he fell she grasped his pistol,
And speeded for help away ;
'Twas then that these miners saw her,
Where the dead man's body lay.
I was there, but too weak to utter
A word or a feeble cry,
But their hands could with ease have touched me
As they silently passed me by."

"But her father for years had sought her,
Wondering where she could be,
Till he suddenly came upon her
'Mid those rocks that you all can see :
In the road through the thicket below them,
He found her in deadly strife,
Trying to flee from the villain
Who promised to make her his wife."

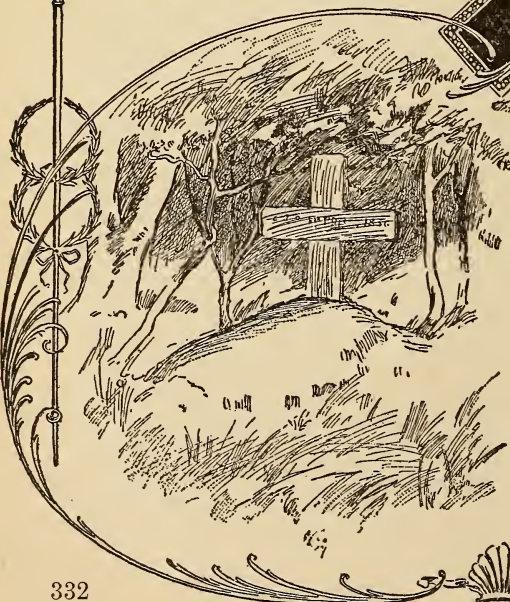
"The father in terror shouted,
Then the fiend, in his rage and fear,
Levelled his pistol and fired,
And the bullet—it struck me here."
Then the old man bared his bosom
And a ghastly wound revealed ;
His voice was becoming weaker,
Like a drunken man he reeled.



Tom Scott then addressed the jury,
He told them the case was clear,
And he turned to the weeping woman
To conceal an uprising tear ;
In his face there was just enough shadow
To soften his bright blue eye,
In his voice there was just enough sadness
To hint at a pain gone by.

"Is she guilty ?" he asked the jury,
In tones that were soft and low,
But the answer came swift as lightning
In a thundering, mighty "No !"

The village is gone, and the actors—
God knows if one living there be ;
And in Dead Man's Gulch, so gloomy,
But one lonely grave you'll see.



LADY CLARE.

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe,
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn ;
Lovers long betrothed were they ;
They two will wed the morrow morn ;
God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice, the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee ?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thank'd," said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair,
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are you out of your mind, my nurse, my
nurse ?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild ?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth ; you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
Oh mother," she said ; "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all you can."
She said, "Not so ; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay, now, what faith ?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"Oh, mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare :
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower ;
"Oh, Lady Clare you shame your worth !
Why come you drest like a village-maid,
That are the flower of the earth ?"

"If I come drest like a village-maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar-born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed,
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up !

Her heart within her did not fail ;
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn ;

He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood ;
" If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, " the next in blood—

" If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, " the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PUTTING UP O' THE STOVE;

Or, The Rime of the Economical Householder.

(Humorous.)

THE melancholy days have come that no
householder loves,

Days of taking down of blinds and putting
up of stoves ;

The lengths of pipe forgotten lie in the shadow
of the shed,

Dinged out of symmetry they be and all with
rust are red ;

The husband gropes amid the mass that he placed
there anon,

And swears to find an elbow-joint and eke a leg
are gone.

So fared it with good Mister Brown, when his
spouse remarked : " Behold !

Unless you wish us all to go and catch our deaths
of cold,

Swift be yon stove and pipes from out their
storing place conveyed,

And to black-lead and set them up, lo ! I will
lend my aid."

This, Mr. Brown, he trembling heard, I trow his
heart was sore,

For he was married many years, and had been
there before,

And timidly he said, " My love, perchance, the
better plan

'Twere to hie to the tinsmith's shop and bid him
send a man ?"

His spouse replied indignantly : " So you would
have me then

To waste our substance upon riotous tinsmith's
journeymen ?

'A penny saved is twopence earned,' rash prodigal
of pelf,

Go ! false one, go ! and I will black and set it
up myself."

When thus she spoke the husband knew that she
had sealed his doom ;

" Fill high the bowl with Samian lead and gim
ne down that broom,"

He cried ; then to the outhouse marched. Apart
the doors he hove

And closed in deadly conflict with his enemy,
the stove.

Round 1.

They faced each other ; Brown, to get an opening
spurred

Adroitly. His antagonist was cautious—on its
guard.

Brown led off with his left to where a length of
stove-pipe stood,

And nearly cut his fingers off. (*The stove allowed first blood.*)

Round 2.

Brown came up swearing, in Græco-Roman
style

Closed with the stove, and tugged and strove at
it a weary while ;

At last the leg he held gave way ; flat on his
back fell Brown,

And the stove fell on top of him and claimed
the *First Knock-down*.

* * * The fight is done and Brown has won ;
his hands are rasped and sore,

And perspiration and black lead stream from his
every pore ;

Sternly triumphant, as he gives his prisoner a
shove,

He cries, " Where, my good angel, shall I *put*
this blessed stove ?"

And calmly Mrs. Brown to him she indicates
the spot,
And bids him keep his temper, and remarks that
he looks hot,
And now comes in the sweat o' the day; the
Brown holds in his gripe
And strives to fit a six-inch joint into a five-
inch pipe;
He hammers, dinges, bends, and shakes, while
his wife scornfully
Tells him how *she* would manage if only she
were he.

At last the joints are joined, they rear a pyramid
in air,
A tub upon the table, and upon the tub a chair,
And on chair and supporters are the stovepipe
and the Brown,
Like the lion and the unicorn, a-fighting for the
crown;
While Mistress Brown, she cheerily says to him,
"I expect"
'Twould be just like your *clamsiness* to fall and
break your neck."

Scarce were the piteous accents said before she
was aware
Of what might be called "a miscellaneous music
in the air."
And in wild crash and confusion upon the floor
rained down
Chairs, tables, tubs, and stovepipes. *anathemas*,
and—Brown.

There was a moment's silence—Brown had fallen
on the cat;
She was too thick for a book-mark, but too thin
for a mat,
And he was all wounds and bruises, from his
head to his foot,
And seven breadths of Brussels were ruined with
the soot.

"O wedded love, how beautiful, how sweet a
thing thou art!"
Up from her chair did Mistress Brown, as she
saw him falling, start,

And shrieked aloud as a sickening fear did her
inmost heartstrings gripe,
"Josiah Winterbotham Brown, have you gone
and smashed that pipe?"

Then fiercely starts that Mister Brown, as one
that had been wode,
And big his bosom swelled with wrath, and red
his visage glowed;
Wild rolled his eye as he made reply (and his
voice was sharp and shrill),
"I have not, madam, but, by—by—by the nine
gods, I will!"

He swung the pipe above his head; he dashed
it on the floor,
And that stovepipe, as a stovepipe, it did exist
no more;
Then he strode up to his shrinking wife, and his
face was stern and wan,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he hissed:
"*Send for that tinsmith's man!*"

DE YALLER CHINEE.

(Philosophically discussed by a colored man.)

HE kin pick up a libbin' wharebber he goes
By wukin' de railroad an' washin' ole
clo'es;

He kin lib 'bout as cheap as a leatherwing bat,
For he watches de rat market keen as a cat;
An' his boa'd an' his rations is pretty nigh free,
For a mighty smart hoss is de yaller Chinee.

Den, he's not gwine to keer, whar you put him
to stay,
An' his eatin' don't cost but a nickel a day;
An' he won't gib a straw fur de finest hotel,
When a slab-sided shanty will suit him as well;
An' empty ole box, or a holler gum tree,
I's a big boa'din'-house for de yaller Chinee.

An', he eats little mice, when de black-berries
fail,
Till de ha'r on his head gits de shape ob a tail;
An' I know by his clo'es an' his snuff-cullud face,
Dat he comes fum a scrubby an' ONE-GALLUS
race;

And I's trabbled a heap, but I nebber did see
Sich a curisome chap as de yaller Chinee.

Dis country was made for de whites an' de
blacks,

For dey hoes all de corn an' pays all de tax ;
You may think what you choose, but de 'sertion
is true,

Dat de orf-cullud furriner nebber will do ;
For dar's heap o' tough people fum ober de sea,
But de disgustinest sort is de yaller Chinee.

When de bumble-bee crawls in de dirtdobber's
hole,

To warm up his fingers, an' git out ob de cole,
Dar's gwine to be fuss in de family, sho' !
An' one ob de critters must pack up an' go ;
An' de chinerman's gwine to diskiver right soon
Dat de rabbit can't lib in a stump wid de coon.

When de pecker-wood camps on de morkin-
bird's nes',

You kin tell pretty quick which kin tussle de bes' ;
Dar's a mighty good chance ob a skirmish ahead
When de speckled dog loaf's 'round de Tommy-
cat's bed ;

An' dar's gwine to be racket wuf waitin' to see
When de wukin'-man butts 'gin de yaller Chinee.

FIVE CHAPTERS OF REAL LIFE.

(Humorous reading.)

CHAPTER I.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Scadds, alone.*)

MR. SCADD'S. How often is that upstart
of a Mr. Hunker coming here to see
our Mildred ?

Mrs. Scadds. I'm sure he's a very nice
young—

Mr. Scadds. Nice nothing ! Besides, he's as
poor as Job's turkey, and Mildred is too young
to have steady company. How often does he
come ? I say six times a week and twice on
Sunday.

Mrs. Scadds. George, dear, remember that
Mildred is older now than I was when we mar-
ried ; and Mr. Hunker could not possibly have
less money than we had, love.

Mr. Scadds. That has nothing to do with it—
not a thing. I'll put a stop to this sort of thing,
so I will. I'll get a bull-dog, and turn him
loose in the front yard every night. Not a soul
shall approach the house after dark. I'll see
what effect that'll have on him.

CHAPTER II.

(*Miss Scadds and Mr. Hunker, alone.*)

Miss Scadds. Before you go, Mr. Hunker, I
think I ought to tell you of something papa in-
tends to do.

Mr. Hunker. What is it, Miss Scadds ?

Miss Scadds. He's is going to buy a bull-dog !

Mr. Hunker. I didn't know your papa was a
dog fancier.

Miss Scadds. He isn't ; he detests dogs.

Mr. Hunker. Then why does he intend to
make such a purchase ?

Miss Scadds. He's going to get a fierce bull-
dog, so mamma tells me—and turn the ferocious
beast loose in the front yard every night.

Mr. Hunker. Afraid of burglars, is he ?

Miss Scadds. N-n-no. The fact is, it is to
keep you away. There. I thought I'd better
tell you, Harry—er—Mr. Hunker, I mean.

Mr. Hunker. My little girl—er, I mean Miss
Scadds—you were afraid I would he torn to
pieces by its cruel fangs, were you ? I'm very
glad you told me about it ; I'll be on my guard.
(*Looking at his watch.*) How late is it ? Time
flies so rapidly in your company. Good-night,
Mil—~~er~~—Miss Scadds.

CHAPTER III.

(*Mr. Scadds, at the dog dealer's.*)

Mr. Scadds (to dog dealer). I want the biggest,
most ferocious bull-dog you have in the house, sir.

Cridge (dog dealer). Something game, eh ?

Mr. Scadds. Yes ; the gamiest kind of game !

Cridge. Want to indulge in some sport, sir ?

Mr. Scadds. Sport ?

Cridge. Yes, sir ; a dog that'll fight any dog
in the country, sir. Chew him right up, sir ?

Mr. Scadds. Oh ! no ! I want a dog to turn
loose in front of the house every night. A dog

that won't let any person except a member of the family approach.

Cridge. Oh! yes, sir. You want a watch-dog, eh?

Mr. Scadds. That's it; and I want a dog that knows his business, too, and won't be bamboozled by tramps and—and by any one else.

Cridge. Well, sir; I've a dog that will do just what you want. He was brought in only this morning by a gentleman who would not sell him except for the reason that he doesn't need him any more. He's watchful, and you can trust him, sir.

Mr. Scadds. Let me see him.

Cridge. Here he is, sir.

Mr. Scadds. What a savage-looking beast! Why, I'm afraid of him, myself!

Cridge. He's very intelligent, sir; and he'll learn to know you and the rest of the family in a day. Then, sir, you'll have a dog to be proud of, and one you can trust.

Mr. Scadds. What is his price?

Cridge. Two hundred dollars, sir.

Mr. Scadds. Well, bring him over to the house about six o'clock, and introduce him to his new friends.

CHAPTER IV.

(Mr. and Mrs. Scadds, a month later.)

Mr. Scadds. Well, my dear, I suppose that bull-dog of ours keeps young Hunker away pretty effectually, doesn't he?

Mrs. Scadds. I'm afraid not, George, dear.

Mr. Scadds. What's that?

Mrs. Scadds. The fact is, the dog and Mr. Hunker are great friends, which I think shows that Mr. Hunker is a man we ought to encourage, for you know that dogs are good judges of human—

Mr. Scadds. Good judges of fiddlesticks!

(Takes up his hat and leaves the house in a hurry.)

CHAPTER V.

(Mr. Scadds' second visit to Mr. Cridge.)

Mr. Scadds. Look here, Cridge, who was the gentleman who sold that bull-dog to you that I

bought a month ago and paid you two hundred dollars for?

Cridge. Young Mr. Hunker, sir. Why?

Mr. Scadds (in a towering rage). !*!***—!!!!

THE OBLIGING DRUGGIST.

I HAVE determined to die," he said, as he entered the drug-store, and brought his fist down on the counter with force enough to make the candy bottles dance. "I have resolved to make away with myself. Apothecary, mix me a powerful potion, which will finish my earthly career. Give me something against which antidotes are of no avail, and which the stomach-pump is powerless to withdraw. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the druggist, as he took down a bottle containing some whitish powder. "This is the strongest poison known. I'll give you ten grains of it, which will be quite enough for your purpose."

The druggist proceeded to weigh the powder and wrap it up, saying as he did so:

"I would advise you to take this powder to your room, first being careful to make your will, and do such other matters as you deem necessary, for after you have swallowed the potion you will not be able to do anything before it begins to take effect. Immediately on swallowing it, first dissolving the contents of the paper in a spoonful of water, you will feel a sort of cold chill run up your spine. Then your arms will begin to shake, and your knees will knock together. Presently you will be unable to stand, and you will sink into a chair. Your eyes will then pain you. Sharp twinges will run through the eyeballs, and in about half a minute total blindness will follow. Presently gripes will seize the stomach, and you will bend forward in agony. Racking headaches will be added to your other sensations, followed by intense pains in the ears, like ordinary ear-ache intensified a thousand times. Twinges like those of the gout seize the extremities, the chills of the spinal cord become unbearable, the tongue protrudes, and the patient falls from the chair on

his face, and unconsciousness follows, which last a few minutes, until death supervenes. Twenty-five cents, please."

The package was ready, but the customer did not take it.

MR. PICKWICK IN THE WRONG ROOM.

"**D**EAR me, it's time to go to bed. It will never do, sitting here. I shall be pale to-morrow, Mr. Pickwick!"

At the bare notion of such a calamity, Mr. Peter Magnus rang the bell for the chambermaid; and the striped bag, the red bag, the leather hat-box and the brown-paper parcel having been conveyed to his bed-room, he retired in company with a japanned candlestick to one side of the house, while Mr. Pickwick and another japanned candlestick were conducted through a multitude of tortuous windings to another.

"This is your room, sir," said the chambermaid.

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. It was a tolerably large double-bedded room, with a fire; upon the whole a more comfortable-looking apartment than Mr. Pickwick's short experience of the accommodations of the Great White Horse had led him to expect.

"Nobody sleeps in the other bed, of course," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Very good. Tell my servant to bring me up some hot water at half-past eight in the morning, and that I shall not want him any more to-night."

"Yes, sir." And bidding Mr. Pickwick good-night, the chambermaid retired, and left him alone.

Mr. Pickwick sat himself down in a chair before the fire, and fell into a train of rambling meditations, when he recollected he had left his watch on the table down-stairs. The possibility of going to sleep, unless it were ticking gently beneath his pillow, or in his watch-pocket over his head, had never entered Mr. Pickwick's brain.

So as it was pretty late now, and he was unwilling to ring his bell at that hour of the night, he slipped on his coat, of which he had just divested himself, and taking the japanned candlestick in his hand, walked quietly down-stairs.

The more stairs Mr. Pickwick went down, the more stairs there seemed to be to descend, and again and again, when Mr. Pickwick got into some narrow passage, and began to congratulate himself on having gained the ground-floor, did another flight of stairs appear before his astonished eyes. At last he reached a stone hall, which he remembered to have seen when he entered the house. Passage after passage did he explore; room after room did he peep into; at length, just as he was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he opened the door of the identical room in which he had spent the evening, and beheld his missing property on the table.

Mr. Pickwick seized the watch in triumph, and proceeded to retrace his steps to his bed-chamber. If his progress downwards had been attended with difficulties and uncertainty, his journey back was infinitely more perplexing. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in—right at last. There were the two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the drifts of air through which he had passed, and sank into the socket, just as he closed the door after him. "No matter," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can undress myself just as well by the light of the fire."

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the night-cap strings. "It is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing in the best humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption: to wit, the

entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table, and set down the light upon it.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing-glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away like a gigantic lighthouse, in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Pickwick, "how very dreadful!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this," thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his night-cap. "Never! This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair, and carefully enveloped it in a muslin night-cap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming," reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out, she'll alarm the house, but if I remain here, the consequence will be still more frightful."

He shrank behind the curtains, and called out very loudly:

"Ha-hum!"

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident, by her falling up against the rushlight shade; that she persuaded herself it must

have been the effect of imagination was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this," thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. "Ha-hum"

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady, "what's that?"

"It's—it's—only a gentleman, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

"A gentleman!" said the lady, with a terrific scream.

"It's all over," thought Mr. Pickwick.

"A strange man!" shrieked the lady. Another instant and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

"Ma'am!" said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in the extremity of his desperation, "ma'am!"

"Wretch," said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, "what do you want here?"

"Nothing, ma'am — nothing whatever, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, earnestly.

"Nothing!" said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically that the tassel of his night-cap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, ma'am, because of the confusion of addressing a lady in my night-cap (here the lady hastily snatched off her's), but I can't get it off, ma'am (here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement). It is evident to me, ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bed-room for my own. I had not been here five minutes, ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir," said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, ma'am, with the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly. "Certainly, ma'am. I—

"I—am very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion; deeply sorry, ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immedaately ma'am; this instant, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing. "I trust, ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again, "I trust, ma'am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this—" But before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence, the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him.

CHARLES DICKENS.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

(Humorous reading. By JOSH BILLING.)

MANIFEST destiny iz the science ov going tew bust, or enny other place before yu git thare. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me; and i am so put together that when enny thing strikes me i immejiately strike back. Manifest destiny mite perhaps be blocked out agin as the condisun that man and things find themselves in with a ring in their nozes and sumboddy hold ov the ring. I may be rong agin, but if i am, awl i have got tew sa iz, i don't kno it, and what a man don't kno ain't no damage tew enny boddy else. The tru way that manifess destiny had better be sot down iz, the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him; i don't kno but i may be rong onst more, but if the frog don't git ketched the destiny iz jist what he iz a looking for.

When a man falls into the bottom ov a well and makes up hiz minde tew stay thar, that ain't manifess destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short iz; but if he almoste gits out and

then falls down in agin 16 foot deeper and brakes off hiz neck twice in the same plase and dies and iz buried thare at low water, that iz manifess desting on the square. Standing behind a cow in fly time and gitting kicked twice at one time, must feel a good deal like manifess destiny. Being about 10 seckunds tew late tew git an express train, and then chasing the train with yure wife, and an umbreller in yure hands, in a hot day, and not getting az near tew the train az you waz when started, looks a leetle like manifess destiny on a rale rode trak. Going into a tempranse house and calling for a little old Bourbon on ice, and being told in a mild way that "the Bourbon iz jist out, but they hav got sum gin that cost 72 cents a gallon in Paris," sounds tew me like the manifess destiny ov moste tempranse houses.

Mi dear reader, don't beleave in manifess destiny until you see it. Thar is such a thing az manifess destiny, but when it occurs it iz lik the number ov rings on the rakoon's tale, ov no great consequence onla for ornament. Man wan't made for a machine, if he waz, it waz a locomotift machine, and manifess destiny must git oph from the trak when the bell rings or git knocked higher than the price ov gold. Manifess destiny iz a disseaze, but it iz eazy tew heal; i have seen it in its wust stages cured bi sawing a cord ov dri hickory wood. i thought i had it onse, it broke out in the shape ov poetry; i sent a speciment ov the disseaze tew a magazine, the magazine man wrote me next day az follers,

"*Dear Sir:* Yu may be a phule, but you are no poeck. Yures, in haste."

MRS. CAUDLE NEEDS SPRING CLOTHING.

IF there is anything in the world that I hate—and you know it—it is, asking you for money. I am sure for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do, the more shame for you to let me. *What do I want now?* As if you didn't know! I'm sure, if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing—never! It's painful to me,

gracious knows! What do you say? *If it's painful, why so often do it?* I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club-jokes! As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every cent. It's dreadful!

Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody else's children? *What was the matter with them?* Oh! Caudle, how can you ask! Weren't they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets? What do you say? *What of it?* What! You'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May!" *You didn't see it!* The more shame for you! I'm sure, those Briggs girls—the little minxes!—put me in such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say! *I ought to be ashamed to own it?* Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't; and there's an end of it!

I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it—the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. *How much money do I want?* Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Ann, and—What do you say? *I needn't count 'em? You know how many there are!* That's just the way you take me up! *Well, how much money will it take?* Let me see—I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things

like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and though I say it, bless their little hearts! they do credit to you, Caudle.

How much? Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with a hundred dollars. What did you say? *Hundred fiddlesticks?* What! *You won't give half the money?* Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied. What do you say? *Fifty dollars enough?* Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. *They only want frocks and bonnets?* How do you know what they want! How should a man know anything at all about it! And you won't give more than fifty dollars? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it? I'll have none of your fifty dollars, I can tell you—no, sir!

No, you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses? You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths,—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the hundred dollars I *will* have, if I've any; or not a cent! No, sir; no,—I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable.

What do you say? *You'll give me seventy-five dollars?* No, Caudle, no, not a cent will I take under a hundred. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I am sure, when I come to think of it, one hundred dollars will hardly do!

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY.

(1) **Y**OU Wiyum, come 'ere, suh, dis instunce.
 Wut dat you got under dat box?
 I do' want no foolin'—you hear me?
 Wut you say? Ain't nothin' but rocks?
 Pears ter me you's owdashus p'ticler.
 S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
 I'll des take a look at dem rocks.
 Hi-yi! der you tink dat I's bline?

(2) I calls dat a plain watermillion,
 You scamp; an' I knows whar it growed;
 It cum fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel',
 Dar on ter side er de road.
 You stole it, you rascal—you stole it.
 I watched you fum down in de lot,
 En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger,
 You wont eb'n be a grease spot.

(3) I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy!
 Go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase,
 En cut me de toughes' en keenes'
 You c'n fine anywhah on de place.
 I'll larn you, Mr. Wiyum Joe Vettters
 Ter lie en ter steal, you young sinner!
 Disgracin yo' ole Christian mammy,
 En makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

(4) Now, ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur?
 I is. I's 'shamed youse my son!
 En de holy accorgian angel
 He's 'shamed er wut youse done.
 En he's tuk it down up yander,
 In coal-black, blood-red letters—
 "One watermillion stoled
 By Wiyum Josephus Vettters."

(5) En whut you s'posen Br'er Bascom,
 You teacher at Sunday-School,
 'Ud say if he knowed how youse broke
 De good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?
 Boy, whah's de raisin' I gib you?
 Is you boun fuh ter be a black villiun?
 I's s'prised dat a chile er you mammy
 'Ud steal any man's watermillion.

(6) En I's now gwine ter cut it right open,
 En you shian't have nary bite,
 Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillions—
 En dat in de day's broad light—
 Ain't—Lawdy! it's green! Mirandy!
 Mirandy! come on wi' dat switch!
 Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillion!
 Who ebber heered tell er sich?

(7) Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y you thump
 um,
 En w'en they go *punk* dey is green;
 But w'en dey go *punk*, now you mine me,
 Dey's ripe—en dats des' wut I mean.
 En nex' time you hook watermillions—
 You heered me, you *ig-namp*, you *hunk*,
 Ef you do' want a lickin all over,
 Be sho' dat dey allers go "*punk*!"

MOLLIE'S LITTLE RAM.

(Parody on "Mary's Little Lamb.")

MOLLIE had a little ram as black as a rub-
 ber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie
 went he emigrated too.

He went with her to church one day—the
 folks hilarious grew, to see him walk demurely
 into Deacon Allen's pew.

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry pas-
 sions rise, and gave it an un-Christian kick be-
 tween the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon
 followed fast, and raised his foot again; alas!
 that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back, about a
 rod 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat,
 it stood him on his head.

The congregation then arose, and went for
 that ere sheep. Several well directed butts just
 piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they all straight for the door with
 curses long and loud, while rammy struck the
 hindmost man, and shoved him through the
 crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness
 would subdue the fiercest beast. "Aha!" he
 said, "I'll try that game on you."

And so he gently, kindly called : "Come Rammy, Rammy, Ram ; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry am !"

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying, "Rammy, Rammy, Ram—best sheep in the town."

The ram quite dropped his humble air, and rose from off his feet, and when the parson lit, he was beneath the hindmost seat.

As he shot out the door, and closed it with a slam, he named a California town. I think 'twas Yuba-Dam.

SOCRATES SNOOKS.

MISTER Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,

The second time entered the married relation :

Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.

But scarce had the honeymoon passed o'er his head,

When one morning to Xantippe, Socrates said,
"I think, for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife ;
So, as early as possible, carpenter Caréy
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy."

"Now, Socrates, dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly *myd* ;
Now, whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say, *our* cow-house, *our* barn-yard, *our* pig-pen."
"By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please

Of *my* houses, *my* lands, *my* gardens, *my* trees."
"Say *our*," Xantippe exclaimed in a rage.
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age !"

Oh, woman ! though only a part of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis don't tell a fib,
Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
You are certain to prove the best man of the two.

In the following case this was certainly true ;
For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
And laying about her, all sides at random,
The adage was verified—"Nil desperandum."

Mister Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain,
To ward off the blows which descended like rain—

Concluding that valor's best part was discretion—
Crept under the bed like a terrified Hessian ;
But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
Converted the siege into a blockade.

At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
He concluded 'twas useless to strive against fate :
And so, like a tortoise protruding his head,
Said, "My dear, may *we* come out from under
our bed?"

"Hah ! hah !" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,

I perceive you agree to my terms by your looks :
Now, Socrates—hear me—from this happy hour,
If you'll only obey me, I'll never look sour."

'Tis said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
He chanced for a clean pair of trousers to search,

Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous twitches,

"My dear, may *we* put on *our* new Sunday breeches?"

THE PILGRIMS.

THEY were practical statesmen, these Pilgrims. They wasted no time theorizing upon methods, but went straight at the mark. They solved the Indian problem with shot-guns, and it was not General Sherman, but Miles Standish, who originated the axiom that the only good Indians are the dead ones. They were bound by neither customs nor traditions, nor committals to this or that policy. The only question with them was, Does it work? The success of their Indian experiment led them to try similar methods with witches, Quakers, and Baptists. Their failure taught them the difference between mind and matter. A dead savage

was another wolf under ground, but one of themselves persecuted or killed for conscience sake sowed the seed of discontent and disbelief. The effort to wall in a creed and wall out liberty was at once abandoned, and to-day New England has more religions and not less religion, but less bigotry, than any other community in the world.

In an age when dynamite was unknown, the Pilgrim invented in the cabin of the Mayflower the most powerful of explosives. The declaration of the equality of all men before the law has rocked thrones and consolidated classes. It separated the colonies from Great Britain and created the United States. It pulverized the chains of the slaves and gave manhood suffrage. It devolved upon the individual the functions of government and made the people the sole source of power. It substituted the cap of liberty for the royal crown in France, and by a bloodless revolution has added to the constellation of American republics, the star of Brazil. But with the ever-varying conditions incident to free government, the Puritan's talent as a political mathematician will never rust. Problems of the utmost importance press upon him for solution. When, in the effort to regulate the liquor traffic, he has advanced beyond the temper of the times and the sentiment of the people in the attempt to enact or enforce prohibition, and either been disastrously defeated or the flagrant evasions of the statutes have brought the law into contempt, he does not despair, but tries to find the error in his calculation.

If gubernatorial objections block the way of high license he will bombard the executive judgment and conscience by a proposition to tax. The destruction of homes, the ruin of the young, the increase of pauperism and crime, the added burdens upon the taxpayers by the evils of intemperance, appeal with resistless force to his training and traditions. As the power of the saloon increases the difficulties of the task, he becomes more and more certain that some time or other and in some way or other he will do that sum too.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

WASHINGTON.

(From speech at Dinas Island. By CHARLES PHILLIPS. Born, 1788; died, 1859.)

IT is the custom of your board, and a noble one it is, to deck the cup of the gay with the garland of the great; and surely, even in the eyes of its deity, his grape is not the less lovely when glowing beneath the foliage of the palm-tree and the myrtle. Allow me to add one flower to the chaplet, which, though it sprang in America, is no exotic. Virtue planted it, and it is naturalized everywhere. I see you anticipate me—I see you concur with me, that it matters very little what immediate spot may be the birth-place of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef-d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! a conqueror, he

was untainted with the crime of blood ; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason ; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created ?

" How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage ;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be ! "

Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America ! the lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy ! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism !

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

IF Napoleon's fortune was great, his genius was transcendent ; decision flashed upon his counsels ; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable ; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn ; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity ! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance ; romance assumed

the air of history ; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation ; kings were his people—nations were his outposts ; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board !

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns tumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburgh—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was the same military despot !

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

ANALYSIS OF THE CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

(Continuation of the foregoing.)

CRADLED in the camp, Bonaparte was to the last hour the darling of the army ; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favor. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him till affection was useless ; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite.

They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself ; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people ; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with

his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning!—the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist—a republican and an emperor—a Mohammedan—a Catholic and a patron of the synagogue—a subaltern and a sovereign—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

That he has done much evil, there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution; superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled forever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a recourse; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEN OF ITALY.

(By J. MAZZINI. Born, 1808; died, 1872. An eminent Italian patriot, orator and writer.)

The following extract, translated from the Italian, is from an impassioned address, delivered by Mazzini, at Milan, on the 25th of July, 1848, at the request of a National Association, on the occasion of a solemn commemoration of the death of the brothers Bandiéra, and their fellow-martyrs, at Cosenza.

WHEN I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer in this temple a few words consecrated to the memory of the brothers Bandiéra, and their fellow-martyrs, at Cosenza, I thought that some one of those who heard me might perhaps exclaim, with noble indignation, “Why thus lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honored by winning the battle they have begun. Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved; Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt with strangers. Let us emancipate them; and, until that moment, let no words pass our lips, save those of war.” But another thought arose, and suggested to me, Why have we not conquered? Why is it that, whilst our countrymen are fighting for independence in the North of Italy, liberty is perishing in the South? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion has dragged itself along for four months with the slow, uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by the circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a People newly arisen to life been converted into the weary, helpless effort of the sick man, turning from side to side?

Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we made of our every thought an action, and of our every action a thought; had we learned from them that liberty and independence are one;—we should not now have war, but victory. Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honoring them with a monument; and we, here gathered together, might gladly invoke those sacred names, without

uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows ; and might say to those precursor souls, "*Rejoice, for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren*, and they are worthy of you." Could Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, and their fellow-martyrs, now arise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that given to me, in counsel not unlike that which now I utter.

Love ! Love is the flight of the soul towards God ; towards the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family ; the partner of your life ; those around you, ready to share your joys and sorrows ; the dead, who were dear to you, and to whom you were dear. Love your country. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the Peoples. Give to it your thought, your counsel, your blood. You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties ; with a tradition of glory, the envy of the Nations of Europe ; an immense future is before you,—your eyes are raised to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe ; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries marked out by the finger of God for a people of giants. And you must be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-four millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond which shall join you together ; let not a look be raised to that heaven, which is not that of a free man. Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim placed by God before humanity at large. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other Peoples, now fighting, or preparing to fight, the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty ; other Peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal. Unite with them,—they will unite with you.

And love, young men, love and reverence the Idea ; it is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the dignity of our immortal natures. From that high

sphere spring the *principles* which alone can redeem the Peoples. Love enthusiasm,—the pure dreams of the virgin soul, and the lofty visions of early youth ; for they are the perfume of Paradise, which the soul preserves in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, above all things, your conscience ; have upon your lips the truth that God has placed in your hearts ; and, while working together in harmony in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who differ from you, yet ever bear erect your own banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living amongst you. And here, where, perhaps, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts, and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you ; but which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips, and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you. and bless Italy !

APPEAL TO THE JURY.

(Trial of O'Mullan.)

I AM told they triumph much in this conviction. I seek not to impugn the verdict of that jury ; I have no doubt they acted conscientiously. It weighs not with me that every member of my client's creed was carefully excluded from that jury—*no doubt they acted conscientiously*. It weighs not with me that every man impaneled on the trial of the priest were exclusively Protestant, and that, too, in a city so prejudiced, that not long ago, by their corporation law, no Catholic dared breathe the air of heaven within its walls—*no doubt they acted conscientiously*. It weighs not with me, that not three days previously, one of that jury was heard publicly to declare, he wished he could persecute the papist to his death—*no doubt they acted conscientiously*. It weighs not with me that the public mind had been so inflamed by the exasperation of this libeler that an impartial trial was utterly impossible. Let them

enjoy their triumph. But for myself, knowing him as I do, here in the teeth of that conviction, I declare it, I would rather be that man, so aspersed, so imprisoned, so persecuted, and *have his consciousness*, than stand the highest of of the courtliest rabble that ever crouched before the foot of power, or fed upon the people-plundered alms of despotism. Oh! of short duration is such demoniac triumph. Oh! blind and groundless is the hope of vice, imagining that its victory can be more than for the moment. This very day I hope will prove that if virtue suffers, it is but for a season; and that sooner or later, their patience tried, and their purity testified, prosperity will crown the interests of probity and worth.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

A REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.*

SOLDIERS and countrymen: We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat; alike we have endured toil and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, the outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night beside the same camp-fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, and a knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in this peaceful valley, on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights, the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in times of terror and gloom have we gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time! It is a solemn time. It was but a day since our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here, wrong was not here. Fraud, and woe, and

misery, and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn peered forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest. Now, God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that the doom of the Britisher is near! Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond that cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud and the blacker storm of a Divine retribution! They may conquer us to-morrow! Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field, but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man, George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life,—a withered brain, an accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all his forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood, chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility, adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart, aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death,—these are a part of the doom and retribution that shall come upon the

* Preached on the eve of the battle of Brandywine, September 10, 1777, in the presence of Washington and his army, at Chadd's Ford.

English throne and people. Soldiers, I look around among your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will go with you, invoking God's aid in the fight? We will march forth to battle. Need I exhort you to fight—to fight for your homesteads, for your wives and your children? My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong! Walton, I might tell you of your father, butchered in the silence of midnight, on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his gray hairs, dabbled in blood; I might ring his death shriek in your ears. Shelmire, I might tell you of a mother butchered, and a sister outraged; the lonely farm-house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they despatched their victims, the cries for mercy, the pleadings of innocence for pity.

I might paint this all again, in the terrible colors of vivid reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement. But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle to-morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty, the duty of avenging the dead, may rest heavy on your souls. And in the hour of battle when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon-glare and the piercing musket-flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The Eternal God fights for you; he rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge. The Awful and the Infinite fights for you, and you will triumph.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is, be of good cheer; for your foes have taken the sword, in defiance of all that man holds dear, in blasphemy of God; they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow,—God rest the souls of the fallen!—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to-morrow, and in the memory of all, will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night. When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land.

God in heaven grant it!

HUGH HENRY BRECKENRIDGE.

THE MURDERER'S SELF-BETRAYAL.

(From argument at Knapp's trial.)

AN aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work. He explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder;—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own,—and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later.

A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every

man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE FIREMAN'S PRAYER.

IT was in the gray of the early morning, in the season of Lent. Broad street, from Fort Hill to State street, was crowded with hastening worshipers, attendants on early mass. Maidens, matrons, boys, and men jostled and hurried on toward the churches; some with countenances sincerely sad, others with apparent attempts to appear in accord with the sombre season; while many thoughtless and careless ones joked and chatted, laughed and scuffled along in the hurrying multitude.

Suddenly a passer-by noticed tiny wreaths and puffs of smoke starting from the shingles of the roof upon a large warehouse. The great structure stood upon the corner, silent, bolted, and tenantless; and all the windows, save a small round light in the upper story, were closely and securely covered with heavy shutters. Scarcely had the smoke been seen by one, when others of the crowd looked up in the same direction, and detected the unusual occurrence. Then others joined them, and still others followed, until a swelling multitude gazed upward to the roof over which the smoke soon hung like a fog; while from eaves and shutter of the upper story little jets of black smoke burst suddenly out into the clear morning air. Then came a flash, like the lightning's glare, through the frame of the little gable window, and then another, brighter, ghastlier, and more prolonged. "Fire!" "Fire!" screamed the throng, as, moved by a single impulse, they pointed with excited gestures toward the window.

Quicker than the time it takes to tell, the cry reached the corner, and was flashed on messenger wires to tower and steeple, engine and hose-house, over the then half-sleeping city. Great bells with ponderous tongues repeated the cry with logy strokes, little bells with sharp and spiteful clicks recited the news; while half-conscious firemen, watching through the long night, leaped upon engines and hose-carriages, and rattled into the street.

Soon the roof of the burning warehouse was drenched with floods of water, poured upon it from the hose of many engines; while the surging multitude in Broad street had grown to thousands of excited spectators. The engines puffed and hooted, the engineers shouted, the hook-and-ladder boys clambered upon roof and cornice, shattered the shutters, and burst in the doors, making way for the rescuers of merchandise, and for the surging nozzles of available hose-pipes. But the wooden structure was a seething furnace throughout all its upper portion; while the water and ven-

tilation seemed only to increase its power and fury.

"Come down ! Come down ! Off that roof ! Come out of that building !" shouted an excited man in the crowd, struggling with all his power in the meshes of the solid mass of men, women and children in the street. "Come down ! For God's sake, come down ! The rear store is filled with barrels of powder !"

"Powder ! Powder !" screamed the engineer through his trumpet. "Powder !" shouted the hosemen. "Powder !" called the brave boys on roof and cornice. "Powder !" answered the trumpet of the chief. "Powder !" "Powder !" "Powder !" echoed the men in the burning pile ; and from ladder, casement, window, roof, and cornice leaped terrified firemen with pale faces and terror-stricken limbs.

"Push back the crowd !" shouted the engineer. "Run for your lives ; Run ! Run ! Run !" roared the trumpets.

But, alas ! the crowd was dense, and spread so far through cross streets and alleys, that away on the outskirts, through the shouts of men, the whistling of the engines, and the roar of the heaven-piercing flames, the orders could not be heard. The frantic beings in front, understanding their danger, pressed wildly back. The firemen pushed their engines and their carriages against the breasts of the crowd ; but the throng moved not. So densely packed was street and square, and so various and deafening the noises, that the army of excited spectators in the rear still pressed forward with irresistible force, unconscious of danger, and regarding any outcry as a mere ruse to disperse them for convenience' sake. The great mass swayed and heaved like the waves of the sea ; but beyond the terrible surging of those in front, whose heart-rending screams half drowned the whistles, there was no sign of retreat. As far as one could see, the streets were crowded with living human flesh and blood.

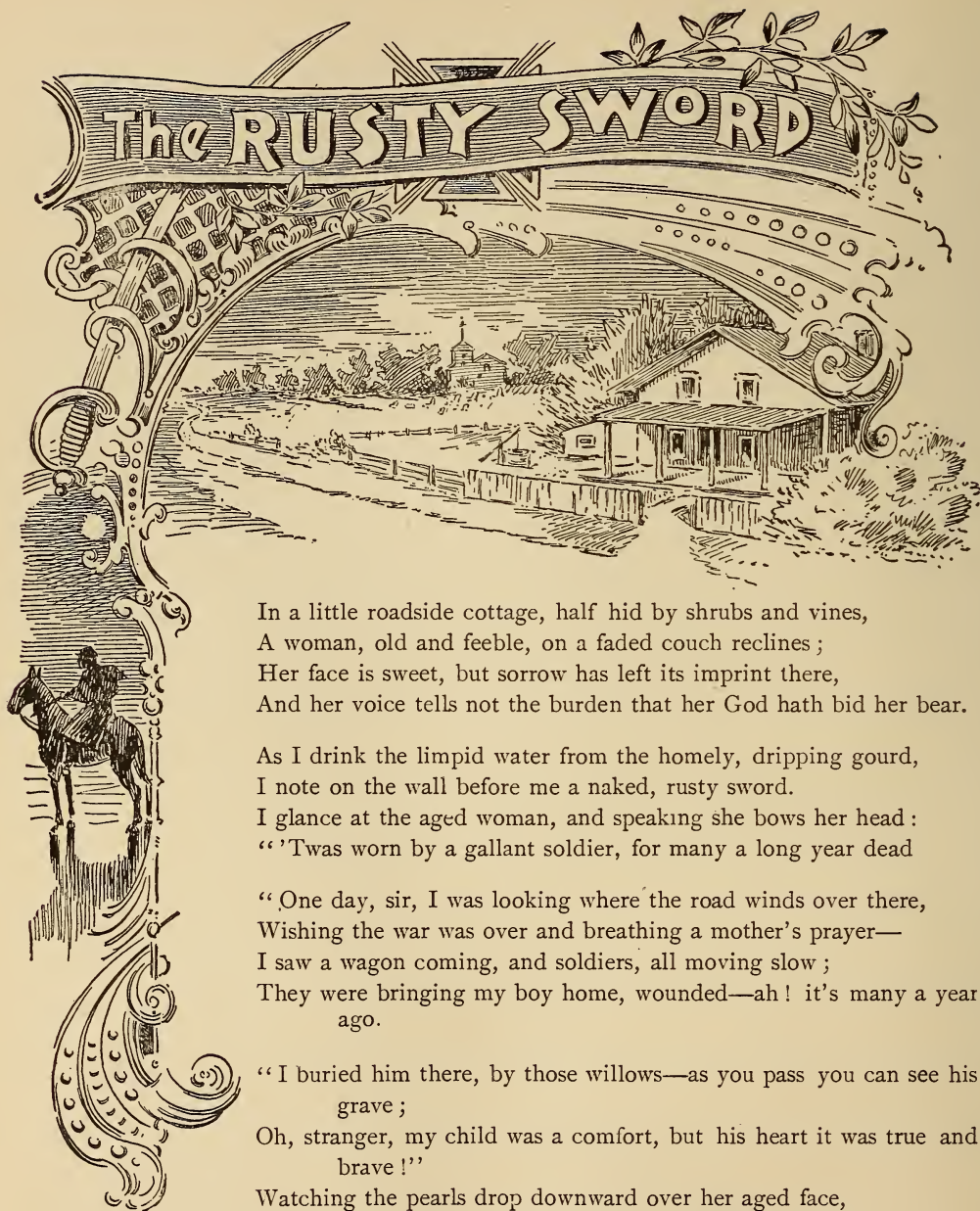
"My God ! My God !" said the engineer in despair. "What can be done ? Lord have mercy on us all ! What can be done ?"

"What can be done ? I'll tell you what can be done, said one of Boston's firemen, whose hair was not yet sprinkled with gray. "Yes, *bring out* that powder ! And I'm the man to do it. Better one man perish than perish all. Follow me with the water, and, if God lets me live long enough, I'll have it out."

Perhaps, as the hero rushed into the burning pile, into a darkness of smoke and a withering heat, he thought of the wife and children at home, of the cheeks he had kissed in the evening, of the cheerful good-by of the prattling ones, and the laugh as he gave the "last tag ;" for as he rushed from the hoseman who tied the handkerchief over his mouth, he muttered, "God care for my little ones when I am gone." Away up through smoke and flame and cloud to the heights of Heaven's throne, ascended that prayer, "God care for my little ones when I am gone," and the Mighty Father and the Loving Son heard the fireman's petition.

Into the flame of the rear store rushed the hero, and groping to the barrels, rolled them speedily to the alley, where surged the stream from the engines ; rushing back and forth with power superhuman, in the deepest smoke, when even the hoops that bound the powder-barrels had already parted with the fire, while deadly harpoons loaded to pierce the whales of the Arctic seas began to explode, and while iron darts flashed by him in all directions, penetrating the walls and piercing the adjacent buildings. But as if his heroic soul was an armor-proof, or a charm impenetrable, neither harpoon nor bomb, crumbling timbers nor showers of flaming brands, did him aught of injury, beyond the scorching of his hair and eyebrows, and the blistering of his hands and face. 'Twas a heroic deed. Did ever field of battle, wreck, or martyrdom, show a braver ? No act in all the list of song and story, no self-sacrifice in the history of the rise and fall of empires, was nobler than that, save one, and then the Son of God himself hung bleeding on the cross.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL.



In a little roadside cottage, half hid by shrubs and vines,
A woman, old and feeble, on a faded couch reclines ;
Her face is sweet, but sorrow has left its imprint there,
And her voice tells not the burden that her God hath bid her bear.

As I drink the limpid water from the homely, dripping gourd,
I note on the wall before me a naked, rusty sword.
I glance at the aged woman, and speaking she bows her head :
“ ’Twas worn by a gallant soldier, for many a long year dead

“ One day, sir, I was looking where the road winds over there,
Wishing the war was over and breathing a mother’s prayer—
I saw a wagon coming, and soldiers, all moving slow ;
They were bringing my boy home, wounded—ah ! it’s many a year ago.

“ I buried him there, by those willows—as you pass you can see his grave ;
Oh, stranger, my child was a comfort, but his heart it was true and brave !”

Watching the pearls drop downward over her aged face,
I mount, and I ride in silence away from the lonely place.

But now I have reached the willows, and I leap to the shady ground ;
I gather some wayside flowers to throw on his mossy mound.
I care not if Grant has led him, nor if he has fought with Lee ;
I am an American soldier—and so was he.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

WATER AND RUM.

The following apostrophe on Water and execration on Rum, by Mr. John B. Gough, was never published in full till after his death. He furnished it to a young friend many years ago, who promised not to publish it while he was on the lecture platform.

WATER! There is no poison in that cup; no fiendish spirit dwells beneath those crystal drops to lure you and me and all of us to ruin; no spectral shadows play upon its waveless surface; no widows' groans or orphans' tears rise to God from those placid fountains; misery, crime, wretchedness, woe, want, and rags come not within the hallowed precincts where cold water reigns supreme. Pure now as when it left its native heaven, giving vigor to our youth, strength to our manhood, and solace to our old age. Cold water is beautiful and bright and pure everywhere. In the moonlight fountains and the sunny rills; in the warbling brook and the giant river; in the deep tangled wildwood and the cataract's spray; in the hand of beauty or on the lips of manhood—cold water is beautiful everywhere.

Rum! There is a poison in that cup. There is a serpent in that cup whose sting is madness and whose embrace is death. There dwells beneath that smiling surface a fiendish spirit which for centuries has been wandering over the earth, carrying on a war of desolation and destruction against mankind, blighting and milderew the noblest affections of the heart, and corrupting with its foul breath the tide of human life and changing the glad, green earth into a lazarus-house. Gaze on it! But shudder as you gaze! Those sparkling drops are murder in disguise; so quiet now, yet widows' groans and orphans' tears and maniacs' yells are in that cup. The worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched are in that cup.

Peace and hope and love and truth dwell not within that fiery circle where dwells that desolating monster which men call rum. Corrupt now as when it left its native hell, giving fire to the eye, madness to the brain, and ruin to the soul. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere. The poet would liken it in its fiery

glow to the flames that flicker around the abode of the damned. The theologian would point you to the drunkard's doom, while the historian would unfold the dark record of the past and point you to the fate of empires and kingdoms lured to ruin by the siren song of the tempter, and sleeping now in cold obscurity, the wrecks of what once were great, grand, and glorious. Yes, rum is corrupt and vile and deadly, and accursed everywhere. Fit type and semblance of all earthly corruption!

PART II.

Base art thou yet, oh, Rum, as when the wise man warned us of thy power and bade us flee thy enchantment. Vile art thou yet as when thou first went forth on thy unholy mission—filling earth with desolation and madness, woe and anguish. Deadly art thou yet as when thy envenomed tooth first took fast hold on human hearts, and thy serpent tongue first drank up the warm life-blood of immortal souls. Accursed art thou yet as when the bones of thy first victim rotted in a damp grave, and its shriek echoed along the gloomy caverns of hell. Yes, thou infernal spirit of rum, through all past time hast thou been, as through all coming time thou shalt be, accursed everywhere.

In the fiery fountains of the still; in the seething bubbles of the caldron; in the kingly palace and the drunkard's hovel; in the rich man's cellar and the poor man's closet; in the pestilential vapors of foul dens and in the blaze of gilded saloons; in the hand of beauty and on the lip of manhood. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere.

Rum, we yield not to thy unhallowed influence, and together we have met to plan thy destruction. And by what new name shall we call thee, and to what shall we liken thee when we speak of thy attributes? Others may call thee child of perdition, the base-born progeny of sin and Satan, the murderer of mankind and the destroyer of immortal souls; but I will give thee a new name among men and crown thee with a new horror, and that new name shall be the

sacramental cup of the Rum-Power, and I will say to all the sons and daughters of earth—Dash it down! And thou, Rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among men, and not alone shall my tongue utter it, but the groans of orphans in their agony and the cries of widows in their desolation shall proclaim it the enemy of home, the traducer of childhood, and the destroyer of manhood, and whose only antidote is the sacramental cup of temperance, cold water!

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE BRIDGE.

(This is more effectively rendered by having music played low and subdued while the words are being recited.)

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower;

And like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me,
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each having his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

LONGFELLOW.

THE LUTIST AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

[AN INSTANCE OF THE POWER OF MUSIC.]

(There are well authenticated cases of singing-birds that have dropped dead in the apparent effort to emulate the music produced from some instrument.)

PASSING from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have
feigned

To glorify their Tempe bred in me
Desire of visiting this paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.

A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers, of the woods, the birds,

That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.

A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge ; and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sang
him down.

He could not run divisions with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.

Some time thus spent, the young man grew at
last

Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or
notes,

Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy,—in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity in cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

The bird (ordained to be
Music's true martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds ; which, when her warbling
throat

Failed in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest
sadness

To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.

He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes ; then sighed
and cried,

"Alas ! poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end !"—And in that sorrow
As he was dashing it against a tree
I suddenly slept in.

FORD.

RIZPAH,

Wife of Saul, King of Israel.

2 Samuel, xxi. 1-11.

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NIGHT came at last. The noisy throng
had gone,

And where the sun so late, like alchemist,
Turned spear and shield and chariot to gold
No sound was heard.

The awful deed was done ;
And vengeance sated to the full had turned
Away. The Amorites had drunk the blood
Of Saul and were content. The last armed guard
Had gone, and stillness dwelt upon the scene.
The rocky mount slept fast in solitude ;
The dry, dead shrubs stood weird and grim, and
marked

The narrow, heated road that sloped and wound
To join the King's highway. No living thing
Was seen ; nor insect, bird nor beast was heard ;
The very air came noiselessly across
The blighted barley fields below, yet stirred
No leaflet with its sultry breath.

Above,
A mist half hid the vaulted firmament,
And stars shone dimly as though through a veil ;
Still was their light full adequate to show
Those rigid shapes that seeming stood erect,
Yet bleeding hung, each from its upright cross,
A mute companion to its ghastly kin.

The middle watch was come, yet silence still
Oppressed the night ; the twigs stood motionless
Like listening phantoms, when, from out
The shadow of a jutting rock there came
A moving thing of life, a wolf-like form,
With slow and stealthy tread it came, then stopped
To sniff the air, then nearer moved to where
The seven gibbets stood.

Then came a shriek,
A cry of mortal fear that pierced the soul
Of night ; then up from earth a figure sprang,
The frightened jackal leaped away, and once
More Rizpah crouched beneath her dead.

So night
And day she watched ; beneath the burning sun

By day, beneath the stars and moon by night;
 All through the long Passover Feast she watched.
 Oft in the lonely vigil back through years
 She went; in fancy she was young again,
 The favored one of mighty Saul, the King;
 Again she mingled with the courtly throng,
 And led her laughing boys before her lord,
 Their father.

Starting then, with upturned face,
 And gazing from her hollow, tearless eyes,
 Her blackened lips would move, but make no
 sound.

Then sinking to the ground she caught once
 more

The thread of thought, and thought brought other
 scenes;

She saw the stripling warrior David, son
 Of Jesse, whom the populace adored
 And Saul despised; then Merab came, and then
 Her sweet-faced sister, Michal, whose quick wit
 And love save David's life.

Then Rizpah rose,
 Yea, like a tigress sprang unto her feet.
 "Thou David, curst be thee and thine!" she
 shrieked,

"Thou ingrate murderer! Had Saul but lived,
 And hadst thou fallen upon thy sword instead,
 My sons, my children still would live!"

'Twas in
 The morning watch, and Rizpah's last, that
 bright,

Clear glowed the Milky Way. The Pleiades
 Like molten gold shone forth; e'en Sisyphus
 Peeped timidly, and with her sisters gazed
 Upon the Seven crucified below.

Such cause for woman's pity ne'er was seen,
 And stars, e'en stones might weep for Rizpah's
 woe,
 Whose mother-love was deathless as her soul.

The gray dawn came. The sky was overcast;
 The wind had changed, and sobbed a requiem.
 Still Rizpah slept, and dreamed. She heard the
 sound

Of harps and timbrels in her girlhood home—
 When rush of wings awakened her. She rose,

Her chilled form shaking unto death. She
 looked,

And saw the loathsome vultures at their work.
 With javelin staff in hand she beat them off,
 But bolder were they as she weaker grew,
 Till one huge bird swooped at her fierce,
 And sunk its talons in her wasted arm.
 She threw it off, the hideous monster fled,
 And Rizpah fell. It then began to rain.
 The famine ceased, and Rizpah's watch was done.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

SEARCHING FOR THE SLAIN.

(Pathetic and dramatic.)

HOLD the lantern aside, and shudder not so;
 There's more blood to see than this stain
 on the snow;

There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over
 there,

And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked
 hair.

Did you think, when we came, you and I, out
 to-night

To search for our dead, yon would be a fair
 sight?

You're his wife; you love him—you think so;
 and I

Am only his mother; my boy shall not lie
 In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can
 bear

His form to a grave that mine own may soon
 share.

So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the
 hearth,

While his mother alone seeks his bed on the
 earth.

You will go? then no faintings! give me the
 light,
 And follow my footsteps—my heart will lead
 right.

Ah, God! what is here? a great heap of the slain,
 All mangled and gory!—what horrible pain
 These beings have died in! Dear mothers, ye
 weep,

Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep!

More! more! Ah! I thought I could never-
more know

Grief, horror, or pity, for aught here below,
Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief
tell

How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell.
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor
fright,

That your red hands turn over toward this dim
light

These dead men that stare so? Ah, if you had
kept

Your senses this morning ere his comrades had
left,

You had heard that his place was worst of them
all,—

Not 'mid the stragglers,—where he fought he
would fall.

There's the moon through the clouds: O Christ,
what a scene!

Dost Thou from Thy heavens o'er such visions
lean,

And still call this cursed world a footstool of
Thine?

Hark! a groan! there another,—here in this
line

Piled close on each other! Ah, here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore;—bah! they died for
this rag.

Here's the voice that we seek; poor soul, do
not start;

We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er
the heart!

Is there aught we can do? A message to give
To any beloved one? I swear, if I live,
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,
"Home," "mother," "wife," ere he reeled
down 'mong the dead.

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood?
Speak, speak, man, or point; 'twas the Ninth.
Oh, the blood

Is choking his voice! What a look of despair!
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the
hair

From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my
own,

My hands were both idle when you died alone.

He's dying—he's dead! Close his lids, let us go.
God's peace on his soul! If we only could
know

Where our own dear one lies!—my soul has
turned sick;

Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so
thick?

I cannot! I cannot! How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on the red lap
of War.

He's not here—and not here. What wild hopes
flash through

My thoughts, as, foot-deep, I stand in this dread
dew,

And cast up a prayer to the blue, quiet sky!
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face
doth lie

Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white?
O God, my brain reels! 'Tis a dream. My old
sight

Is dimmed with these horrors. My son! oh, my
son!

Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!
There, lift off your arms; let him come to the
breast

Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn,
to rest.

Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond
kiss

As mine to his baby-touch; was it for this?

He was yours, too; he loved you! Yes, yes,
you're right.

Forgive me, my daughter, I'm maddened to-
night.

Don't moan so, dear child; you're young, and
your years

May still hold fair hopes; but the old die of tears.

Yes, take him again;—ah! don't lay your face
there;
See the blood from his wound has stained your
loose hair.

How quiet you are! Has she fainted?—her
cheek

Is cold as his own. Say a word to me,—speak!
Am I crazed? Is she dead? Has *her* heart
broke first?

Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these
dead;

Those corpses are stirring; God help my poor
head!

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.
Why, the slain are all dancing! Dearest, don't
move.

Keep away from my boy; he's guarded by love.
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er the keep!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And, from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,

And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

All are scattered, now, and fled,—
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah! when shall they all meet again?”

As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here !
The horologue of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,

“Forever—never !
Never—forever !”

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TOM'S THANKSGIVING.

(By permission of the Author.)

THE smoke rose straight from the chimney
Till lost in the autumn air,
And the trees round the little cottage
Stood motionless and bare ;
But within there was life and bustle,
There was warmth in the kitchen stove,
And the smile of a patient woman,
And the glow of a deathless love.

The cakes and pies on the dresser
Stood ranged in a tempting row,
And the table-cloth on a chair-back
Was smooth and as white as snow ;
On the table, 'mid bags and baskets,
A big, fat turkey lay,
For Tom, our Tom, was coming
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

Yes, Tom had sent us a letter,
The first that had come for years,
And we read it all over and over
Till its lines were dimmed with tears :
The boy who had nigh disgraced us,
Whose mem'ry was dead to some,
The wayward, the lost, was coming ;
Thank God, he was coming home.

To-day, as I think it over,
The old scene comes back again,
And I see their anxious faces
As plain as I saw them then ;
I can see poor grief-bowed father
Standing by mother's side,
Both peering out through the window,
Trying their fears to hide.

I can see a manly horseman
Dismount at the cottage door,
And remember the kindly message
That from absent Tom he bore ;
I remember how mother detected
The cheat, and then swooned away ;
And forever I'll still remember
That sweet Thanksgiving Day.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

COMBAT OF FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK.

(Descriptive and dramatic.)

THE chief in silence strode before,
And reached the torrent's sounding shore ;
And here, at length, his course he staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said :
“Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust ;
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel.
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel !
See, here, all vantageless I stand.
Armed, like thyself, with single brand !
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”

The Saxon paused :—“I ne'er delayed
When foeman bade me draw my blade :
Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death !
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved.
Can naught but blood our feud atone ?
Are there no means ?”—“No, stranger, none !—
Not yet prepared ? By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light,
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair !”—

“I thank thee, Roderick, for the word ;
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword !

For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud chief, can courtesy be shown:
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
 But fear not—doubt not—what thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt!”

Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw;
 Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
 As what he ne’er might see again.
 Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.
 Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw;
 Whose brazen studs, and tough bull-hide,
 Had death so often dashed aside:
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James’s blade was sword and shield.
 He practiced every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintained unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,—
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain;
 And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
 Against the winter-shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
 Till, at advantage ta’en, his brand
 Forced Roderick’s weapon from his hand;
 And, backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

“Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
 The world, thy heart’s blood dyes my blade!”—
 “Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die.”

Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James’s throat he sprung;
 Received, but recked not of, a wound,
 And locked his arms his foeman round.
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
 No maiden’s hand is round thee thrown!
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
 Through bars of brass and triple steel!
 They tug, they strain! Down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The chieftain’s gripe his throat compressed;
 His knee was planted on his breast;
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight;
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
 But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life’s exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game;
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
 Down came the blow! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting chief’s relaxing grasp.
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE GAMBLER’S WIFE.

(Dramatic and pathetic.)

DARK is the night! How dark! No light;
 no fire!
 Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks
 expire!
 Shivering, she watches by the cradle-side,
 For him, who pledged her love—last year a
 bride!

“Hark! ’tis his footstep! No! ’tis past!—
 ’tis gone!”
 Tick!—tick!—“How wearily the time crawls
 on!

Why should he leave me thus?—He once was
kind!

And I believed 'twould last!—How mad!—
How blind!

“Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—’Tis hunger’s
cry!

Sleep!—for there is no food!—the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have
done.

My heart must break! And thou!” The clock
strikes one.

“Hush! ’tis the dice-box! Yes! he’s there!
he’s there!

For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child!
for what?

The wanton’s smile—the villain—and the sot!

“Yet I’ll not curse him. No! ’tis all in vain!
’Tis long to wait, but sure he’ll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for *you*,
My child! his child! Oh, fiend!” The clock
strikes two.

“Hark! how the signboard creaks! The blast
howls by.

Moan! Moan! a dirge swells through the
cloudy sky!

Ha! ’tis his knock! he comes! he comes once
more!”

’Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o’er!

“Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! it cannot be! He will be here!

“Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou’rt cold! thou’rt freezing! But we will
not part!

Husband!—I die!—Father! It is not he!
O God? protect my child!” The clock strikes
three.

They’re gone, they’re gone! the glimmering
spark hath fled!

The wife and child are numbered with the dead.

On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay, frozen on its mother’s breast:
The gambler came at last—but all was o’er—
Dread silence reigned around:—the clock struck
four!

REYNELL COATES.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

I ASKED the heavens:—“What foe to God
had done

This unexampled deed?” The heavens
exclaim,

“’Twas man; and we in horror snatched the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame.”

I asked the sea; the sea in fury boiled,
And answered, with his voice of storms,—

“’Twas man;

My waves in panic at his crime recoiled,
Disclosed the abyss, and from the center ran.”

I asked the earth:—the earth replied, aghast,

“’Twas man; and such strange pangs my
bosom rent,

That still I groan and shudder at the past.”

To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went.
And asked him next:—*he* turned a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

MONTGOMERY.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

And a “Churchman” down to the river came:
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
“Good father, stop; when you cross the tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side.”

But the aged father did not mind;
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

“I’m bound for heaven; and when I’m there,
Shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown.”

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide ;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the " Church " or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed ;
His dress of a sober hue was made :
" My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down
tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat ;
A moment he silently sighed over that ;
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly, sailing, away, away ;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, " all round," might
sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
And he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of goodness ;
But he cried, " Dear me ! what shall I do ?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide ;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came ;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

" Sprinkled or plunged ? may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end ?"
" Thus, with a few drops on my brow."
" But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now,

" And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm ' close communion,' to cross with you,
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down ;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd ;
" You're in the old way, and I'm in the new ;
That is the false, and this is the true "—
Or, " I'm in the old way, and you're in the new ;
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak :
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,

How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide.

A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men ;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream ;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met ;
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one ;
The toilsome journey of life was done ;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Come out alike on the other side.

No forms of crosses or books had they ;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray ;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS. ;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

GOOD-NIGHT, PAPA.

(Pathetic reading.)

THE words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed
her chubby hand and looked down the
stairs, "Good-night, papa ; Jessie see
you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa," and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer went up ; for, strange to say, this man who loved his child with all the warmth of his great noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love ! With unutterable tenderness God saw there was no other way ; this father was dear to him, the purchase of his Son ; he could not see him perish, and, calling a swift messenger, he said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice ? was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the babe ?"—a silvery, plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's heart as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling ;" but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother ? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light."

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow ; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?"

"Jessie tired, mamma ; good-night, papa ; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the mother, as she took the small hand. Another kiss, and the father turned away ; but his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung ; but Jessie was restless, and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma ;" and the mother told her of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide-open eyes, filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon ; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long, weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth—Jessie was smitten with the fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said ; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easily said ; but the father saw a look on that sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the messenger was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good-night, papa;" and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

"O God, spare her! I cannot, cannot bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart; "a light case! the doctor says Pet will soon be well."

Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried: "Spare her, O God! spare my child, and I will follow thee."

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't say good-night, papa—in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots with the print of her feet just as she had last worn them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call.

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

(Temperance reading.)

"PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come,—she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her child-

hood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillow-ing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct: she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken: "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison." "Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child; in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

(By permission of the Author.)

[ARGUMENT :—In order to portray the bold, defiant nature of the thief, he is first presented to the reader while lying in wait for a traveller, whom he attacks; during the combat the traveller momentarily gains the mastery, and the thief's life is threatened. Yet he scorns to plead for mercy, but, with a sudden effort, overpowers the traveller, whom he robs and leaves by the wayside. Again he is discovered in prison. It is the day of execution, just prior to the dread march to Calvary; here once more he shows an indomitable spirit—proud to the very death. The final scene is upon the cross, where, witnessing the sufferings and marvellous magnanimity of the dying Christ, he at last succumbs to the mighty power of love.]

I.

CROUCHING low, but not with fear,
A robber earthward bends his ear;
The distant footfalls nearer grow—
Hesitating, stumbling, slow;
Then quicker, as the 'lated wight
Beholds each cheerful, twinkling light:
Jerusalem lies at his feet,
Anon he'll tread the lively street;
Soon Olivet will be descended,
Kedron crossed, his journey ended;
And, as he nears her looming walls,
The gladdening sight his strength recalls.

II.

But hark! What awful shrieks are those
That break the peaceful night's repose!
Two darksome forms, like goblins grim,
Weird antics cut in the starlight dim:
Advancing—retreating—a parry, a thrust,
Now having the 'vantage, now prone in the dust—
Ha! See! The traveller's gleaming knife
Has all but reached the bandit's life!
But the groan suppressed by an iron will
His mettle proves, though bandit still;
E'en wounded, yet he scowls disdain,
The gash ignores, unheeds the pain:
He scorns to cringe—but, with a bound,
Hurls crushed his victim to the ground!

III.

'Twas morn in ancient Palestine,
The air was hushed, the sky serene;
No leaflet stirred, no warbler sang;
Yet nature seemed to feel a pang.
But why? The dewdrop sparkled still—
Fair blossoms scented vale and hill—
E'en the sunward sky poured forth its flood,
Its red, inverted sea of blood.

IV.

Ho! Barabbas, ho! Hear Pilate's decree:
The Nazarene diest, but thou goest free!
Off went the shackles, and forth from the cell
Stepped the bold felon; then followed the yell,
The cry of despair, and of anguish, and pain,
As the door of the dungeon swung to again.
Yet within the walls of that living grave
Was a bandit bad—but a bandit brave;
He was one of the three in that prison-room
Who hopelessly waited a terrible doom;
Yet he stood with his arms athwart his breast,
And the measured rise and the fall o' the chest,
With the sweeping glance of his fearless eye,
All told of a villain that dared to die!

V.

Already there floated within the gate
Wild rumors of how they met their fate,—
Of the earnest though haughty mien of him
Who shuddered and writhed on an outer limb;
Of the One who imploringly raised his eyes,
Who seemed to be gazing beyond the skies;
Of another who jeered in the jaws of death,
And cursed the law with his waning breath;
Of the which should be first or latest to die,
As happened the thoughts of the passers-by.

VI.

But out on the road as ye move along,
Behold the returning, the sated throng!
Press onward and upward—thrust them aside;
Their flush of confusion shall be your guide;
Halt! Rigidly, grimly there hang the three—
On the veriest crest of Calvary!
Look at the sunken, the bloodshot eye
Of the raving blasphemer about to die:
Note how he gasps, how he twists with pain,
Cursing, and cursing, yet cursing in vain!
And the One in the centre, say, who is He
Whom the soldiers and rabble press round to
see?
What legend of crime, what sign of disgrace,
That flutters and flares at the populace?
Come, read what is writ o'er the victim's head—
Soft! Ye must move with a reverent tread.

VII.

And thus run the words that your eyes peruse :
Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews !
 A bandit hath seen them, and read them, too,
 And he scans them again, like the thing were new :
 And each time the meek Monarch breathes forth
 a prayer

It seemeth to lessen the robber's despair,
 For the proud look of courage fades out from his
 face,

And a tender expression beams forth in its place.
 Perhaps as the soul is about to take flight,
 New scenes glad the view of its wondering sight,
 As mariners nearing a newly-found shore
 Gaze enraptured on beauties unheard of before.

VIII.

Still he dwells on the face of the crucified King,
 Nor gives heed to the shouts that derisively ring ;
 On the thorn-tortured brow, on the dry, moving
 lips,

On the blood that adown the pale cheek slowly
 drips ;

All, all meet his gaze, and he utters a sigh,
 While a single bright teardrop starts forth from
 his eye.

As the pain-stricken babe to its mother reveals,
 By the language of looks, the keen anguish it
 feels,

So the robber's sad glances now seem to impart
 To yon Jesus the weight of remorse at his heart.

IX.

Remember me, Lord ! Hear the bandit implore !
 He whom life could not tempt to crave pity before.
 What strange fascination hath conquered the thief ?
 What power converts to the mystic belief ?
 And the merciful Jesus replies from the tree :
 " In Paradise with me this day shalt thou be ! "

* * * * *

Oh, love is the victor that taketh the heart,
 Than the lightning 'tis swifter, and stronger than
 art ;

In the sea, in the earth, in the heavens above,
 There dwelleth no power more mighty than love !

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I WAS sitting in my study,
 Writing letters, when I heard,
 " Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
 Mamma musn't be 'isturbed.

" But I'se tired of the kitty,
 Want some ozzer fing to do,
 Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma ?
 Tan't I wite a letter too ? "

" Not now, darling, mamma's busy :
 Run and play with kitty, now. "

" No, no, mamma ; me wite letter,
 Tan if 'ou will show me how. "

I would paint my darling's portrait
 As his sweet eyes searched my face—
 Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
 Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
 As I slowly shook my head,
 Till I said, " I'll make a letter
 Of you, darling boy, instead. "

So I parted back the tresses
 From his forehead high and white,
 And a stamp in sport I pasted
 ' Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, " Now, little letter,
 Go away and bear good news. "
 And I smiled as down the staircase
 Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried,
 Down to Mary in his glee,
 " Mamma's writing lots of letters ;
 I'se a letter, Mary—see ! "

No one heard the little prattler,
 As once more he climbed the stair,
 Reached his little cap and tippet.
 Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
 No one saw the golden hair,

As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door.

"I'se a letter, Mr. Postman ;
Is there room for any more ?

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa,
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go ?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man,"
"Den I'll find anozzer office,
'Cause I must do if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod ;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

BROKEN HEARTS.—*Washington Irving.*

(Pathetic reading.)

ROBERT EMMETT, the Irish patriot, was born in 1780. He was executed on September 20, 1803. His oration is given in full in the department of Great Orators. See page 256.

EVERY one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmett, the Irish patriot: it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid! The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender though

melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love.

But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scath and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and “heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.”

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a specter, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow.

After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a

sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

LINES RELATING TO CURRAN'S DAUGHTER.

(Robert Emmett's affianced bride.)

SHE is far from the land where her young
hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains.
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love—for his country he died ;

They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,

From her own loved island of sorrow.

THOMAS MOORE.

SHYLOCK'S SOLILOQUY AND ADDRESS.

HOW like a fawning publican he looks !

I hate him, for he is a Christian ;

But more, for that, in low simplicity,

He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest : cursed be my tribe,

If I forgive him !—

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,

In the Rialto you have rated me

About my moneys, and my usances :

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :

You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help :

Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,

“ Shylock, we would have moneys ; ” you say so :

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me, as you spur a stranger cur

Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.

What would I say to you ? Should I not say,

“ Hath a dog money ? is it possible

A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ” or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,

With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

Say this,—

“ Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last :
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You called me—dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys.”

SHAKESPEARE.

SOLILOQUY OF MANFRED.

THE spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle
me—

The remedy I recked of tortured me :

I lean no more on superhuman aid ;

It hath no power upon the past, and for

The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,

It is not of my search. My mother earth !

And thou, fresh-breaking day ; and you, ye
mountains,

Why are ye beautiful ? I cannot love ye.

And thou, the bright eye of the universe,

That open'st over all, and unto all

Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart

And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge

I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath

Behold the tall pines dwindle as to shrubs

In dizziness of distance ; when a leap,

A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed

To rest forever—wherefore do I pause ?

I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge ;

I see the peril—yet do not recede ;

And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm :

There is a power upon me which withholds,

And makes it my fatality to live—

If it be life to wear within myself

This barrenness of spirit, and to be

My own soul's sepulcher ; for I have ceased

To justify my deeds unto myself—

The last infirmity of evil.—Ay,

Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

(*An eagle passes.*)

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,

Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be

Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets ; thou art gone

Where the eye cannot follow thee ; but thine

Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,

With a pervading vision.—Beautiful !
 How beautiful is all this visible world !
 How glorious in its action and itself !
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of pride,
 Contending with low wants and lofty will
 Till our mortality predominates,
 And men are—what they name not to themselves,
 And trust not to each other. BYRON.

SOLILOQUY OF ROMEO IN THE GARDEN.

BUT, soft ! what light through yonder win-
 dow breaks !
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
 Be not her maid, since she is envious :
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.—
 It is my lady : O, it is my love :
 O that she knew she were !—
 She speaks, yet she says nothing : what of that ?
 Her eye discourses ; I will answer it.—
 I am too bold ; 'tis not to me she speaks :
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those
 stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not
 night.
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek !
 She speaks :—
 O speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white, upturned, wondering eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

SHAKESPEARE.

HOTSPUR'S SOLILOQUY ON THE CONTENTS OF A LETTER.

(Speaker should address remarks to letter which he holds in hand.)

“**B**UT for mine own part, my lord, I could
 be well contented to be there, in re-
 spect of the love I bear your house.”
 —He could be contented to be there ! Why is
 he not then ?—In respect of the love he bears
 our house ! He shows in this, he loves his own
 barn better than he loves our house. Let me
 see some more. “The purpose you undertake
 is dangerous.”—Why, that's certain : 'tis dan-
 gerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink : but I
 tell you, my lord Fool, out of this nettle danger,
 we pluck the flower safety. “The purpose you
 undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have
 named, uncertain ; the time itself, unsorted ;
 and your whole plot too light for the counter-
 poise of so great an opposition.”—Say you so,
 say you so : I say unto you again, you are a
 shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a
 lack-brain is this ! Our plot is a good plot as
 ever was laid ; our friends, true and constant ; a
 good plot, good friends, and full of expectation ;
 an excellent plot, very good friends. What a
 frosty-spirited rogue is this ! Why, my lord of
 York commends the plot, and the general course
 of the action. By this hand, if I were now by
 this rascal I could brain him with his lady's fan.
 Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself ;
 Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and
 Owen Glendower ? Is there not, besides, the
 Douglas ? Have I not all their letters, to meet
 me in arms by the ninth of the next month ?
 and are there not some of them set forward
 already ? What a pagan rascal is this ! an in-
 fidel !—Ha ! you shall see now, in very sincerity
 of fear and cold heart, will he to the king,
 and lay open all our proceedings. Oh ! I could

divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action!—Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night.

SHAKESPEARE.

SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD III. BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

TIS now the dead of night, and half the world

Is with a lonely solemn darkness hung ;
Yet I, (so coy a dame is sleep to me,) With all the weary courtship of
My care-tired thoughts, can't win her to my bed,
Though e'en the stars do wink, as 'twere with
overwatching.

I'll forth and walk a while. The air's refreshing,
And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odor.—

How awful is this gloom! And hark! from
camp to camp

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each others' watch :
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neigh-
ings,

Piercing the night's dull ear. Hark! from the
tents

The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With clink of hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation ; while some,
Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
With patience sit, and inly ruminatè
The morning's danger. By yon Heaven, my stern
Impatience chides this tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediously away. I'll to my couch,
And once more try to sleep her into morning.

SHAKESPEARE.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

TO be, or not to be, that is the question ;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous for-
tune ;

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And, by opposing, end them? To die,—to
sleep,—

No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to : 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep :—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the
rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When he have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

(Speaker sits in meditative mood with book in hand,
to which he often looks.)

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well !—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond
desire,

This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the divinty that stirs within us :
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,



FIRMNESS AND DEFIANCE.



"A SAIL,, HO! A SAIL!"

And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what new scenes and changes must we
pass!

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it,—
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,

(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy.

But when or where? This world—was made for
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them—
(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.

This in a moment brings me to an end;

But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.

SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD III.

WAS ever woman in this humor wooed?

Was ever woman in this humor won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her
long.

What! I, that killed her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate?

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of my hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars,
against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil and dissembling looks,—

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing—

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months
since,

Stabbed in my angry mood, at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—

Framed in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right loyal—

The spacious world can not again afford.

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropped the golden prime of this sweet
prince,

And made her widow to a woeful bed?—

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while.

Upon my life, she finds, although I can not,

Myself to be a marvelous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body.

Since I am crept in favor with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost.

But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;

And then return lamenting to my love.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass

That I may see my shadow as I pass!

SHAKESPEARE.

LADY MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

GLAMIS thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised.—Yet do I fear
thy nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,

To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be
great;

Art not without ambition; but without

The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have,
great Glamis,

That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou
have it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,

Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee
hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;

And chastise with the valor of my tongue

All that impedes me from the golden round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;
That no compunctuous visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it ! Come, you murd'ring min-
isters,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick
night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, " Hold ! hold !" SHAKESPEARE.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

[This poem was a great favorite with Abraham Lincoln. A noted artist who painted the President's picture tells us that on one occasion Mr. Lincoln repeated the poem in full to him with great effect, and commented upon the influence which it had exerted over his life.]

OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying
cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid ;
And the young and the old, and the low and the
high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved ;
The mother that infant's affection who proved ;
The husband that mother and infant who
blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in
whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by ;

And the memory of those who loved her and
praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne ;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn ;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap ;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the
steep ;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven ;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven ;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would
think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers
would shrink ;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is
cold ;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers
will come ;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is
dumb.

They died, aye ! they died ; and we things that
are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,

Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim-
age road.

Yea ! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the
dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the
shroud,—
Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?
WILLIAM KNOX.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD ?

(Reflective.)

WHERE are the mighty ones of ages past,
Who o'er the world their inspirations
cast,—

Whose memories stir our spirits like a blast ?—
Where are the dead ?

Where are the mighty ones of Greece ? Where be
The men of Sparta and Thermopylæ ?
The conquering Macedonian, where is he ?
Where are the dead ?

Where are Rome's founders ? Where her chief-
est son,

Before whose name the whole known world bowed
down,—

Whose conquering arm chased the retreating
sun ?—

Where are the dead ?

Where's the bard-warrior-king of Albion's state,
A pattern for earth's sons to emulate,—

The truly, nobly, wisely, goodly great ?—
Where are the dead ?

Where is Gaul's hero, who aspired to be
A second Cæsar in his mastery,—
To whom earth's crowned ones trembling bent
the knee ?

Where are the dead ?

Where is Columbia's son, her darling child,
Upon whose birth Virtue and Freedom smiled,—
The Western Star, bright, pure, and undefiled ?—
Where are the dead ?

Where are the sons of song, the soul-inspired,—
The bard of Greece, whose muse (of heaven
acquired)

With admiration ages past has fired,—
The classic dead ?

Where is the poet * who in death was crowned,—
Whose clay-cold temples laurel chaplets bound,
Mocking the dust,—in life no honor found,—
The insulted dead ?

Greater than all,—an earthly sun enshrined,—
Where is the king of bards ? Where shall we find
The Swan of Avon,—monarch of the mind,—
The mighty dead ?

When their frail bodies died, did they *all* die,
Like the brute dead, passing for ever by ?
Then wherefore was their intellect so high,—
The mighty dead ?

Why was it not confined to earthly sphere,—
To earthly wants ? If it must perish here,
Why did they languish for a bliss more dear,—
The blessed dead ?

All things in nature are proportionate :
Is man alone in an imperfect state,—
He who doth all things rule and regulate ?
Then where the dead ?

If here they perished, in their beings' germ,—
Here were their thoughts', their hopes', their
wishes' term,—

Why should a giant's strength propel a worm ?—
The dead ! the dead !

There are no dead ! The forms, indeed, did die,
That cased the ethereal beings now on high :
'Tis but the outward covering is thrown by :—
This is the dead !

The spirits of the lost, of whom we sing,
Have perished not ; they have but taken wing,—
Changing an earthly for a heavenly spring :
There are the dead !

* Torquato Tasso.

Thus is all nature perfect. Harmony
Pervades the whole, by His all-wise decree,
With whom are those, to vast infinity,
We misname dead. ANON.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice
blessed :

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings :
But mercy is above his sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the *hearts* of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. SHAKESPEARE.

OTHELLO'S FAREWELL.

O ! now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war !
And, O ! ye mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell ! Othello's occupation 's gone !
SHAKESPEARE.

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

AND this, O Spain ! is thy return
For the new world I gave !
Chains !—this the recompense I earn !
The fetters of the slave !
Yon sun that sinketh 'neath the sea
Rises on realms I found for thee.

I served thee as a son would serve ;
I loved thee with a father's love ;

It ruled my thought, and strung my nerve,
To raise thee other lands above,
That thou, with all thy wealth, might be
The single empress of the sea.

For thee my form is bowed and worn
With midnight watches on the main ;
For thee my soul hath calmly borne
Ills worse than sorrow, more than pain ;
Through, life, whate'er my lot might be,
I lived, dared, suffered, but for thee.

My guerdon !—'Tis a furrowed brow,
Hair gray with grief, eyes dim with tears,
And blighted hope, and broken vow,
And poverty for coming years,
And hate, with malice in her train :—
What other guerdon ?—View my chain !

Yet say not that I weep for gold !
No, let it be the robber's spoil.—
Nor yet, that hate and malice bold
Decry my triumph and my toil.—
I weep but for Spain's lasting shame ;
I weep but for her blackened fame.

No more.—The sunlight leaves the sea ;
Farewell, thou never-dying king !
Earth's clouds and changes change not thee,
And thou—and thou,—grim, giant thing,
Cause of my glory and my pain,—
Farewell, unfathomable main !

MISS JEWSBURY.

THE POLISH BOY.

WHENCE come those shrieks so wild and
shrill,

That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair ?

Again they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they ? from yon temple, where
An altar raised for private prayer,

Now forms the warrior's marble bed,
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led?

The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress?
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp;
It is the hand of her whose cry
Ran wildly late upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow,
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street!
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep;—
The gate is burst! a ruffian band
Rush in and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain!

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted, with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead!
Nor touch the living boy; I stand
Between him and your lawless band!
Take *me*, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild,
To perish, if 'twill save my child!"
"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.

"One moment!" shrieked the mother; "one!
Will land or gold redeem my son?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall!
Take these!" and her white arms and hands,
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there.
Her cross of blazing rubies, last
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store;—
Up springing from the marble floor,
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!
But no! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit fierce and bold!
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.

His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks;
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wondering band:
"Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can!
This hour has made the boy a man.
I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon his marble brow—
Yes, wept! I was a child; but now—
My noble mother on her knee
Has done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his broided vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jeweled haft of poniard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glaive

Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
 The pearls that on the handle flame
 Would blush to rubies in their shame;
 The blade would quiver in my breast,
 Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
 No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
 And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
 Flashed on the jewelled weapon bright;
 Another, and his young heart's blood
 Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood!
 Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
 And on the air his clear voice rang:
 "Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
 The choice was death or slavery!
 Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
 His freedom is forever won!
 And now he waits one holy kiss
 To bear his father home in bliss,
 One last embrace, one blessing—one!
 To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son!
 What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel
 My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
 Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
 What! silent still? Then art thou dead!
 —Great God! I thank thee! Mother, I
 Rejoice with thee—and thus—to die!"
 One long, deep breath, and his pale head
 Lay on his mother's bosom—dead!

DER DRUMMER.

(Dialectic)

WHO puts oup at der pest hotel,
 Und dakes his oysders on der schell,
 Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwel?
 Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
 Drows down his pundles on de vloor,
 Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
 Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt, und say,
 "Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
 Und goes vor peeseness rightd away?
 Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
 Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice?"
 Und says I gets "der bottom price?"
 Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goods vas bought,
 Mooch less as vot I gould imbort,
 But lets dem go as he vas "short?"
 Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine,—
 "Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine,"—
 Und sheats me den dimes oudt off nine?
 Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
 Der gustomers ubon his route,
 Und ven day gomes dey vas no goot?
 Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
 Drinks oup mine bier, and eats mine kraut,
 Und kiss Katrina in der mout'?
 Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
 Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
 Und mit a plack eye goes away?
 Der drummer.

CHAS. F. ADAMS.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

(Dialectic recitation.)

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
 Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
 As efer you did see.
 He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
 In all barts off der house:
 But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.
 He get der measles und der mumbs,
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;
 He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
 Poots schnuff into mine kraut.
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
 Dot was der roughest chouse:

I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions such as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cut dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und where der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he was ashleep in bed,
So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHAS. F. ADAMS.

PADDY'S REFLECTIONS ON CLEO- PATRA'S NEEDLE.

(Humorous. Irish Dialect.)

SO that's Cleopathera's Naadle, bedad,
An' a quare lookin' naadle it is, I'll be
bound;
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it
around!

Imagine her sittin' there stichin' like mad
With a naadle like that in her hand! I declare
It's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an',
bedad,
It would pass for a round tower, only its square!

The taste of her, ordherin' a naadle of granite!
Begorra, the sight of it shtrikes me quite
dumb!

And look at the quare sort of figures upon it;
I wondher can these be the thracks of her
thumb?

I once was astonished to hear of the faste
Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste
If ye told me the woman had swallowed a cow!

It's easy to see why bould Cæsar should quail
In her presence an' meekly submit to her
rule;
Wid a weapon like that in her fist I'll go bail
She could frighten the soul out of big Finn Mac-
Cool!

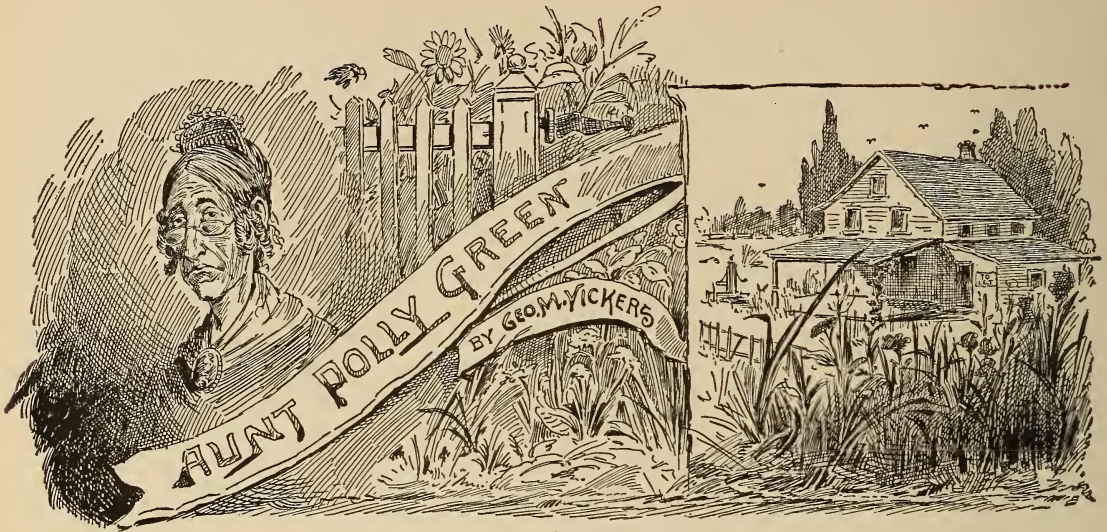
But, Lord, what poor pigmies the women are now,
Compared with the monstherers they must have
been then!
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick up a
row,
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot for the
men.

Just think how a chap that goes courtin' would
start
If his girl was to prod him with that in the
shins!

I have often seen naadles, but bouldly assart
That the naadle in front of me there takes the
pins!

O sweet Cleopathera! I'm sorry you're dead;
An' whin lavin' this wonderful naadle behind,
Had ye thought of bequeathin' a spool of your
thread
And yer thimble an' scissors, it would have
been kind.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague o' great men,
Yer strenth is departed, yer glory is past;
Ye'll never wield sceptre nor naadle again,
And a poor little asp did yer bizness at last.
CORMAC O'LEARY.



(Permission of the Author.)

AT last the cottage was rented
 That vacant had stood so long,
 And the silent gloom of its chambers
 Gave way to mirth and song.
 Ever since the sheriff sold it,
 And poor Dobson moved away,
 Not a soul had crossed the threshold
 Till the strangers came in May ;
 Then the mold on the steps of marble
 Was scoured and well rinsed off,
 And the packed dead leaves of autumn
 Were thrown from the dry pump trough ;
 And the windows were washed and polished,
 And the paints and floors were scrubbed,
 While the knobs and hearthstone brasses
 Were cleaned and brightly rubbed.

Now right across the turnpike
 Lived old Aunt Polly Green,
 And through the window lattice
 The cottage could be seen.
 There wasn't a bed or mattress,
 There wasn't a thing untied,
 Not a box, a trunk, or a bundle,
 But what Aunt Polly spied.
 Such high-toned, stylish neighbors
 The village had never known ;
 And the family had no children—
 The folks were all full-grown ;

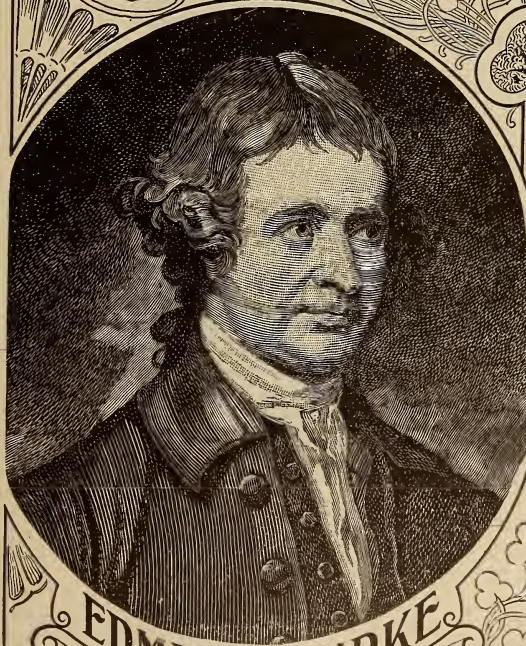
That is, there were two young ladies,
 The husband and his wife,
 "And she," said old Aunt Polly,
 "Hain't seen a bit of life."

And so Aunt Polly watched them,
 Oft heard the husband say,
 "Good-bye, my love," when leaving
 His wife but for the day ;
 And when he came at sunset
 She saw them eager run,
 Striving the wife and daughters
 To be the favored one ;
 And as Aunt Polly, peeping,
 Beheld his warm embrace,
 And noted well the love-light
 That lit the mother's face,
 She shook her head and muttered,
 "Them two hain't long been wed,
 A pity for his first wife,
 Who's sleepin' cold and dead."

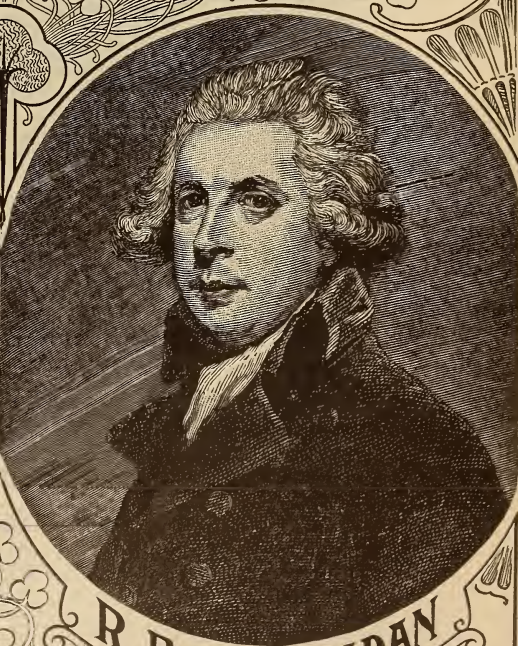
"The poor thing died heart-broken,
 Neglected by that brute,
 "Who, soon as she was buried,
 Began his new love suit,
 "I know it," said old Aunt Polly,
 "I see the hull thing through ;
 How kin he so forget her,
 Who always loved him true ?"



DANIEL O'CONNELL



EDMUND BURKE



R.B. SHERIDAN

NOTED IRISH ORATORS



THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire.

And tears of woman's pity
 Streamed down Aunt Polly's face,
 As in her mind she pictured
 The dead wife's resting-place.
 "To think," sobbed good Aunt Polly,
 "How the daughters, too, behave,
 When their poor and sainted mother
 Fills a lone, forgotten grave."

One day when old Aunt Polly
 Sat knitting, almost asleep,
 When the shadows under the woodbine
 Eastward began to creep,
 A rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed maiden
 Walked up to the kitchen door,
 Where never a soul from the cottage
 Had dared to walk before:
 'Tis true that she walked on tip-toe,
 And cautiously peered around;
 But she smiled and courtesied sweetly
 When the one she sought was found:
 "I rapped on the front door knocker,
 And wondered where you could be,
 So I hope you will pardon my boldness
 In walking around to see."

"Boldness," said Polly, rising,
 And fixing her glasses straight,
 "Boldness ain't nothin' now-'days,
 To some, at any rate.

Sit down in that cheer and tell me
 Who 'twas that sent you here;
 And tell me how long ago, Miss,
 You lost your mother dear."

The girl stood still, astonished,
 She knew not what to say,
 She wished herself in the cottage
 That stood across the way.

"Now don't stand there a sulkin',
 Have a little Christian shame,
 Even if she is a bold one
 That bears your father's name."

"Madam, or Miss," said the maiden,
 "There's surely a great mistake,
 Or else I must be dreaming—"
 "No you hain't, you're wide awake;

I blame your bold stepmother
 For learnin' you this deceit;
 Now answer me true the question
 Which again I must repeat—
 When did you lose your mother,
 And of what did the poor child die,
 And wasn't her pale face pinched like,
 An didn't she often sigh?
 Horrors! jist look at the heathen,
 A laughin' right in my face,
 When speakin' about her mother,
 In her last lone restin' place."

"You say you was sent to invite me
 To the cottage over the way,
 That to-night's the celebration
 Of your mother's marriage day,
 That this is the silver weddin',
 Of that young and frisky thing,
 That for five and twenty summers
 She's wore her plain gold ring?
 Well, looks they are deceivin',
 Why her hair's not one mite gray,
 And her cheek is like a lily
 Gathered for Easter Day.
 An' will I come? Yes, dearie;
 But let me your pardon crave,
 For I've been like an old fool weepin',
 A mournin' an empty grave."

THIRTY YEARS WITH A SHREW.

(Humorous.)

ST. PETER stood guard at the golden gate
 With a solemn mien and an air sedate,
 When up at the top of the golden stair
 A man and a woman, ascending there,
 Applied for admission. They came and stood
 Before St. Peter, so great and good,
 In hope the City of Peace to win,
 And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall and lank and thin,
 With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin;
 The man was short and thick and stout,
 His stomach was built so it rounded out;
 His face was pleasant, and all the while
 He wore a kindly and genial smile;

The choirs in the distance the echoes awoke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"O, thou who guardest the gate," said she,
"We come up hither, beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the heavenly band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt,
There's nothing from Heaven to bar me out;
I've been to meeting three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise and speak.

"I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent of their evil way;
I've told my neighbors—I've told them all
'Bout Adam and Eve and the primal fall.
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few.
I've marked their path of duty clear,
Laid out the plan of their whole career.

"I've talked and talked to them loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong;
So good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
The gate of Heaven is open for me;
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked exactly the narrow way.
He smokes and chews and grave faults he's got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival or join in a hymn;
So I had to leave him in sorrow there
While I in my purity said my prayer,
He ate what the pantry chose to afford,
While I sung at church in sweet accord;
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.

"But O, St. Peter, I love him so,
To the pleasures of Heaven please let him go
I've done enough—a saint I've been.
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
But in my grim gospel I know 'tis so,
That the unrepentant must fry below;
But isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter, who's dear to me?

"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray,
But the chosen expect to find the way
Of coaxing or fooling or bribing you
So that their relations can amble through.
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand right by the opening there,
And never sit down in that easy chair.

"And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are
trimmed;
They're cut too wide and outward toss;
They'd look better narrow, cut straight across.
Well, we must be going, our crowns to win,
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."

* * * * *

St. Peter sat quiet, he stroked his staff,
But spite of his office he had to laugh;
Then he said, with a fiery gleam in his eye,
"Who's tending this gate, you or I?"
And then he rose in his stature tall,
And pressed the button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell,
"Escort this lady around to—Hades."

The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone;
A lifelong settled idea he had,
That his wife was good and he was bad;
He thought if the woman went down below,
That he would certainly have to go;
That if she went to the regions dim,
There wasn't a ghost of a chance for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went.
St. Peter standing on duty there
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said,
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh)
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With eye cast down,
He raised his head and scratched his crown;

Then seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair;
Chewing is nasty; smoke's not good;
He smoked and chewed; I should think he would.

"Thirty years with a tongue so sharp?
Ho! Angel Gabriel, give him a harp;
A jeweled harp with a golden string;
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing;
Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion—up near the throne;
Call up some angels to play their best;
Let him enjoy the music and rest!

See that on the finest ambrosia he feeds;
He's had about all the Hades he needs.
It isn't just hardly the thing to do,
To roast him on earth and the future, too."

* * * * *

They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe and a pair of wings;
And he said as he entered the realms of day,
"Well, this beats cucumbers any way."
And so the Scriptures had come to pass,
That "The last shall be first, and the first shall
be last."

UNCLE PETE.

CHARACTERS:

GEORGE PEYTON, *a planter.*

UNCLE PETE, *a venerable darkey, looking the worse for wear, with more patches than pantaloons.*

SCENE.—*Exterior view of a planter's cabin with practicable door.* GEORGE PEYTON discovered, seated on a bench, under veranda, reading a newspaper.

Enter UNCLE PETE, *L.,* a limp noticeable in his left leg, the knee of which is bowed outward, hoe on his shoulder.*

Uncle Pete. (*Pausing as he enters, shading his eyes with his hand, and gazing towards* GEORGE PEYTON.) Yes, dar he is; dar is Marse George,

a-sittin' on the poarch, a-readin' his papah. Golly, I cotch um at home! (*Advancing and calling*) Marse George, Marse George, I's come to see you once mo', once mo', befo' I leabes you fo'ebber. Marse George, I's gwine to de odder shoah; I's far on de way to my long home, to dat home ober acrost de ribber, whar de wicked hab no mo' trouble, and where water-millions ripen all the year! Youns has all bin berry kine to me heah, Marse George, berry kine to de ole man, but I's gwine away, acrost de dark ribber. I's gwine ober, an' dar, on dat odder shoah, I'll stan' an' pick on de golden hawp among de angels, an' in de company of de blest. Dar I'll fine my rest; dar I'll stan' befo' de throne fo'ebber mo' a-singin' an' a-shoutin' susannis to de Lord!

George Peyton. Oh, no, Uncle Pete, you're all right yet—you're good for another twenty years.

Uncle P. Berry kine o' you to say dat, Marse George—berry kine—but it's no use. It almos' breaks my hawt to leab you, an' to leab de missus an' de chillun, Marse George, but I's got my call—I's all gone inside.

George P. Don't talk so, Uncle Pete; you are still quite a hale old man.

Uncle P. No use talkin', Marse George, I's gwine to hebben berry soon. 'Pears like I can heah the singin' on de odder shoah. 'Pears like I can heah de voice of ob "Aunt 'Liza" an' de odders dat's gone befoah. You'se bin berry kine, Marse George—de missus an' de chillun's bin berry good—seems like all de people's bin berry good to poor ole Pete—poor cretur like me.

George P. Nonsense, Uncle Pete (*kindly and encouragingly*), nonsense, you are good for many years yet. You'll see the sod placed on the graves of many younger men than you are, before they dig the hole for you. What you want just now, Uncle Pete, is a good square meal. Go into the kitchen and help yourself—fill up inside. There is no one at home, but I think you know the road. Plenty of cold vic-tuals of all kinds in there.

* R. signifies right; L., left, and C., centre of stage.

Uncle P. (A smile illuminating his face.)
'Bleedged t'ye, Marse George, 'bleeged t'ye, sah, I'll go! For de little time I has got to stay, I'll not go agin natur'; but it's no use. I's all gone inside—I's got my call. I'm one o' dem dat's on de way to de golden shoah.

(Exit UNCLE PETE through door, his limp hardly noticeable. His manner showing his delight.)

George P. Poor old Uncle Pete, he seems to be the victim of religious enthusiasm. I suppose he has been to camp-meeting, but he is a cunning old fox, and it must have taken a regular hard-shell sermon to convert the old sinner. He was raised on this plantation, and I have often heard my father say, he hadn't a better negro on the place. Ever since the war, he has been working a little, and loafing a good deal, and I have no doubt he sometimes sighs to be a slave again at work on the old plantation. *(Starts and listens.)*

Uncle P. (Singing inside :)

Jay bird, jay bird, sittin' on a limb,
He winked at me, an' I at him ;
Cocked my gun, an' split his shin,
An' left the arrow a-stickin'.

George P. (Starting up.) Zounds! if that old thief hasn't found my bitters bottle! Pete! Pete, you rascal!

Uncle P. (Continues singing:)

Snake bake a hoe cake,
An' set the frog to mind it ;
But the frog fell asleep,
An' the lizard come an' find it.

George P. Pete! you rascal, come out of that.

Uncle P. (Who does not hear the planter, continues singing, and dances a gentle, old-fashioned shuffle.)

De debbil catch the groun' hog
A-sittin' in de sun,
An' kick him off de back-log,
Jes' to see de fun.

George P. (Furious.) Pete; you infernal nigger, come out of that, I say.

Uncle P. (Still singing and dancing :)

De 'possum up de gum tree,
A-playin' wid his toes,
An' up comes de ginny pig,
Den off he goes.

George P. (Thoroughly aroused, throwing down his paper.) You, Pete; blast the nigger.

Uncle P. (Continues singing:)

De weasel went to see de polecat's wife,
You nebber smelt such a row in all yer—

George P. (Rushes in the cabin, interrupts the singing, and drags PETE out by the ear.)

Pete! Pete, you infernal old rascal, is that the way you are crossing the river? Are those the songs they sing on the golden shore? Is this the way for a man to act when he has got his call—when he is all gone inside?

Uncle P. (Looking as if he had been caught in a hen-roost.) Marse George. I's got de call, sah, an' I's gwine acrost de dark ribber soon, but I's now braced up a little on de inside, an' de 'scursion am postponed—you see, de 'scursion am postponed, sah!

George P. (Folding his arms, looking at PETE, as if in admiration of his impudence.) The excursion is postponed, is it? Well, this excursion is not postponed, you old scoundrel. *(Seizes PETE by the coat-collar and runs him off stage, L.)* [CURTAIN.]

PAT'S EXCUSE.

CHARACTERS: { NORA, a young Irish lass.
PAT MURPHY, a gay deceiver.

Curtain rises.—Discovers NORA in kitchen, peeling potatoes.

Nora. Och! it's deceivin' that all men are! Now I belaved Pat niver would forsake me, and here he's trated me like an ould glove, and I'li niver forgive him. How praties make your eyes water. *(Wipes tears away.)* Almost as bad as onion's. Not that I'm cryin'; oh, no. Pat Murphy cant see me cry. *(Knock without.)* There is Pat now, the rascal. I'll lock the door. *(Hastens to lock door.)*

Pat (without). Arrah, Nora, and here I am.

Nora. And there ye'll stay, ye spalpeen.

Pat (without). Ah, come now, Nora,—ain't it opening the door you are after? Sure, I'm dyin' of cold.

Nora. Faith, you are too hard a sinner to die aisy—so you can take your time about it.

Pat. Open the door, cushla; the police will be takin' me up.

Nora. He won't kape you long, alanna!

Pat. Nora, if you let me in, I'll tell you how I came to lave you at the fair last night.

Nora (relenting). Will you, for true?

Pat. Indade I will.

(Nora unlocks door. Enter PAT gayly. He snatches a kiss from her.)

Nora. Be off wid ye! Now tell me how you happened to be wid Mary O'Dwight last night?

Pat (sitting down). Well, you see it happened this way; ye know Mike O'Dwight is her brother, and he and me is blatherin' good friends, ye know; and as we was going to Caltry the ither day, Mike says to me, says he: "Pat, what'll you take fur that dog?" and I says, says I—

Nora (who has been listening earnestly). Bother you, Pat, but you are foolin' me again.

Pat (coaxingly takes her hand). No—no—Nora—I'll tell ye the truth this time, sure. Well, as I was sayin', Mike and me is good friends; and Mike says, says he: "Pat, that's a good dog." "Yis," says I, "it is." And he says, says he. "Pat, it is a blatherin' good dog." "Yis," says I; and then—and then—*(Scratches his head as if to aid his imagination.)*

Nora (angrily snatching away hand). There! I'll not listen to another word!

She sings. (Tune—Rory O'Moore.)

Oh, Patrick Murphy, be off wid you, pray,
I been watching your pranks this many a day;
You're false, and ye're fickle, as sure as I live
And your hateful desavin' I'll niver forgive.
Ouch! do you think I was blind yester night,
When you walked so fine with Mary O'Dwight?
You kissed her, you rascal, and called her your own,
And left me to walk down the dark lane alone.

Pat (taking up song).

Oh, Nora, me darlint, be off wid your airs,
For nobody wants you, and nobody cares!

25 P-8

For you do want your Patrick. for don't you see,
You could not so well love any but me.
When my lips met * Miss Mary's, now just look at me,
I shut my eyes tight, just this way, don't you see?
And when the kiss came, what did I do?—
I shut my eyes tight, and made believe it was *you*!

Nora.

Be off wid your nonsense—a word in your ear,
Listen, my Patrick, be sure that you hear;
Last night when Mike Duffy came here to woo,
We sat in the dark, and made believe it was you—
And when the kiss came, now just look at me,—
I shut my eyes tight, just this way, don't you see?
And when our lips met, what did I do,
But keep my eyes shut, and make believe it was *you*!

(Nora, laughing; Pat, disconcerted.)

[QUICK CURTAIN.]

THE DUEL.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER to left, with pistols, followed by ACRES.

Acres. (L.†) By my valor, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius. (R.) Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay, now—I'll show you. *(Measures paces along the floor.)* There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. (R.) Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. (L.) Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pooh! pooh! nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

* From the asterisk they sing only the first strain of "Rory O'More"—omitting the minor strain, with which Nora finishes her first stanza.

†L. signifies left; R., right and C., centre of stage.

Sir L. Well, the gentlemen's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acr. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand—

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acr. A quietus!

Sir L. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acr. Pickled!—Snugly in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before.

Acr. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentlemen's shot?

Acr. Odds files!—I've practiced that—there, Sir Lucius—there. (*Puts himself in an attitude.*) A side front, hey? I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim— (*Leveling at him.*)

Acr. Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acr. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir L. Pooh! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for, if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acr. A vital part!

Sir L. But, there, fix yourself so—(*placing him*)—let him see the broadside of your full front, there, now, a ball or two may pass clean

through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acr. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acr. Look'ee, Sir Lucius! I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure, they don't mean to disappoint us. Ha! no, faith; I think I see them coming. (*Crosses to R.*)

Acr. (*L.*) Hey!—what!—coming!—

Sir L. Ay. Who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acr. There are two of them, indeed! Well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius! we—we—we—we—won't run!

Sir L. Run!

Acr. No,—I say,—we won't run, by my valor!

Sir L. What's the matter with you?

Acr. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius! but I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O, fy! Consider your honor.

Acr. Ay—true—my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming. (*Looking R.*)

Acr. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid! If my valor should leave me!—Valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Acr. Sir Lucius, I doubt it is going!—yes—my valor is certainly going!—it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir L. Your honor! your honor! Here they are.

Acr. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware! (*SIR LUCIUS takes Acres by the arm, and leads him reluctantly off, R.*) SHERIDAN.

READING THE WILL.

CHARACTERS :

SWIPES, *a brewer.* CURRIE, *a saddler.*

FRANK MILLINGTON, *and* 'SQUIRE DRAWL.

Enter SWIPES, *R.*,* CURRIE, *L.*,

Swipes. A sober occasion this, brother Currie ! Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end ?

Currie. Ah ! we must all die, brother Swipes. Those who live longest outlive the most.

Swipes. True, true ; but, since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed ?

Cur. Perfectly, perfectly. 'Squire Drawl told me she read every word of her last will and testament aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the 'Squire what disposition she made of her property ?

Cur. Not a whisper ! the 'Squire is as close as a miser's purse. But one of the witnesses hinted to me that she has cut off her graceless nephew with a shilling.

Swipes. Has she ? Good soul ! Has she ? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. And I in my *own* right ; and this is, no doubt, the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. 'Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your own beer-barrels, brother Swipes. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. (*Enter* FRANK MILLINGTON, *R.*) Your servant, young gentleman. So, your benefactress has left you, at last !

Swipes. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir ; but I could bear her loss better, had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Swipes. Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly, as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. (*As he is going, R., enter* 'SQUIRE DRAWL, *R.*)

'*Squire.* Stop, stop, young man ! We must have your presence. Good-morning, gentlemen : you are early on the ground.

Cur. I hope the 'Squire is well to-day.

'*Squire.* Pretty comfortable for an invalid.

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs.

'*Squire.* No, I believe not. You know I never hurry. *Slow and sure* is my maxim. Well, since the heirs-at-law are all convened, I shall proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. (*While the* 'SQUIRE *is breaking the seal.*) It is a trying scene to leave all one's possessions, 'Squire, in this manner !

Cur. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look round and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, All is vanity !

'*Squire.* Please to be seated, gentlemen. (*All sit.—The* 'SQUIRE *puts on his spectacles, and reads slowly.*) "Imprimis: Whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler." ('SQUIRE *takes off his spectacles to wipe them.*)

Swipes. (*Dreadfully overcome.*) Generous creature ! kind soul ! I always loved her.

* *R.* signifies *right* ; *L.*, *left*, and *C.*, *centre* of stage.

Cur. She *was* good, she *was* kind! She was in her right mind. Brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I will take the mansion-house.

Swipes. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie! My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it. (*Both rise.*)

Cur. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes! And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did not I lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence——

Swipes. Am I not named first in her will? And did I not furnish her with my best small beer for more than six months? And who knows——

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you.

(*Going.*)

'Squire. (*Wiping his spectacles, and putting them on.*) Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. I have not done yet. (*All sit.*) Let me see; where was I?—Ay,—“All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt street, brewer——”

Swipes. Yes!

'Squire. “And Christopher Currie, Fly Court, saddler——”

Cur. Yes!

'Squire. “To have and to hold IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years; by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him.”

Swipes. What's all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!*—how does that appear? Where is it?

'Squire. (*Pointing to the parchment.*) There! In two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

'Cur. Pretty well, too, Mr. 'Squire, if we must be sent for to be made a laughing-stock of! She shall pay for every ride she had out of my chaise, I promise you!

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens

are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate! But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie! We will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with!

Cur. That will we!

'Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago, and the young gentleman must already be of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.

'Squire. Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of this seal according to law, you are released from any further trouble in the premises.

(*Exit SWIPES and CURRIE in earnest conversation.*)
SARGENT.

THE DEBTOR AND THE DUN.

*Enter REMNANT, R.**

Remnant. Well, I am resolved I'll collect my bill of Col. Blarney this time. He shan't put me off again. This is the twentieth time, as I'm a sinner, that I have dunned him! His smooth words shan't humbug me now. No, no! Richard Remnant is not such a goose as to be paid in fine words for fine clothes. (*Takes out a long bill and unrolls it.*) A pretty collection of items, that! Why, the interest alone would make a good round sum. But hark! He is coming. (*Hastily rolls up the bill and returns it to his pocket.*)

Enter COL. BLARNEY, R.

Blarney. Ah! my dear Remnant, a thousand welcomes! How delighted I am to see you! And what stupidity on the part of my people not to make you enter at once! True, I had given orders that they should admit nobody; but those orders did not extend to you, my dear sir, for to you I am always at home.

Rem. Much obliged, sir. (*Fumbling in his pocket for his bill.*)

Blar. (*calling to his servants.*) What, ho!

* The initials R. and L. stand for the Right and Left of the stage, facing the audience.

John! Martha! confound you! I will teach you to keep my friend Remnant kicking his heels in the entry! I will teach you to distinguish among my visitors!

Rem. Indeed, sir, it is no sort of consequence.

Blar. But it *is* consequence! To tell you—you, one of my best friends—that I was not in!

Rem. I am your humble servant, sir. (*Drawing forth bill.*) I just dropped in to hand you this little—

Blar. Quick, there, quick! A chair for my friend Remnant!

Rem. I am very well as I am, sir.

Blar. Not at all! I would have you seated.

Rem. It is not necessary. (*Servant hands a common chair.*)

Blar. Rascal!—not that! An arm-chair!

Rem. You are taking too much trouble. (*An arm-chair is placed for him.*)

Blar. No, no; you have been walking some distance, and require rest. Now be seated.

Rem. There is no need of it—I have but a single word to say. I have brought—

Blar. Be seated, I say. I will not listen to you till you are seated.

Rem. Well, sir, I will do as you wish. (*S.'s.*) I was about to say—

Blar. Upon my word, friend Remnant, you are looking remarkably well.

Rem. Yes, sir, thank heaven, I am pretty well. I have come with this—

Blar. You have an admirable stock of health—lips fresh, skin ruddy, eyes clear and bright—really—

Rem. If you would be good enough to—

Blar. And how is Madam Remnant?

Rem. Quite well, sir, I am happy to say.

Blar. A charming woman, Mr. Remnant! A very superior woman.

Rem. She will be much obliged, sir. As I was saying—

Blar. And your daughter, Claudine, how is she?

Rem. As well as can be.

Blar. The beautiful little thing that she is! I am quite in love with her.

Rem. You do us too much honor, sir. I—you—

Blar. And little Harry—does he make as much noise as ever, beating that drum of his?

Rem. Ah, yes! He goes on the same as ever. But, as I was saying—

Blar. And your little dog, Brisk,—does he bark as loud as ever, and snap at the legs of your visitors?

Rem. More than ever, sir, and we don't know how to cure him. He, he! But I dropped in to—

Blar. Do not be surprised if I want particular news of all your family, for I take the deepest interest in all of you.

Rem. We are much obliged to your honor, much obliged. I—

Blar. (*Giving his hand.*) Your hand upon it, Mr. Remnant. Don't rise. Now, tell me, do you stand well with the people of quality?—for I can make interest for you among them.

Rem. Sir, I am your humble servant.

Blar. And I am yours, with all my heart. (*Shaking hands again.*)

Rem. You do me too much honor.

Blar. There is nothing I would not do for you.

Rem. Sir, you are too kind to me.

Blar. At least I am disinterested; be sure of that, Mr Remnant.

Rem. Certainly I have not merited these favors, sir. But, sir,—

Blar. Now I think of it, will you stay and sup with me?—without ceremony, of course.

Rem. No, sir, I must return to my shop; I should have been there before this. I—

Blar. What ho, there! A light for Mr. Remnant! and tell the coachman to bring the coach and drive him home.

Rem. Indeed, sir, it is not necessary. I can walk well enough. But here— (*Offering bill.*)

Blar. O! I shall not listen to it. Walk? Such a night as this! I am your friend, Remnant, and, what is more, your debtor—your debtor, I say—all the world may know it.

Rem. Ah! sir if you could but find it convenient—

Blar. Hark! There is the coach. One more embrace, my dear Remnant! (*Shakes hands again.*) Take care of the steps. Command me always; and be sure there is nothing in the world I would not do for you. There! Good-by.

(*Exit REMNANT, conducted by COL. B.*)

ALTERED FROM MOLIÈRE.

THE DISAGREEABLE MEDDLER.

*Enter DOUBLEDOT and SIMON, L.**

Doubledot. Plague take Mr. Paul Pry! He is one of those idle, meddling fellows, who, having no employment themselves, are perpetually interfering in other people's affairs.

Simon. Ay, and he's inquisitive into all matters, great and small.

Doub. Inquisitive! Why, he makes no scruple of questioning you respecting your most private concerns. Then he will weary you to death with a long story about a cramp in his leg, or the loss of a sleeve-button, or some such idle matter. And so he passes his days, "dropping in," as he calls it, from house to house at the most unreasonable times, to the annoyance of every family in the village. But I'll soon get rid of him.

Enter PRY, L., with umbrella, which he places against the wall.

Pry. Ha! how d'ye do, Mr. Doubledot?

Doub. Very busy, Mr. Pry, and have scarcely time to say, "Pretty well, thank ye." (*Turns from him as if writing in memorandum book. SIMON advances.*)

Pry. Ha, Simon! you here? Rather early in the morning to be in a public house. Been taking a horn, eh? Sent here with a message from your master, perhaps? I say, Simon, when this wedding takes place, I suppose your master will put you all into new liveries, eh?

Simon. Can't say, sir.

Pry. Well, I think he might. (*Touches SIMON's sleeve.*) Between ourselves, Simon, it won't be before you want 'em, eh?

Simon. That's master's business, sir, and neither yours nor mine.

Pry. Mr. Simon, behave yourself, or I shall complain of you to the colonel. By the way, Simon, that's an uncommon fine leg of mutton the butcher has sent to your house. It weighs thirteen pounds five ounces.

Doub. And how do you know that?

Pry. I asked the butcher. I say, Simon, is it for roasting or boiling?

Simon. Half and half, with the chill taken off. There's your answer. (*Exit SIMON, R.*)

Pry. That's an uncommon ill-behaved servant! Well, since you say you are busy, I won't interrupt you; only, as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop in.

Doub. Then you may now drop out again. The railway 'bus will be in presently, and—

Pry. No passengers by it to-day, for I have been to the hill to look for it.

Doub. Did you expect any one by it, that you were so anxious?

Pry. No; but I make it my business to see the coach come in every day. I can't bear to be idle.

Doub. Useful occupation, truly!

Pry. Always see it go out; have done so these ten years.

Doub. (*Going up.*) Tiresome blockhead! Well; good morning to you.

Pry. Good-morning, Mr. Doubledot. Your tavern doesn't appear to be very full just now.

Doub. No, no.

Pry. Ha! you are at a heavy rent? (*Pauses for an answer after each question.*) I've often thought of that. No supporting such an establishment without a deal of custom. If it's not an impertinent question, don't you find it rather a hard matter to make both ends meet when the first of the month comes round?

Doub. If it isn't asking an impertinent question, what's that to you?

Pry. O, nothing; only some folks have the luck of it: they have just taken in a nobleman's family at the opposition house, the Green Dragon.

* L. signifies left; R., right, and C., centre of stage.

Doub. What's that? A nobleman at the Green Dragon!

Pry. Traveling carriage and four. Three servants on the dicky and an outrider, all in blue liveries. They dine and stop all night. A pretty bill there will be to-morrow, for the servants are not on board wages.

Doub. Plague take the Green Dragon! How did you discover that they are not on board wages?

Pry. I was curious to know, and asked one of them. You know I never miss any thing for want of asking. 'Tis no fault of mine that the nabob is not here, at your house.

Doub. Why, what had you to do with it?

Pry. You know I never forget my friends. I stopped the carriage as it was coming down the hill—brought it to a dead stop, and said that if his lordship—I took him for a lord at once—that if his lordship intended to make any stay, he couldn't do better than to go to Doubledot's.

Doub. Well?

Pry. Well,—would you believe it?—out pops a saffron-colored face from the carriage window, and says, "You're an impudent rascal for stopping my carriage, and I'll not go to Doubledot's if there's another inn to be found within ten miles of it!"

Doub. There, that comes of your confounded meddling! If you had not interfered I should have stood an equal chance with the Green Dragon.

Pry. I'm very sorry; but I did it for the best.

Doub. Did it for the best, indeed! Deuce take you! By your officious attempts to serve, you do more mischief in the neighborhood than the exciseman, the apothecary, and the attorney, all together.

Pry. Well, there's gratitude! Now, really, I must go. Good-morning. (*Exit PAUL PRY.*)

Doub. I'm rid of him at last, thank fortune! (*PRY re-enters.*) Well, what now?

Pry. I've dropped one of my gloves, Now, that's very odd—here it is in my hand all the time!

Doub. Go to confusion! (*Exit.*)

Pry. Come, that's civil! If I were the least of a bore, now, it would be pardonable—But—Hullo! There's the postman! I wonder whether the Parkins's have got letters again to-day. They have had letters every day this week, and I can't for the life of me think what they can— (*Feels hastily in his pockets.*) By the way, talking of letters, here's one I took from the postman last week for the colonel's daughter, Miss Eliza, and I have always forgotten to give it to her. I dare say it is not of much importance. (*Peeps into it—reads.*) "Likely—unexpected—affectionate." I can't make it out. No matter; I'll contrive to take it to the house—though I've a deal to do to-day. (*Runs off and returns.*) Dear me! I had like to have gone without my umbrella.

[CURTAIN.] JOHN POOLE.

SPARTACUS AND JOVIUS.

Enter SPARTACUS, L., JOVIUS, R.*

Spartacus. Speak, Roman! wherefore does thy master send

Thy gray hairs to the "cut throat's" camp?

Jovius. Brave rebel—

Spart. Why, that's a better name than rogue or bondman;

But in this camp I am called *General*.

Jov. Brave General,—for, though a rogue and bondman,

As you have said, I'll still allow you General, As he that beats a consul surely is.

Spart. Say two—two consuls; and to that e'en add

A proconsul, three prætors, and some generals.

Jov. Why, this is no more than true. Are you a Thracian?

Spart. Ay.

Jov. There is something in the air of Thrace Breeds valor up as rank as grass. 'Tis pity You are a barbarian.

Spart. Wherefore?

Jov. Had you been born A Roman, you had won by this a triumph.

* L. signifies left; R., right, and C., centre of stage.

Spart. I thank the gods I am barbarian ;
For I can better teach the grace-begot
And heaven-supported masters of the earth
How a mere dweller of a desert rock
Can bow their crowned heads to his chariot-
wheels,
Their regal necks to be his stepping-blocks.
But come, what is thy message ?

Jov. Julia, niece
Of the prætor, is thy captive.

Spart. Ay.

Jov. For whom
Is offered in exchange thy wife, Senona,
And thy young boy.

Spart. Tell thou the prætor, Roman,
The Thracian's wife is ransomed.

Jov. How is that ?

Spart. Ransomed, and by the steel, from out
the camp
Of slaughtered Gellius ! (*Pointing off.*) Be-
hold them, Roman !

Jov. (*Looking as SPART. points.*) This is
sorcery !

But name a ransom for the general's neice.

Spart. Have I not now the prætor on the hip ?
He would, in his extremity, have made
My wife his buckler of defence ; perhaps
Have doomed her to the scourge ! But this is
Roman.

Now the barbarian is instructed. Look !
I hold the prætor by the heart ; and he
Shall feel how tightly grip barbarian fingers.

Jov. Men do not war on women. Name her
ransom.

Spart. Men do not war on women ! Look you :
One day I climbed up to the ridgy top
Of the cloud-piercing Hæmus, where, among
The eagles and the thunders, from that height,
I looked upon the world, as far as where,
Wrestling with storms, the gloomy Euxine chafed
On his recoiling shores ; and where dim Adria
In her blue bosom quenched the fiery sphere.
Between those surges lay a land, might once
Have matched Elysium ; but Rome had made it
A Tartarus. In my green youth I looked
From the same frosty peak where now I stood,

And then beheld the *glory* of those lands,
Where Peace was tinkling on the shepherd's bell
And singing with the reapers.

Since that glad day, Rome's conquerors had passed
With withering armies there, and all was changed.
Peace had departed ; howling War was there,
Cheered on by Roman hunters. Then, methought,
E'en as I looked upon the altered scene,
Groans echoed through the valleys, through
which ran

Rivers of blood, like smoking Phlegethons ;
Fires flashed from burning villages, and Famine
Shrieked in the empty cornfields ! Women and
children,

Robbed of their sires and husbands, left to starve—
These were the dwellers of the land ! Say'st thou
Rome wars not, then, on women ?

Jov. This is not to the matter.

Spart. Now, by Jove,
It is ! These things do Romans. But the earth
Is sick of conquerors. There is not a man,
Not Roman, but is Rome's extremest foe :
And such am I ; sworn from that hour I saw
Those sights of horror, while the gods support me,
To wreak on Rome such havoc as Rome wreaks,
Carnage and devastation, woe and ruin.
Why should I ransom, when I swear to slay ?
Begone ! This is my answer ! BIRD.

THE RESOLVE OF REGULUS.—*Sargent.*

(Regulus, a Roman consul, having been defeated in battle and taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, was detained in captivity five years, and then sent on an embassy to Rome to solicit peace, under a promise that he would return to Carthage if the proposals were rejected. These, it was thought, he would urge in order to obtain his own liberty ; but he urged contrary and patriotic measures on his countrymen ; and then, having carried his point, resisted the persuasions of his friends to remain in Rome, and returned to Carthage, where a martyr's death awaited him. Some writers say that he was thrust into a cask covered over on the inside with iron spikes, and thus rolled down hill. The following scene presents Regulus just as he has made known to his friends in Rome his resolution to return to Carthage.)

Enter REGULUS, followed by SERTORIUS.

Sertorius. Stay, Roman, in pity !—if not for
thy life,
For the sake of thy country, thy children, thy
wife.

Sent, not to urge war, but to lead Rome to
peace,

Thy captors of Carthage vouchsafed thee release.
Thou return'st to encounter their anger, their
rage ;—

No mercy expect for thy fame or thy age !

Regulus. To my captors one pledge, and one
only, I gave :

TO RETURN, though it were to walk into my
grave !

No hope I extended, no promise I made,
Rome's Senate and people from war to dissuade.
If the vengeance of Carthage be stored for me
now,

I have reaped no dishonor, have broken no vow.

Sert. They released thee, but dreamed not
that thou wouldst fulfil

A part that would leave thee a prisoner still ;
They hoped thy own danger would lead thee to
sway

The councils of Rome a far different way ;
Would induce thee to urge the conditions they
crave,

If only thy freedom, thy life-blood, to save.
Thought shudders, the torment and woe to depict
Thy merciless foes have the heart to inflict !
Remain with us, Regulus ! do not go back !
No hope sheds its ray on thy death-pointing
track !

Keep faith with the faithless ? The gods will
forgive

The balking of such. O, live, Regulus, live !

Reg. With the consciousness fixed in the core
of my heart,

That I had been playing the perjurer's part ?
With the stain ever glaring, the thought ever
nigh,

That I owe the base breath I inhale to a lie ?
O, never ! Let Carthage infract every oath,
Be false to her word and humanity both,
Yet never will I in her infamy share,
Or turn for a refuge to guilt from despair !

Sert. O, think of the kindred and friends
who await

To fall on thy neck, and withhold thee from
fate ;

O, think of the widow, the orphans to be,
And let thy compassion plead softly with me.

Reg. O, my friend, thou canst soften, but
canst not subdue ;

To the faith of my soul I must ever be true.

If my honor I cheapen, my conscience discrown,
All the graces of life to the dust are brought
down ;

All creation to me is a chaos once more—

No heaven to hope for, no God to adore !

And the love that I feel for wife, children, and
friend,

Has lost all its beauty, and thwarted its end.

Sert. Let thy country determine.

Reg. My country ? Her will,
Were I free to obey, would be paramount still.

I go to my doom for my country alone ;

My life is my country's ; my honor, my own !

Sert. O, Regulus ! think of the pangs in
reserve !

Reg. What menace should make me from
probity swerve ?

Sert. Refinements of pain will these mis-
creants find

To daunt and disable the loftiest mind.

Reg. And 'tis to a Roman thy fears are
addressed !

Sert. Forgive me. I know thy unterrified
breast.

Reg. Thou know'st me but human—as weak
to sustain

As thyself, or another, the searchings of pain.

This flesh may recoil, and the anguish they
wreak

Chase the strength from my knees, and the hue
from my cheek ;

But the body alone they can vanquish and kill ;
The spirit immortal shall smile at them still.

Then let them make ready their engines of
dread,

Their spike-bristling cask, and their torturing
bed ;

Still Regulus, heaving no recreant breath,

Shall greet as a friend the deliverer, Death !

Their cunning in torture and taunt shall defy,
And hold it in joy for his country to die.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

(A temperance play.)

CHARACTERS.—MAN, *about thirty-five years old*; his WIFE; NELLIE, *his daughter, ten years old*; FRIEND, *man about husband's age, dressed in a man-of-the-world style*; A. and B., *two young men, dressed as business men, should appear about thirty years of age*.

SCENE I.

(MR. L. and his wife on the stage; MR. L. dressed for his work, and about to go.)

Mrs. L. Albert, I wish you would give me seventy-five cents.

Mr. L. What do you want seventy-five cents for?

Mrs. L. I want to get some braid for my new dress.

Mr. L. I thought you had material enough on hand for that.

Mrs. L. So I thought I had; but it looks rather plain with no trimming at all. You know I was intending to trim it with that fringe; but it looks too gray, come to try it by the side of the dress.

Mr. L. Haven't you something else that will do?

Mrs. L. No. But, then, braid is cheap; and I can make it look quite pretty with seventy-five cents.

Mr. L. Plague take these women's fashions. Your endless trimmings and thing-a-ma-jigs cost more than the dress is worth. It is nothing but shell out money when a woman thinks of a new dress.

Mrs. L. I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can.

Mr. L. It is funny kind of economy, at all events. But if you must have it, I suppose you must.

(Takes out his purse, and counts out carefully seventy-five cents, and puts his purse away, angrily. He starts to go; but when at the door, he thinks he will take his umbrella, and goes back for it. Finds his wife in tears, which she tries hastily to conceal.)

Mr. L. Good gracious! Kate, I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress.

Mrs. L. I was not crying at what you said, but you were so reluctant to grant the small favor! I was thinking how hard I have to work. I am tied to the house. I have many little things to perplex me. Then to think—

Mr. L. Pshaw! What do you want to be foolish for. (Exit.)

(In the hall he was met by his little girl, LIZZIE.)

Lizzie (holding both his hands). O, papa, give me fifteen cents.

Mr. L. What?

Lizzie. I want fifteen cents. Please give me fifteen cents.

Mr. L. What in the world do you want it for? Are they changing books again?

Lizzie. No. I want a hoop. It's splendid rolling; and all the girls have one. Mr. Grant has some real nice ones to sell. Please, can't I have one?

Mr. L. Nonsense! If you want a hoop, go and get one off some old barrel. I can't afford to buy hoops for you to trundle about the streets. (Throws her off.)

Lizzie (in a pleading tone). Please, papa?

Mr. L. No, I told you! (She bursts into tears, and he goes off muttering, "Cry, then, and cry it out.")

SCENE II.

(ALBERT enters, his wife, entering on the opposite side. She kisses him as a greeting.)

Mrs. L. I am glad you are home thus early. How has business gone to-day?

Mr. L. Well, I am happy to say.

Mrs. L. Are you very tired?

Mr. L. No; why?

Mrs. L. I want you to go to the sewing circle to-night.

Mr. L. I can't go; I have an engagement.

Mrs. L. I am sorry. You never go with me now. You used to go a great deal.

(Just then LIZZIE comes in crying, dragging an old hoop, and rubbing her eyes.)

Mr. L. What is the matter with you, darling?

Lizzie. The girls have been laughing at me, and making fun of my hoop. They say mine is ugly and homely.

Mr. L. Never mind; perhaps we'll have a new one some time.

Lizzie. Mayn't I have one now? *Mr. Grant* has one left—a real pretty one.

Mr. L. Not now, *Lizzie*; not now. I'll think of it.

(*LIZZIE goes out crying, followed by her mother.*

A friend of Mr. L. enters.)

Friend. Hello, Albert! What's up?

Mr. L. Nothing in particular. Take a chair.

Friend. How's business?

Mr. L. Good.

Friend. Did you go to the club last night?

Mr. L. Don't speak so loud!

Friend. Ha! wife don't know—does she? Where does she think you go?

Mr. L. I don't know. She never asks me, and I am glad of it. She asked me to go with her to-night, and I told her I was engaged.

Friend. Good! I shan't ask you where, but take it for granted that it was with me. What do you say for a game of billiards?

Mr. L. Good! I'm in for that. (*They rise to go.*) Have a cigar, Tom?

Friend. Yes. (*They go out.*)

SCENE III.

(*Two men in conversation as they come upon the stage.*)

B. Billiards? No, I never play billiards.

A. Why not?

B. I don't like its tendency.

A. It is only a healthy pastime. I am sure it has no evil tendency.

B. I cannot assert that the game in its most innocent form is, of itself, an evil, to be sure. But, although it has the advantage of calling forth skill and judgment, yet it is evil when it excites and stimulates beyond the bounds of healthy recreation.

A. That result can scarcely follow such a game.

B. You are wrong there. The result can follow in two ways. First, it can lead men away from their business. Secondly, it leads those to spend money who have none to spend. Look at that young man just passing. He looks like a mechanic; and I should judge from his appearance that he has a family. I see by his face that he is kind and generous, and wants to do as near right as he can. I have watched him in the billiard saloon time after time, and only last night I saw him pay one dollar and forty cents for two hours' recreation. He did it cheerfully, too, and smiled at his loss. But how do you suppose it is at home? Suppose his wife had asked him for a dollar or two for some household ornament, or his child, if he has one, for a picture-book or toy, what do you suppose he would have answered? This is not conjecture; for you and I both know plenty of such cases.

A. Upon my word, *B.*, you speak to the point; for I know that young man, and what you have said is true. I can furnish you with facts. We have a club for a literary paper in our village, and last year he was one of the subscribers. This year he was obliged to discontinue. His wife was very anxious to take it; but he said he could not afford the \$1.25 for it. And his little *Lizzie*, ten years old, has coaxed her father for fifteen cents, for a hoop, in vain. My *Nellie* told me that.

B. Yes; and that two hours' recreation last night, would have paid for both. It is well for wives and children that they do not know where all the money goes.

THE SALUTATORIAN'S DIFFICULTIES.

CHARACTERS.

FRANK CLAYTON.	SAMMY LONG.
HARRY THOMPSON.	JOHNNY WILSON.
TOMMY WATKINS.	WILLIE BROWN.

SCENE.—*A stage. Curtain rises, and FRANK CLAYTON comes forward and speaks.*

Frank. Ladies and gentlemen: Our performances are now about to commence. We have

spent some time in preparing for this exhibition, and we hope you will be pleased with all the performances that may be given. You well know that we have not had much practice in giving school exhibitions, and if you see any errors, we hope you will kindly forgive and overlook. We will endeavor to give our recitations correctly, and act our parts truthfully, and we ask you to—and we ask you to—and—and—and we ask that—that—

(Enter HARRY THOMPSON. *He comes in front of FRANK and commences to speak.*)

“Did you ever hear of Jehosophat Boggs,
A dealer and raiser of all sorts of dogs?
No? Then I’ll endeavor in doggerel verse
To just the main points of the story rehearse.
Boggs had a good wife—”

Frank. (Speaking in a loud whisper.) Harry, what did you come out here for? I’m not through with the introductory speech yet.

Harry. (Turns half way round, puts his hand to his mouth, as if to keep the audience from hearing, and speaks in a loud whisper.) I know you weren’t through, but you stuck, and I thought I had better come on. You know my recitation is second on the programme, and I didn’t want to have a bungle right at the commencement of the exhibition.

Frank. Go back to your place, you little rascal, and don’t interrupt me again. I’m going to speak my piece.

Harry. (With his hand up to hide his mouth as before.) Oh, you’re stuck and you’d better retire. (*Turns to audience and continues to speak his piece.*)

“Boggs had a good wife, the joy of his life,
There was nothing between them inclining to
strife.

Except her dear J.’s dogmatic employment;
And that, she averred, did mar her enjoyment.”

Frank. (Whispering as before.) I say, Harry, get from before me and let me speak my piece.

Harry. (Turns, puts up his hand, and whis-

pers as before.) Oh, you keep shady until I get through. (*Turns to audience and speaks.*)

“She often had begged him to sell off his dogs,
And instead to raise turkeys, spring chickens
or hogs.

She made him half promise at no distant day
He would sell the whole lot, not excepting old
Tray;

And as good luck would have it,—”

Frank. (Turning Harry by the collar and pulling him back.) I tell you to get out of this until I have spoken my piece.

Harry. I won’t. Let me alone, I say. You have stuck fast, and do you want to spoil the exhibition? Didn’t you know enough to keep off the stage until I had spoken my piece?

Frank. (Still holding him by the collar.) It is you that are spoiling the exhibition. (*Leads him off the stage.*)

Harry. (Speaking loudly as he goes out.) I call this an outrage.

Frank. (Returning to his place and commencing to speak.) Ladies and gentlemen, my speech has been interrupted, and I will commence again. Our performances are now about to commence. We have spent some time in preparing for this exhibition, and we hope you will be pleased with all the performances that may be given. You know that we have not had much practice in giving school exhibitions, and if you see any errors, we hope you will kindly forgive and overlook. We will endeavor to give our recitations correctly, and act our parts truthfully, and we ask you to—to—and we ask you to—and act our parts truthfully, and we ask you to—and we ask you to— (*In a lower tone.*) I’ve forgotten it again; isn’t that too bad? (*Speaking as before.*) And we ask you to—to—to—

(Enter TOMMY WATKINS. *He comes in front of FRANK, and commences to speak “The Ghost.”*)

“’Tis about twenty years since Abel Law,
A short, round, favored merry
Old soldier of the Revolutionary
War,

Was wedded to a most abominable shrew.
The temper, sir, of Shakespeare's Catharine
Could no more be compared with hers
Than mine
With Lucifer's.

Frank. (In a loud whisper.) Tommy Watkins, get from before me. Don't you see I'm speaking? I don't want to be interrupted—I want to finish my speech.

Tommy. (Facing the audience and speaking in the same tone as when reciting his speech.) Oh, you'd better quit! You've stuck twice now, and if you don't go off the stage the audience will become disgusted.

Sammy Long. (Seated in the audience.) The people are disgusted now with that boy's opening speech. He'd better go home, memorize it, and speak it some time next year.

Tommy. There! You hear what they say out there in the audience. They are disgusted, and they think you had better leave the stage.

Frank. Oh, that's nobody but Sammy Long, and he is displeased because we didn't invite him to take part in the exhibition.

Tommy. Well, I'll go ahead and speak my piece while you are trying to think up the words you have forgotten.

Her eyes were like a weasel's; she had a harsh
Face, like a cranberry marsh,
All spread with spots of white and red;
Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,
And a disposition like a cross-cut saw.
The appellation of this lovely dame
Was Nancy; don't forget the name.

Frank. Stop, Tommy; I can finish my speech now.

Tommy. So can I. (*Continues his recitation.*)
His brother David was a tall,
Good-looking chap, and that was all;
One of your great big nothings, as they say
Out in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes,
And cracking them on other folks.
Well, David undertook one night to play

The Ghost, and frighten Abel, who,
He knew,
Would be returning from a journey through
A grove of forest wood
That stood
Below
The house some distance—half a mile or so.

With a long taper
Cap of white paper,
Just made to cover
A wig, nearly as large over
As a corn-basket, and a sheet
With both ends made to meet
Across his breast
(The way in which ghosts are always dressed),
He took
His station near
A huge oak-tree,
Whence he could overlook
The road and see
Whatever might appear.

It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel
Had left the table
Of an inn, where he had made a halt,
With horse and wagon,
To taste a flagon
Of malt
Liquor, and so forth, which, being done,
He went on,
Caring no more for twenty ghosts
Than if they had been so many posts

David was nearly tired of waiting;
His patience was abating;
At length, he heard the careless tones
Of his kinsman's voice,
And then the noise
Of wagon-wheels among the stones.
Abel was quite elated, and was roaring
With all his might, and pouring
Out, in great confusion,
Scraps of old songs made in "the Revolution."

His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton;
And jovially he went on.

Scaring the whip-po'-wills among the trees
With rhymes like these:

(*Sings. Air, "Yankee Doodle."*)

"See the Yankees
Leave the hill,
With baggernetts declining,
With lopped-down hats
And rusty guns,
And leather aprons shining."

"'See the Yankees'—Whoa! Why, what is that?"

Said Abel, staring like a cat,
As, slowly, on the fearful figure strode
Into the middle of the road.

"My conscience! what a suit of clothes!
Some crazy fellow, I suppose.
Hallo! friend, what's your name? by the
powers of gin,

That's a strange dress to travel in."

"Be silent, Abel; for I now have come
To read your doom;
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
I am a spirit—" "I suppose you are;
But you'll not hurt me, and I'll tell you why:
Here is a fact which you cannot deny;—
All spirits must be either good
Or bad—that's understood—
And be you good or evil, I am sure
That I'm secure.
If a good spirit, I am safe. If evil—
And I don't know but you may be the devil—
If that's the case, you'll recollect, I fancy,
That I am married to your sister Nancy!"

(*Bows and turns to go off. To FRANK.*) Now, Frank, you can go ahead again until you come to the sticking place. I hope that, during the time I have generously given you by speaking my piece, you have been collecting your scattered senses, and will now be able to finish what you began. (*Exit TOMMY.*)

Frank. Ladies and gentlemen, I am not at all pleased with this way of doing business. I think these boys have not treated me with proper respect. I was selected to give the

opening or introductory address, and you see how it has been done.

Sammy. (*In the audience.*) We didn't see very much of it. Don't you think it would be well enough for you to retire and memorize your speech?

Frank. You boys out there had better keep silent and not create a disturbance. There is an officer in the house.

(*Enter WILLIE BROWN. He comes before FRANK and commences to speak.*)

"'Twas night! The stars were shrouded in a veil of mist; a clouded canopy o'erhung the world; the vivid lightnings flashed and shook their fiery darts upon the earth—"

Frank. (*Speaking out.*) I say, Willie Brown, what did you come here for? I haven't finished the opening speech yet.

Willie. What's the use of having an opening speech now? The exhibition is half over. (*Continues his speech.*)

"The deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in wild commotion; the storm-spirit howled in the air; the winds whistled; the hail-stones fell like leaden balls; the hugh undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-bound shore; and torrents leaped from mountain tops; when the murderer sprang from his sleepless couch with vengeance on his brow—murder in his heart—and the fell instrument of destruction in his hand."

Frank. Stop, I say. What kind of an exhibition will this be without an introductory speech? Stop, I say. We will be the laughing-stock of the country if we don't open our exhibition with an introductory speech.

Johnny. (*In the audience.*) Oh, nobody cares for the introductory speech. Let the speech go and give us some dialogues and songs.

Willie. No dialogues and songs until I have finished my speech. This is my place on the programme. (*Continues his speech. FRANK comes and stands near him and they both speak at the same time, WILLIE giving the concluding portion of his speech and FRANK commencing at the*

first of his Opening Speech and going as far as he had gone before. WILLIE should finish just before FRANK commences to stammer.)

"The storm increased; the lightnings flashed with brighter glare; the thunder growled with deeper energy; the winds whistled with a wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul, and the stormy passions which raged in his bosom. He clenched his weapon with a sterner grasp. A demoniac smile gathered on his lip; he grated his teeth; raised his arm; sprang with a yell of triumph upon his victim, and relentlessly killed—a mosquito?" (*Bows and turns to go off. To FRANK.*) Stuck again, my boy? If we had waited for the opening speech we would not have got our exhibition opened for a week or ten days.

(*Exit WILLIE.*)

(*Enter HARRY THOMPSON. He comes forward and speaks.*)

Our parts are performed and our speeches are ended,

We are monarchs and courtiers and heroes no more;

To a much humbler station again we've descended,

And are now but the school-boys you've known us before.

Farewell then our greatness—'tis gone like a dream,

'Tis gone—but remembrance will often retrace

The indulgent applause which rewarded each theme,

And the heart-cheering smiles that enlivened each face.

We thank you! Our gratitude words cannot tell,
But deeply we feel it—to you it belongs;

With heartfelt emotion we bid you farewell,

And our feelings now thank you much more than our tongues.

We will strive to improve, since applauses thus cheer us,

That our juvenile efforts may gain your kind looks;

And we hope to convince you, the next time you hear us,

That praise has but sharpened our relish for books.

(*Bows and turns to go off.*) I have spoken the valedictory, and the exhibition is over. Ring down the curtain.

Frank. (Excitedly.) Stop! Hold! Don't! I haven't finished my speech yet.

Johnny. (In the audience.) You've given us enough for the present. You can finish it out next Christmas.

Harry. Ring down the curtain.

Frank. Stop! Don't! Don't! I want to speak my piece. (*A bell is rung and the curtain falls.*)

Frank. (Drawing the curtain aside and looking out.) Here's a go! How are we going to get along without an Opening Speech? (*Disappears.*)

[CURTAIN.]

GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

(Earnest temperance recitation.)

GO, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way.
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt:
Implore beseech and pray.
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
 And see the strong man bow ;
 With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood
 And cold and livid brow ;
 Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
 There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—
 The sobs of sad despair,
 As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
 And its revealings there
 Have told him what he might have been,
 Had he the drunkard's fate forseen.

Go to my mother's side,
 And her crushed spirit cheer ;
 Thine own deep anguish hide,
 Wipe from her cheek the tear ;
 Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
 The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
 The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
 And trace the ruin back to him
 Whose plighted faith in early youth,
 Promised eternal love and truth,
 But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
 This promise to the deadly cup,
 And led her down from love and light,
 From all that made her pathway bright,
 And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
 That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife !
 And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
 That withering blight,—a drunkard's child !

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
 All that my soul hath felt and known
 Then look within the wine-cup's glow ;
 See if its brightness can atone ;
 Think of its flavor would you try,
 If all proclaimed,—*'Tis drink and die.*

Tell me I hate the bowl,—
Hate is a feeble word ;
 I loathe, abhor, my very soul
 By strong disgust is stirred
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
 Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL !

THE PROGRESS OF MADNESS.

(Dramatic.)

STAY, jailer, stay and hear my woe !
 He is not mad who kneels to thee ;
 For what I'm now too well I know,
 And what I was—and what should be !
 I'll rave no more in proud despair—
 My language shall be mild though sad ;
 But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
 I am not mad ! I am not mad !

My tyrant foes have forged the tale,
 Which chains me in this dismal cell !
 My fate unknown my friends bewail—
 O ! jailer, haste that fate to tell !
 O ! haste my father's heart to cheer ;
 His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,
 To know, though chained a captive here,
 I am not mad ! I am not mad !

He smiles in scorn—he turns the key—
 He quits the grate—I knelt in vain !
 His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
 'Tis gone—and all is gloom again !
 Cold, bitter cold !—no warmth, no light !
 Life, all thy comforts once I had !
 Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
 Although not mad ! no, no—not mad !

'Tis sure some dream—some vision vain !
 What ! I—the child of rank and wealth—
 Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
 Bereft of freedom, friends, and health ?
 Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,
 Which never more my heart must glad,
 How aches my heart, how burns my head !
 But 'tis not mad ! it is not mad !

Hast thou, my child, forgot e'er this
 A parent's face, a parent's tongue ?
 I'll ne'er forget thy parting kiss,
 Nor round my neck how fast you clung !
 Nor how with me you sued to stay,
 Nor how that suit my foes forbade ;
 Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away—
 They'll make me mad ! they'll make me mad !

Thy rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !
 Thy mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !
 None ever saw a lovelier child !
 And art thou now forever gone ?
 And must I never see thee more,
 My pretty, gracious, noble lad ?—
 I *will* be free ! Unbar the door !
 I am not mad ! I am not mad !

O, hark ! what mean those yells and cries ?
 His chain some furious madman breaks !
 He comes ! I see his glaring eyes !
 Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes !
 Help ! help !—he's gone ! O, fearful woe,
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see !
 My brain, my brain ! I know, I know,
 I am not mad—but soon shall be !

Yes, soon ; for, lo ! now, while I speak,
 Mark, how yon demon's eyeballs glare !
 He sees me—now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whirls a serpent high in air !
 Horror ! the reptile strikes his tooth
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad !
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends ! I feel the truth !
 Your task is done—I'm mad ! I'm mad !

M. G. LEWIS.

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

(This selection is more effective if the speaker and a lady, impersonating the wife, be dressed as if leaving the house, in which case they should stand to the side of the stage near a door, and the speaker appear unconscious of the audience and address the old wife.)

OUT of the old house, Nancy—moved up
 into the new ;
 All the hurry and worry are just as good
 as through ;
 Only a bounden duty remains for you and I,
 And that's to stand on the door-step here and
 bid the old house good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in these nineteen or
 twenty years !
 Wonder it hadn't smashed in and tumbled about
 our ears ;
 Wonder it stuck together and answered till to-day,
 But every individual log was put up here to stay.

26 1-8

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house
 dear :

Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what haven't
 we had here ?

Not a log in this old buildin' but its memories
 has got—

And not a nail in this old floor but touches a
 tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into
 the new ;

All the hurry and worry is just as good as
 through ;

But I tel. you a thing right here, that I ain't
 ashamed to say :

There's precious things in this old house we
 never can take away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it
 stood before ;

Winds will whistle through it and rains will
 flood the floor ;

And over the hearth once blazing, the snow-
 drifts oft will pile,

And the old thing will seem to be a mournin'
 all the while.

Fare you well, old house ! you're naught that
 can feel or see,

But you seem like a human being—a dear old
 friend to me ;

And we never will have a better home, if my
 opinion stands,

Until we commence a keepin' house in the
 "house not made with hands."

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

JOHN.

I'VE worked in the field all day, a-plowin'
 the "stony streak ;"

I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse ; I've
 tramped till my legs are weak ;

I've choked a dozen swears, (so's not to tell
 Jane fibs,)

When the plow-pint struck a stone, and the
 handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their
sweaty coats ;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of
oats ;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin'
feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make
out a meal.

Well said ! the door is locked ! but here she's
left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her
and me ;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hus-
tled off pell-mell ;
But here on the table's a note, and probably
this will tell.

Good God ! my wife is gone ! my wife is gone
astray !
The letter it says, " Good-bye, for I'm a-going
away ;
've lived with you six months, John, and so far
I've been true ;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer
man than you."

A han'somer man than me ! Why, that ain't
much to say ;
There's han'somer men than me go past here
every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the
han'some kind ;
But a *loven'er* man than I was, I guess she'll
never find.

Curse her ! curse her ! I say, and give my curses
wings !
May the words of love I've spoken be changed
to scorpion stings !
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied
my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my
heart's blood out !

Curse her ! curse her ! say I, she'll some time
rue this day ;

She'll some time learn that hate is a game that
two can play ;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever
was born,
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it
down to scorn.

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a
time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer
man than me ;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as
others do,
That she who is false to one, can be the same
with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her
eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of
him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and
coolly count the cost ;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what
she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up
in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has
left behind ;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for
me—but no !
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not
have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin'
or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely
bad ;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it
didn't last ;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried
'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad
matter worse ;
She'll have trouble enough ; she shall not have
my curse ;

But I'll live a life so square—and I well know
that I can,—

That she always will sorry be that she went with
that han'somer man.

Ah, nere is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor
eyes blur;

It seems when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin'
her.

And here are her week-day shoes, and there is
her week-day hat,

And yonder's her weddin' gown; I wonder she
didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me
her "dearest dear,"

And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise
here;

O God! if you want a man to sense the pains
of hell,

Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven
a spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two
apart.

You've lost a worshiper here, you've crushed a
lovin' heart.

I'll worship no woman again; but guess I'll
learn to pray,

And kneel as *you* used to kneel, before you run
away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on
Heaven to bear,

And if I thought I had some little influence
there,

I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown
things all around!

Come, what's the matter now? and what have
you lost or found?

And here's my father here, a waiting for supper,
too;

I've been a riding with him—he's that "hand-
somer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the ket-
tle on,

And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear
old John.

Why, John, you look so strange! come, what
has crossed your track?

I was only a joking, you know; I'm willing to
take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a
bitter cream!

It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish
dream;

And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles
at me so queer,

I hope she don't; good gracious! I hope that
they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought
I'd understand!

But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay
of the land.

But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate
heaven well,

'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes
of hell.

WILL CARLETON.

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND.

(Dramatic reading.)

IT sometimes happens that a man, traveler or
fisherman, walking on the beach at low
tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices
that for several minutes he has been walking with
some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is
like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no
longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step
he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print
which it leaves fills with water. The eye, how-
ever, has noticed no change; the immense
strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has
the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the
surface which is solid from that which is no
longer so; the joyous little crowd of sand-flies
continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's
feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward,

inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left—the sand half leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

He is condemned to that appalling burial, long infallible, implacable, and impossible to slacken or to hasten; which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free, and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out

of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. He lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sledgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle

whose untired pinion was wet in clouds ; in the worm that crawled at his feet ; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind, adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you ; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Three hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain ; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors ! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone ! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when 'he foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away ; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low

On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.

The reeds bent down the stream : the willow
leaves

With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds ; and the long stems

Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitude, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world.

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem : and now he stood
With his faint people, for a little space,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow,
To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green
bank

And spoke their kindly words : and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh ! when the heart is full,—when bitter
thoughts

Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy,
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !
He prayed for Israel : and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those,
Whose love had been his shield : and his deep
tones

Grew tremulous. But, oh ! for Absalom,—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom,—
The proud bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he
poured

In agony that would not be controlled
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave : and as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed

To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
 The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
 His helm was at his feet: his banner soiled
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
 Reversed, beside him; and the jewelled hilt
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
 Rested like mockery on his covered brow.
 The soldiers of the King trod to and fro,
 Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
 The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
 As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
 A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
 As if a trumpet rang: but the bent form
 Of David entered, and he gave command
 In a low tone to his few followers,
 And left him with his dead. The King stood
 still

Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
 The pall from the still features of his child,
 He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
 In the resistless eloquence of woe:

“Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die,—
 Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair—
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb?
 My proud boy, Absalom!

“Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee—
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress
 thee—
 And hear thy sweet ‘*My father*,’ from these
 dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom!

“The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music, and the voices of the young:
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,—
 But thou no more with thy sweet voice shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom!

“And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
 It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom!

“And now farewell. 'Tis hard to give thee up,
 With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
 And thy dark sin—oh! I could drink the cup
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have called thee, like a wanderer,
 home,
 My lost boy, Absalom!”

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
 A moment on his child; then giving him
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer:
 And as if strength were given him of God,
 He rose up calmly and composed the pall
 Firmly and decently,—and left him there,
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

N. P. WILLIS.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

(Touchingly pathetic.)

P^ROP yer eyes wide open, Joey,
 For I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples? No, a heap sight better!
 Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
 Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—
 Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
 Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
 There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
 Where a bang-up lady sot,
 All amongst a lot of bushes—
 Each one climbin' from a pot;
 Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
 Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
 It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
 Lyin' here so thin and weak,

Never knowin' any comfort,
 And I puts on lots o' cheek.
 "Missus," says I, "If you please, mum,
 Could I ax you for a rose?
 For my little brother, missus—
 Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you,—
 How I bringed you up—poor Joe!
 (Lackin' women folks to do it.)
 Sich a 'imp you was, you know—
 Till yer got that awful tumble,
 Jist as I had broke yer in
 (Hard work, too,) to earn yer livin'
 Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
 So's you couldn't hyper much—
 Joe, it hurted when I seen you
 Fur the first time with your crutch.
 "But," I says, he's laid up now, mum,
 'Pears to weaken every day;'
 Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
 That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
 You is quite yerself to-night;
 Kind o' chirk—it's been a fornit
 Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
 Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe,
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
 Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?
 Flowers growin' everywhere!
 Some time when you're better, Joey,
 Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
 Dunno much about it, though;
 Ain't as fly as wot I might be
 On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
 That in heaven's golden gates
 Things is everlastin' cheerful—
 B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.

Likewise, there folks don't git hungry,
 So good people, when they dies,
 Finds themselves well fixed forever—
 Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
 Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
 Heaven was made fur such as you is—
 Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
 Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way:
 Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
 Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey!
 Oh, my God, can Joe be *dead*?

P. ARKWRIGHT.

DOT LAMBS WHAT MARY HAF GOT.

(Dialectic.)

MARY haf got a leetle lambs already;
 Dose vool vos vite like shnow;
 Und efery times dot Mary did vend oud,
 Dot lambs vent also out, wid Mary.

Dot lambs dit follow Mary von day of der
 school-house,
 Vich vos obbosition to der rules of her school-
 master;
 Also, vich it did caused dose schillen to smile
 out loud,
 Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der insides ov
 der school-house.

Und so dot school-master dit kick der lambs
 gwick oud;
 Likewise dot lambs dit loaf around on der
 outsides,
 Und did shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently
 about—
 Until Mary did come also from dot school-
 house oud.

Und den dot lambs did run right away gwick to
 Mary,
 Und dit make his het gwick on Mary's
 arms,
 Like he would said, "I don't was schared,
 Mary would kept me from droubles ena-
 how!"

“Vot vos der reason about it, of dat lambs und Mary?”

Dose schillen did ask it dot school-master :

“Vell, don’d you know it, dot Mary lofe dose lambs already?”

Dot school-master did said.

THE MISER.

AN old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Though the night was dark and chill,
And mournfully over the frozen earth
The wind sobbed loud and shrill.

His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,
And dim, but not with tears ;
And his skeleton form had wasted away
With penury, more than years.

A rush-light was casting a fitful glare
O’er the damp and dingy walls,
Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
And the venomous spider crawls ;
But the meanest thing in this lonesome room
Was the miser worn and bare,
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door,
And every nook had scanned ;
And felt the fastening o’er and o’er
With his cold and skinny hand ;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And started and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

“Ha, ha !” laughed the miser : “I’m safe at last

From this night so cold and drear,
From the drenching rain and driving blast,
With my gold and treasures here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, ’tis true ;
Yet if I should light that fire again,
It would cost me a cent or two.

“But I’ll take a sip of the precious wine :
It will banish my cold and fears :

It was given long since by a friend of mine—
I have kept it for many years.”

So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide ;
And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took,
And his bosom, swelled with pride.

“Let me see ; let me see !” said the miser then,
“’Tis some sixty years or more
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up the glittering store :
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
As my crowded chest will show :
I’ve more than would ransom a kingdom’s spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow.”

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
With the sun in their splendor hid :
And gem after gem, in precious store,
Are raised with exulting smile ;
And he counted and counted them o’er and o’er
In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flush to his pallid brow,
While his eyes like his diamonds shine ?
Why writhes he thus in such torture now ?
What was there in the wine ?
He strove his lonely seat to gain :
To crawl to his nest he tried ;
But finding his efforts all in vain,
He clasped his gold, and *died*.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

ARTEMUS WARD AT THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE.

(A droll reading.)

I’VE been lingerin by the Tomb of the
lamentid Shakespeare.

It is a success.

I do not hes’tate to pronounce it as such.

You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of litteratoor, you may publicate.

I told my wife Betsey, when I left home, that I should go to the birth-place of the orthur of *Otheller* and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know he was tne greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as groses, and the breezes as blowses—but a Boss poit—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the Birth-place of Shakespeare. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over over three hundred (300) years. The peple of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birth-place, &c., make it prof'tible cherishin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albium.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old church-yard at Stratford, beside a Tombstone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakespeare. Alars! and this is the spot where—"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man, —a worthy villager: "Shakespeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced moving backwards towards the street.

I pursood and captered him, and, after talking to him a spell in a sarkastic stile, I let him went.

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentators, Shakesperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist *much*. And there is no doubt if these commentators and persons continner investigatin Shakspeare's career, we shall not in doo time, know anything about it at all.

When a mere lad little William attended the Grammar School, because, as he said, the Grammar School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark coming from one so young and inexperunced, set peple to thinkin there might be something in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell*. When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow-pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, sir," he said, "in a glorious career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall be gratified! That's so."

CHARLES F. BROWNE.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab over against Beth-poer; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.—Deut. xxxiv, 6.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves.
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Amid the noblest of the land
 Men lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honored place,
 With costly marble dressed,
 In the greater minster transept,
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the choir sings, and the organ rings
 Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
 That ever buckled sword ;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word ;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced, with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page, truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
 The hill-side for his pall ;
 To lie in state while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall ;
 And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
 Over his bier to wave ;
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
 To lay him in the grave—

In that deep grave, without a name,
 Whence his uncoffined clay
 Shall break again—O wondrous thought !
 Before the judgment-day ;
 And stand, with glory wrapped around,
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life,
 With th' incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land !
 O dark Beth-poer's hill !
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath His mysteries of grace,—
 Ways that we cannot tell ;
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

(Humorous reading.)

WHEN they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a mile a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train, was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned their horses' heads homeward.

Mr. Mann broke the silence, very grimly :
 "It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready."

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Great heavens," cried Mr. Mann, with great impatience, nearly jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that ! And I sat in the buggy ten minutes yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Mann, with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started down stairs, you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Mann groaned. "This is too much to bear," he said, "when everybody knows that if I were going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my grip-sack, and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get himself or herself ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was going at 10.30, and Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9.45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour's time. Fly around ; a fair field and no favors, you know.

And away they flew. Mr. Mann bulged into this room and flew through that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up-stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining-room, and hung it on a corner of the silver-closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on the hat-rack hook, and by the time he had reached his own room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau-drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor," he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau-drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing before a glass calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, but they ain't," shouted Mr. Mann, a little annoyed. "I've emptied everything out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it I ever saw before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, replied: "These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking into your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Mann, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, setting herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted in malicious triumph. "No buttons on the neck!"

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man,

during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Mann slid out of the shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Mann coaxing the ends and bows of her necktie.

"Where are my shirt-studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Mann went out into another room and presently came back with gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Mann emptying all the boxes he could find in and around the bureau. Then she said, "In the shirt you just pulled off."

Mrs. Mann put on her gloves while Mr. Mann hunted up and down the room for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff-buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady settling her hat; "didn't you lay them down on the window-sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Mann remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with Webb's Adder, and landed with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" sweetly asked the wife of his bosom, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down the other boot?" he asked.

Mrs. Mann piteously kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged at the boot.

"Up in your dressing-room," she answered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied with her hand on the door-knob; "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the

door opened, and he shouted, "Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it."

"You threw it on the hat-rack," she called. "Good-bye, dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again:

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street car to stop, and cried, "You threw it in the silver closet."

The street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house, rushing out of the front door every now and then, shrieking after the unconscious Mrs. Mann, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if she had his clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen-door, the side-door and the front-door, all the down-stairs windows and the front-gate wide open.

The loungers around the depot were somewhat amused, just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, enterprising man, with his hat on sideways, his vest unbuttoned and necktie flying, and his grip-sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door-key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

WAS IT RIGHT?

(To be spoken in a droll, meditative manner.)

A GREAT many puzzling things come up in the course of daily life. Sometimes we are puzzled to know just whether it is right or not. Several things have puzzled me lately, and I'll relate a few of the circumstances

and ask you to help me determine as to the right or wrong of the cases. For instance:

Weary Peddler walked up to the cashier of the National Bank of Sandville, and said: "Want any cockroach powder to-day, sir? Warranted to kill flies, ants, bedbugs, cockroaches, gold-bugs, and all sich vermin; price, only—"

Cashier (to office boy). "Johnny, telephone for a policeman; this man is undoubtedly an anarchist." Was *he* right?

Again, someone asked in my hearing:

"What caused the coldness between Mrs. Neuwoman and her companion-in-marriage?" Then the answer:

"He said he was more of a man than she was." Now, was *he* right?

Then, again, the other day I asked a friend of mine whose mother-in-law had just taken up her quarters at his home:

"Has your wife's mother come to live with you for good?" And he answered crabbedly:

"Yes and no." Had he *struck* it right!

A friend of mine thinks of going to Chicago. His mother objected. He said he could take care of himself in Chicago. His mother asked him:

"If you were in a large city without money, what would you do?"

"*Somebody*," he replied.

She asked him how, and he said he knew the *art*. That puzzled me.

But, speaking of *art* reminds me of another circumstance over which I've thought a good deal.

A rich old speculator imagined that he knew all about art, whereas he was an ignoramus in regard to everything, in fact, except in making money. This old fraud determined to make a valuable present to his son-in-law, who was a preacher.

It was suggested to him that an oil painting representing Daniel in the lion's den would be very appropriate, so an order was given.

to a painter to produce the work of art. It was almost finished when the old speculator was called to inspect it. It represented a cross-section of the den with Daniel walking about among the lions. When the old man saw the picture he refused to take it. He insisted that if Daniel was in the den neither he nor the lions could be seen, and the artist had to cover the lions and Dan with a coat of black paint.

When the son-in-law was presented with the picture he was somewhat dazed to know what it represented.

"It represents Daniel in the lion's den" replied the art critic.

"But I don't see either of them."

"That makes no difference. They are in there. I saw 'em myself."

That was rather an odd way to paint a picture. Was *the old man right*?

I was out in the country the other day visiting my Uncle Josh. If there is a man in the world that I dote on doing the very thing that's *right* and *square* it is my old Uncle Josh. But he did something that day which made me doubt whether or not his head was just exactly level. I'll tell it and see what you think of it. We were out in the field, and a tramp came along.

"Please, sir," said the tramp, as he came along to where the farmer was blowing up stumps with dynamite, "are you willin' to give an unfortunite man a show?"

"No, sir—no, sir—go on with you!" shouted Uncle Josh, in reply.

"Are you not willin' to—"

"No, sir—no, sir! One of your sort of fellers cum along here the other day and wanted to be blowed up with a stump, and it took me three hours to dig a grave and bury his mangled karcass. I try to be naburly and all that, but I—"

"What I wanted was cold vittles," put in the tramp.

Oh! I see! Waal, go to the house and tell the old woman to fill you up. I thought you

wanted to be blowed up with this stump, and I'm durned if anybody works that trick on me agin! Jest cold vittles, eh? That's a different thing."

Now, was *Uncle Josh right*?

Arranged from TEXAS SIFTINGS.

RESIGNATION.

(Sunday-school or church occasion.)

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,

But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,

But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying

And mournings for the dead;

The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,

Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions

Not from the ground arise,

But oftentimes celestial benedictions

Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;

Amid these earthly damps

What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers

May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition:

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,

Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—

But gone unto that school

Where she no longer needs our poor protection,

And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,

By guardian angels led,

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution.

She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing

In those bright realms of air;

Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,

Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
 The bond which nature gives,
 Thinking that our remembrance, though un-
 spoken,
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
 For when with raptures wild
 In our embraces we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child :

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace ;
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
 Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
 And anguish long suppressed,
 Theswelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
 That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We may not wholly stay ;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing
 The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

(Suited to Labor Day occasions.)

I CALL upon those whom I address to stand
 up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's
 great ordinance for human improvement.
 Let not that great ordinance be broken down.
 What do I say? It is broken down ; and it has
 been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be
 built up again ; here, if anywhere, on these shores
 of a new world—of a new civilization. But how,
 I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not
 men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed,
 toil ; but they too, generally do it because they
 must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a
 degrading necessity ; and they desire nothing so
 much on earth as escape from it. They fulfill
 the great law of labor in the letter, but break it
 in the spirit ; fulfill it with the muscle, but break
 it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental
 or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen

and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is
 he not impelled to do, under the teachings of
 our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he
 sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in
 his idleness. This way of thinking is the herit-
 age of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under
 which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their
 lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this
 opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to
 toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop
 and dusty labor-field ; of thy hard hands, scarred
 with service more honorable than that of war ; of
 thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which
 Mother Nature has embroidered, 'midst sun and
 rain, 'midst fire and steam, her own heraldic
 honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles,
 and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile
 idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature—it
 is impiety to Heaven—it is breaking Heaven's
 great ordinance. TOIL, I repeat—TOIL, either
 of the brain, or of the heart, or of the hand, is
 the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

HANS AND FRITZ.

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who
 lived side by side,
 Remote from the world, its deceit and
 its pride :
 With their pretzels and beer the spare moments
 were spent,
 And the fruits of their labor were peace and
 content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
 And, lacking a part of the *Geld*,—as they say,—
 Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
 To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
 And gave the required amount to his friend ;
 Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
 "Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way,—
 "I Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day ;"

When the question arose, the note being made,
 "Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geeeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill
 know

You owes me dot money." Says Hans, "Dot
 ish so:

Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
 Und I prings you der note und der money some
 day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
 Paid back the amount, and from debt he was
 freed.

Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies,
 "Yaw:

Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geeeps dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz;
 "den you see,

I always remempers you paid dot to me."

Says Hans, "Dot ish so: it was now shust so
 blain,

Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

JOHN AND TIBBIE DAVISON'S DISPUTE.

(Scotch dialect. Humorous.)

JOHN DAVISON and Tibbie, his wife,
 Sat toasting their taes ae nicht
 When something startit in the fluir,
 And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife," quoth John, "did ye see that
 moose?"

Whar sorra was the cat?"

"A moose?" "Aye, a moose." "Na, na,
 guidman,

It was'na a moose, 'twas a rat."

"Ow, ow, guidwife, to think ye've been
 Sae lang about the hoose,

An' no to ken a moose frae a rat!

Yon was'na a rat! 'twas a moose."

"I've seen mair mice than you, guidman—
 An' what think ye o' that?"

Sae haud your tongue an' say nae mair—
 I tell ye, it was a rat."

Me haud my tongue for *you*, guidwife!

I'll be mester o' this hoose—

I saw't as plain as een could see't,

An' I tell ye, it was a moose!"

"If you're the mester o' the hoose

It's I'm the mistress o't;

An' I ken best what's in the hoose,

Sae I tell ye it was a rat."

"Weel, weel, guidwife, gae mak' the brose,

An' ca' it what ye please."

So up she rose and made the brose,

While John sat toasting his taes.

They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,

And aye their lips played smack;

They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,

Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' oot guidwife,

About a moose—" "A what?"

It's a lee ye tell, an' I say it again,

It was'na a moose, 'twas a rat!"

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?"

"My faith, but ye craw croose!

I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear't—

'Twas a moose!" "'Twas a rat!" "'Twas
 a moose!"

Wi' her spoon she strack him ower the pow—

"Ye dour auld doit, tak' that;

Gae to your bed, ye canker'd sumph—

'Twas a rat! 'Twas a moose! 'Twas a rat!"

See sent the brose caup at his heels,

As he hirpled ben the hoose;

Yet she shoved oot his head as he streekit the
 door,

Aud cried, "'Twas a moose! 'twas a moose!"

But when the carle was fast asleep

She paid him back for that,

And roared into his sleeping lug,

"'Twas a rat! 'twas a rat! 'twas a rat!"

The de'il be wi' me if I think

It was a beast ava !—

Neist mornin', as she sweepit the fluir,

She faund wee Johnnie's ba' !

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

JENKINS GOES TO A PICNIC.

(Humorous.)

MARIA ANN recently determined to go to a picnic.

Maria Ann is my wife—unfortunately she had planned it to go alone, so far as I am concerned, on that picnic excursion ; but when I heard about it, I determined to assist.

She *pretended* she was very glad ; I don't believe she was.

"It will do you good to get away from your work a day, poor fellow," she said ; "and we shall so much enjoy a cool morning ride on the cars, and a dinner in the woods."

On the morning of that day, Maria Ann got up at five o'clock. About three minutes later she disturbed my slumbers, and told me to come to breakfast. I told her I wasn't hungry, but it didn't make a bit of difference, I had to get up. The sun was up ; I had no idea that the sun began his business so early in the morning, but there he was.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must fly around, for the cars start at half-past six. Eat all the breakfast you can, for you won't get anything more before noon."

I could not eat anything so early in the morning. There was ice to be pounded to go around the pail of ice cream, and the sandwiches to be cut, and I thought I would never get the legs of the chicken fixed so I could get the cover on the big basket. Maria Ann flew around and piled up groceries for me to pack, giving directions to the girl about taking care of the house, and putting on her dress all at once. There is a deal of energy in that woman, perhaps a trifle too much.

At twenty minutes past six I stood on the front steps, with a basket on one arm and Maria Ann's waterproof on the other, and a pail in each hand,

and a bottle of vinegar in my coat-skirt pocket. There was a camp-chair hung on me somewhere, too, but I forget just where.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must run or we shall not catch the train."

"Maria Ann," said I, "that is a reasonable idea. How do you suppose I can run with all this freight?"

"You must, you brute. You always try to tease me. If you don't want a scene on the street, you will start, too."

So I ran.

I had one comfort, at least. Maria Ann fell down and broke her parasol. She called me a brute again because I laughed. She drove me all the way to the depot at a brisk trot, and we got on the cars ; but neither of us could get a seat, and I could not find a place where I could set the things down, so I stood there and held them.

"Maria," I said, "how is this for a cool morning ride?"

Said she, "You are a brute, Jenkins."

Said I, "You have made *that* observation before, my love."

I kept my courage up, yet I knew there would be an hour of wrath when we got home. While we were getting out of the cars, the bottle in my coat-pocket broke, and consequently I had one boot half-full of vinegar all day. That kept me pretty quiet, and Maria Ann ran off with a big whiskered music-teacher, and lost her fan, and got her feet wet, and tore her dress, and enjoyed herself so *much*, after the fashion of picnic goers.

I thought it would never come dinner-time, and Maria Ann called me a pig because I wanted to open our basket before the rest of the baskets were opened.

At last dinner came—the "nice dinner in the woods," you know. Over three thousand little red ants had got into our dinner, and they were worse to pick out than fish-bones. The ice cream had melted, and there was no vinegar for the cold meat, except what was in my boot, and, of course, that was of no immediate use. The music-teacher spilled a cup of hot coffee on Maria Ann's head, and pulled all the frizzles out

trying to wipe off the coffee with his handkerchief. Then I sat on a piece of raspberry-pie, and spoiled my white pants, and concluded I didn't want anything more. I had to stand up against a tree the rest of the afternoon. The day offered considerable variety, compared to everyday life, but there were so many drawbacks that I did not enjoy it so much as I might have done.

THE TEXAS COW.

(Droll humor.)

THE "pure dairy milk" which the Texas milkman ladles out to his customers has a suspicious resemblance in color and thinness to the cholera infantum producing liquid which the New York milkman circulates among the public.

For this reason a good many people in the towns and cities of Texas prefer to keep a cow. The Texas cow is, physically speaking, a combination of the Queen Anne and Swiss cottage styles of architecture. She seems to be made up of numerous angles, lean rib-roasts and emaciated soup bones attached to a wide-spreading set of horns; but, nevertheless, she supplies a fluid that contains the elements of a *bona fide* milk.

After the concierge of a Texas cow has wrenched from her all the milk he needs, he lets down the bars of the pen and permits her to go into the boulevard for the night, relying on her maternal instinct to bring her home next morning.

The cow waits until gentlemen are returning from the various lodges, and then, selecting a conveniently dark place in the dimly lighted street, she unlimbers her legs and sinks into the arms of Morpheus. She always selects a place where people can stumble over her without going out of their way.

The man who stumbles over a cow, couchant, can be readily recognized in a crowd a week afterwards, provided he is able to be out on crutches. The Texas cow couchant has been known to take a wheelbarrow aside and give it points. The man who stumbles over a Texas cow in the dark cannot gloat over the man who falls down stairs with a cooking stove in his arms.

At first, when he unconsciously festoons her neck with his legs, and she begins to rise to receive company, he imagines some cataclysm of nature has broken loose. He is as much surprised as the lightning was when it struck a magazine containing a few tons of powder.

Then he begins to fall off. Like the Gospel, he is spread more or less all over the earth. He eventually puts his ear to the ground to hear something drop, and he not only hears it, but feels it for weeks afterwards. No two men's experiences are exactly alike. Some hit the planet with all the force of a stepmother's arm. Some plow up the ground with their noses as if propelled by some mysterious motor.

After there has been a steady falling off of the inhabitants for an hour or so, the cow proceeds to crowd her stomach with valuable shrubs and costly tropical plants that grow in the gardens of the *élite*.

How does she get into the gardens? I hear someone ask. Leave her alone for that. She gets in by hook or by crook, but usually by hook. She hooks the gate, already weakened by lovers leaning upon it in the twilight, off its hinges.

But she is sure to get in. It would not keep her out if admission were charged. If she couldn't get in any other way she would steal the materials and build a step-ladder.

TEXAS SIFTINGS.

JIM SMILEY'S FROG.

(Humorous reading.)

WELL, this yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken-cocks, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut,—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple,

if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything; and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor,—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog,—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again, as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doing any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straight-forward as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes, and lay for a bet. One day a fellar,—a stranger in the camp, he was,—came across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't,—it's only just a frog."

And the fellar took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm! so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should judge,—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took an-

other long particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras country."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right,—that's all right; if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait. So he set there a good while, thinking and thinking to to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot,—filled him pretty near up to his chin,—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp, and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump;" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders,—so,—like a Frenchman, but it wan't no use,—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders,—this way,—at Dan'l, and says again, very delib-

erate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog." Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for; I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him, he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up, and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down, and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him.

MARK TWAIN.

THE PIPE.

(Parody on "The Bells." This piece may be made more interesting if a gentleman in smoking-jacket and slippers recite it, sitting or standing before an open grate, holding in his hand a pipe, from which he occasionally takes a "whiff," and turns it about in different positions as he soliloquizes.)

O H, I love the merry gurgle of my pipe.
 Brier pipe;
 When the flavor of the weed within is ripe;
 What a lullaby it purls,
 As the smoke around me curls,
 Mounting slowly higher, higher,
 As I dream before the fire,
 With a flavor in my mouth,
 Like a zephyr from the South,
 And my favorite tobacco
 By my side—
 Near my side,
 With the soothing necromancy
 Sweetly linking fact to fancy,
 In a golden memory-chain
 To the gurgle, sweet refrain,
 Of my pipe, brier pipe,
 To the fancy-breeding gurgle of my pipe.

 Oh, what subtle satisfaction in my pipe,
 Brier pipe;
 Nothing mundane can impart
 Such contentment to my heart;

She's my idol, she's my queen,
 Is my lady Nicotine;
 When in trouble how I yearn
 For the incense which I burn
 At her shrine.
 How I pine
 For the fragrance of her breath;
 Robbed of terror e'en is death
 By her harmless hypnotism;
 Healed is every mortal schism.
 Foe and friend
 Sweetly blend
 At the burning of the brier;
 Greed, cupidity, desire
 Fade away within the smoke,
 In the fragrant, fleecy smoke
 From my pipe, magic pipe,
 From my glowing, peace-bestowing, gurg-
 gling pipe. PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

SAY!

D O you think that a metaphysician,
 With a long psychological plan,
 Could induce microscopical effort,
 In an anthropological man?
 Could a flat phrenological failure,
 With a physiological chill,
 Love a sociological expert
 With a meteorological thrill?
 Could an archæological sprinter
 Of a dark theological hue
 Give a nice philosophical treatise
 On the eyes of my Nellie so blue?

 Could a methodological blockhead
 Having craniological feet
 Paint a dry neurological picture
 Of a wet geological street?
 Could a smooth astrological fakir
 With a teleological brain
 Give a palæological hoodoo
 In a long euchological strain?
 Do you think ethnological records,
 Astronomical worlds, will embue
 With correct biographical statements
 As to why Nellie's eyes are so blue?
 L. I. MELROY, in *Chicago Record*.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

CHARACTERS.

PYGMALION, *an Athenian sculptor.*GALATEA, *a statue.*

COSTUMES.—GENTLEMAN, *in the habit of a Greek artist.* LADY, *in statuesque drapery or ordinary Greek costume.*

(A noted Greek sculptor, Pygmalion, makes a most beautiful statute of woman. Having attained perfection of form he longs to breathe life into his work, and blames the gods that they have limited his power. He stands on the stage, to the left, looking thoughtfully up as if imploring the gods. While apparently uttering his complaints, Galatea, coming to life, calls to him from behind the curtain.)

Galatea (from behind curtain, C.).* Pygmalion !

Pygmalion (after a pause). Who called ?

Gal. Pygmalion !

(PYGMALION *tears away curtain and discovers GALATEA alive.*)

Pyg. Ye gods ! It lives !

Gal. Pygmalion !

Pyg. It speaks !

I have my prayer ! my Galatea breathes !

Gal. Where am I ? Let me speak, Pygmalion ; Give me thy hand—both hands—how soft and warm !

Whence came I ? (*Descends.*)

Pyg. Why, from yonder pedestal.

Gal. That pedestal ! Ah, yes, I recollect, There was a time when it was part of me.

Pyg. That time has passed forever, thou art now A living, breathing woman, excellent In every attribute of womankind.

Gal. Where am I, then ?

Pyg. Why, born into the world By miracle.

Gal. Is this the world ?

Pyg. It is,

Gal. This room ?

Pyg. This room is a portion of a house ; The house stands in a grove ; the grove itself Is one of many, many hundred groves In Athens.

Gal. And is Athens, then, the world ?

Pyg. To an Athenian—yes—

Gal.

And I am one ?

Pyg. By birth and parentage, not by descent.

Gal. But how came I to be ?

Pyg.

Well, let me see.

Oh ! you were quarried in Pentelicus ;

I modelled you in clay ; my artisans

Then roughed you out in marble ; I, in turn,

Brought my artistic skill to bear on you,

And made you what you are, in all but life.

The gods completed what I had begun,

And gave the only gift I could not give.

Gal. Then this is life ?

Pyg.

It is.

Gal.

And not long since

I was a cold, dull stone. I recollect

That by some means I knew that I was stone,

That was the first dull gleam of consciousness ;

I became conscious of a chilly self,

A cold immovable identity.

I knew that I was stone, and knew no more ;

Then by an imperceptible advance,

Came the dim evidence of outer things,

Seen, darkly and imperfectly, yet seen ;

The walls surrounded me, and I alone.

That pedestal—that curtain—then a voice

That called on Galatea ! At that word,

Which seemed to shake my marble to the core,

That which was dim before, came evident.

Sounds that had hummed around me, indistinct,

Vague, meaningless—seemed to resolve themselves

Into a language I could understand ;

I felt my frame pervaded with a glow

That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh ;

Its cold, hard substance throbbed with active life,

My limbs grew supple, and I moved—I lived !

Lived in the ecstasy of new born life ;

Lived in the love of him that fashioned me ;

Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,

Love, gratitude, thoughts that resolved themselves

Into one word, that word, Pygmalion !

(*Kneels to him.*)

Pyg. I have no words to tell thee of my joy,

O woman—perfect in thy loveliness.

Gal. What is that word ? Am I a woman ?

* C. indicates centre ; R., right, and L., left of stage.

- Pyg. Yes.
- Gal. Art thou a woman?
- Pyg. No, I am a man!
- Gal. What is a man?
- Pyg. A being strongly framed,
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert;
To work and toil for her, that she may rest;
To weep and mourn for her, that she may laugh;
To fight and die for her, that she may live!
- Gal. (*after a pause*). I'm glad I am a woman.
(*Takes his hand—he leads her down, L.*)
- Pyg. So am I. (*They sit.*)
- Gal. That I escape the pains thou hast to bear?
- Pyg. That I may undergo those pains for thee.
- Gal. With whom wouldst thou fight?
- Pyg. With any man
Whose word or deed gave Galatea pain.
- Gal. Then there are other men in this strange world?
- Pyg. There are, indeed?
- Gal. And other women?
- Pyg. (*taken aback*). Yes;
Though for the moment I'd forgotten it!
Yes, other women.
- Gal. And for all of these
Men work, and toil, and mourn, and weep, and
fight?
- Pyg. It is man's duty, if he's called upon,
To fight for all—he works for those he loves.
- Gal. Then by thy works I know thou lovest me?
- Pyg. Indeed, I love thee. (*Embraces her.*)
- Gal. What kind of love?
- Pyg. I love thee (*recollecting himself and releasing her*) as a sculptor loves his work!
(*Aside.*) There is diplomacy in that reply.
- Gal. My love is different in kind to thine:
I am no sculptor, and I've done no work,
Yet I do love thee; say—what love is mine?
- Pyg. Tell me its symptoms, then I'll answer thee.
- Gal. Its symptoms? Let me call them as they come.
A sense that I am made by thee for thee.
That I've no will that is not wholly thine,
That I've no thought, no hope, no enterprise,
- That does not own thee as its sovereign;
That I have life that I may live for thee,
That I am thine—that thou and I are one!
What kind of love is that?
- Pyg. A kind of love
That I shall run some risk in dealing with.
- Gal. And why, Pygmalion?
- Pyg. Such love as thine
A man may not receive, except, indeed,
From one who is, or is to be, his wife.
- Gal. Then I will be thy wife.
- Pyg. That may not be;
I have a wife—the gods allow but one.
- Gal. Why did the gods then send me here to thee?
- Pyg. I cannot say—unless to punish me
(*Rises.*)
For unreflecting and presumptuous prayer!
I pray'd that thou shouldst live. I have my
prayer,
And now I see the fearful consequence
That must attend it!
- Gal. Yet thou lovest me? (*Rises.*)
- Pyg. Who could look on that face and stifle love?
- Gal. Then I am beautiful?
- Pyg. Indeed thou art.
- Gal. I wish that I could look upon myself,
But that's impossible.
- Pyg. Not so, indeed, (*Crosses, R.*)
This mirror will reflect thy face. Behold!
(*Hands her a mirror from table, R. C.*)
- Gal. How beautiful! I am very glad to know
That both our tastes agree so perfectly;
Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think
That aught could be more beautiful than thou,
Till I behold myself. Believe me, love,
I could look in this mirror all day long.
So I'm a woman.
- Pyg. There's no doubt of that!
- Gal. Oh! happy maid, to be so passing fair!
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze
At will upon so beautiful a face!
- Pyg. Hush! Galatea—in thine innocence
(*Taking glass from her.*)
Thou sayest things that others would reprove.

Gal. Indeed, Pygmalion ; then it is wrong
To think that one is exquisitely fair?

Pyg. Well, Galatea, it's a sentiment
That every other woman shares with thee ;
They think it—but they keep it to themselves.

Gal. And is thy wife as beautiful as I?

Pyg. No, Galatea ; for in forming thee
I took her features—lovely in themselves—
And in marble made them lovelier still.

Gal. (disappointed). Oh ! then I am not original ?

Pyg. Well—no—
That is, thou hast indeed a prototype,
But though in stone thou didst resemble her,
In life, the difference is manifest.

Gal. I'm very glad that I am lovelier than she.
And am I better ? *(Sits, L.)*

Pyg. That I do not know.

Gal. Then she has faults.

Pyg. Very few, indeed ;
Mere trivial blemishes, that serve to show
That she and I are of one common kin.
I love her all the better for such faults.

Gal. (after a pause). Tell me some faults and
I'll commit them now.

Pyg. There is no hurry ; they will come in
time : *(Sits beside her, L.)*

Though for that matter, it's a grievous sin
To sit as lovingly as we sit now.

Gal. Is sin so pleasant ? If to sit and talk
As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,
Why I could sin all day. But tell me, love,
Is this great fault that I'm committing now,
The kind of fault that only serves to show
That thou and I are of one common kin ?

Pyg. Indeed, I am very much afraid it is.

Gal. And dost thou love me better for such
fault ?

Pyg. Where is the mortal that could answer
“ no ? ”

Gal. Why then I'm satisfied, Pygmalion ;
Thy wife and I can start on equal terms.
She loves thee ?

Pyg. Very much.

Gal. I'm glad of that.
I like thy wife.

Pyg. And why ?

Gal. (surprised at the question). Our tastes
agree

We love Pygmalion well, and what is more,
Pygmalion loves us both. I like thy wife ;
I'm sure we shall agree.

Pyg. (aside). I doubt it much.

Gal. Is she within ?

Pyg. No, she is not within.

Gal. But she'll come back ?

Pyg. Oh ! yes, she will come back.

Gal. How pleased she'll be to know when she
returns,

That there was someone here to fill her place.

Pyg. (dryly). Yes, I should say she'd be ex-
tremely pleased. *(Rises.)*

Gal. Why, there is something in thy voice
which says

That thou art jesting. Is it possible
To say one thing and mean another ?

Pyg. Yes,

It's sometimes done.

Gal. How very wonderful !

So clever !

Pyg. And so very useful.

Gal. Yes.

Teach me the art.

Pyg. The art will come in time.

My wife will not be pleased ; there—that's the
truth.

Gal. I do not think that I shall like thy wife.
Tell me more of her.

Pyg. Well—

Gal. What did she say
When she last left thee ?

Pyg. Humph ! Well, let me see :
Oh ! true, she gave thee to me as my wife—
Her solitary representative ;

(Tenderly) She feared I should be lonely till she
she came,

And counselled me, if thoughts of love should
come,

To speak those thoughts to thee, as I am wont
To speak to her.

Gal. That's right.

Pyg. (releasing her). But when she spoke

Thou wast a stone, now thou art flesh and blood,
Which makes a difference.

Gal. It's a strange world ;
A woman loves her husband very much,
And cannot brook that I should love him too ;
She fears he will be lonely till she comes,
And will not let me cheer his loneliness :
She bids him breathe his love to senseless stone,
And when that stone is brought to life—be dumb !
It's a strange world, I cannot fathom it.

(*Crosses, R.*)

Pyg. (aside). Let me be brave, and put an
end to this.

(*Aloud.*) Come, Galatea—till my wife returns,
My sister shall provide thee with a home ;
Her house is close at hand.

Gal. (astonished and alarmed). Send me not
hence,
Pygmalion—let me stay.

Pyg. It may not be.
Come, Galatea, we shall meet again.

Gal. (resignedly). Do with me as thou wilt,
Pygmalion !
But we shall meet again ?—and very soon ?

Pyg. Yes, very soon.
Gal. And when thy wife returns,
She'll let me stay with thee ?

Pyg. I do not know.
(*Aside.*) Why should I hide the truth from
her ?

(*Aloud.*) Alas !
I may not see thee then.

Gal. Pygmalion !
What fearful words are these ?
Pyg. The bitter truth.

I may not love thee ; I must send thee hence.
Gal. Recall those words, Pygmalion, my love !
Was it for this that Heaven gave me life ?
Pygmalion, have mercy on me ; see
I am thy work, thou hast created me ;
The gods have sent me to thee. I am thine,
Thine ! only and unalterably thine ! (*Music.*)
This is the thought with which my soul is
charged.

Thou tellest me of one who claims thy love,
That thou hast love for her alone ! Alas !

I do not know these things ; I only know
That Heaven has sent me here to be with thee.
Thou tellest me of duty to thy wife,
Of vows that thou wilt love but her ; alas !
I do not know these things ; I only know
That Heaven, who sent me here, has given me
One all-absorbing duty to discharge—
To love thee, and to make thee love again !

(*During this speech Pygmalion has shown
symptoms of irresolution ; at its conclusion he
takes her in his arms and embraces her passion-
ately.*)
W. S. GILBERT.

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

(A dialogue for two men. From Act IV. of *Julius Cæsar*. Before rendering the dialogue it is presumed that the participants will read the whole play from a volume of Shakespeare, and familiarize themselves with the spirit of the selection. The interest will be enhanced by the use of proper costumes. Where these cannot be hired—as they generally may in cities and large towns—they may be easily improvised by observing the simple Roman dress as illustrated in historical works.)

(*Curtain rises, revealing BRUTUS and CASSIUS in
heated conversation on the stage.*)

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth
appear in this ;
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of Sardinians ;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side
Because I knew the man) were slighted of.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in
such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its com-
ment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last !

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this cor-
ruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ?—What ! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman !

Cas. Brutus, bay not me !
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in : I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ! you're not Cassius !

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more : I shall forget myself :
Have mind upon your health : tempt me no fur-
ther !

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. Must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? Ay, more ! Fret till your
proud heart break !

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge ?

Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ?

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laugh-
ter,—

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier ;
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong
me, Brutus :

I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus
have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ! durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love.
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied
me ;—

For I can raise no money by vile means :
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions ;
Which you denied me. Was that done like
Cassius ?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath
rived my heart,

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;

For Cassius is a-weary of the world—

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;

Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from my eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth:

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,

When thou didst hate him worse, thou lovedst him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.—

Cas. O, Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[CURTAIN.] SHAKESPEARE.

TABLEAU.—FRIENDSHIP RESTORED.

Curtain rises, revealing BRUTUS and CASSIUS with one hand laid upon the other's shoulder, while the right hands firmly clasp. On the face of each beams the light of noble love and manly friendship, showing their mutual joy. The bearing should be dignified and manly.

SCENE BETWEEN HAMLET AND THE QUEEN.

(Dialogue for elderly lady and young man. From Act III. of the tragedy of *Hamlet*. The part of HAMLET is a very difficult one to play, and should be thoroughly studied. The whole tragedy should be read from Shakespeare, any illustrated volume of which will suggest appropriate costume. The GHOST may be impersonated by a voice, unless a suitable costume and staging are available.)

(*Curtain rises and reveals HAMLET approaching his MOTHER, who may be seated and apparently in much distress.*)

Hamlet. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Hamlet. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Hamlet. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Hamlet. No, by the rood, not so.

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And—would it were not so—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Polonius (behind). What, ho! help, help, help!

Hamlet (drawing.) How now! a rat? Dead,
for a ducat, dead!

(*Makes a pass through the arras.*)

Polonius (behind). O, I am slain!

(*Falls and dies.*)

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not;

Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is
this!

Hamlet. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good
mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Hamlet. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

(*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*)

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better:

Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you
down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff,

If damned custom have not braz'd it so

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Hamlet. Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love

And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows

As false as dicers' oaths; O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul, and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow,

Yea, this sondity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,

That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Hamlet. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See what a grace was seated on this brow;

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station like the herald Mercury

New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination and a form indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man.

This was your husband. Look you now, what
follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear.

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love, for at your age

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment; and what judg-
ment

Would step from this to this?

O shame! where is thy blush?

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more;

Thou turns't mine eyes into my very soul,

And there I see such black and grained spots

As will not leave their tinct.

O, speak to me no more;

These words like daggers enter in mine ears:

No more, sweet Hamlet!

Hamlet. A murderer and a villain;

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,

And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Hamlet. A king of shreds and patches,—

(*Enter GHOST.*)

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

You heavenly guards!—What would your gra-
cious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad!

Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy son to
chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by

The important acting of your dread command?

O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:

O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Hamlet. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?

O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Hamlet. On him, on him! Look you, how
pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
stones,

Would make them capable. Do not look upon
me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Hamlet. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Hamlet. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Hamlet. Why, look you there! look, how it
steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the por-
tal. (*Exit GHOST.*)

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Hamlet. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart
in twain.

Hamlet. O, throw away the worser part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.

For this same lord, (*Pointing to Polonius.*)

I do repent;

I will bestow him, and will answer well

The death I gave him,—So, again, good-night.

I must be cruel, only to be kind;

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

[CURTAIN.] SHAKESPEARE.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

(This piece is frequently recited by one person, but is much more effective in dialogue. LOCHIEL, a Highland chieftain, while on his march to join the Pretender, is met by one of the Highland seers, or prophets, who warns him to return, and not incur the certain ruin and disaster which await the unfortunate prince and his followers on the field of Culloden. When used as a dialogue, a blast of trumpet is heard. The curtain being drawn, LOCHIEL enters, attired in the Highland fighting costume, and following him should appear in the doorway of the stage two or three armed Scotch soldiers to give the idea of a large number behind them. The SEER meets him from the other direction, dressed in flowing robes, and with long white hair and beard, and, raising his hands in the attitude of warning, speaks imploringly as follows:)

Seer.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in
battle array!

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight:
They rally, they bleed, for their country and
crown,—

Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the
plain.

But, hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of
war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the
gate.

A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair!
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
O! weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead!
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

Lochiel.

Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright !

Seer.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
torn !

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the
North ?

Lo ! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he
rode

Companionless, bearing destruction abroad :
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of
Heaven.

O, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it
stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing
brood !

Lochiel.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshall'd my clan :
Their swords are a thousand ; their bosoms are one :
They are true to the last of their blood, and
their breath,

And like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the
shock !

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
rock !

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;
All plaided, and plum'd in their tartan array—

Seer.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day !
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
Yet man cannot cover what God would reveal :
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive
king.

Lo ! anointed by Heaven with vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path !
Now in darkness, and billows, he sweeps from
my sight :

Rise ! Rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his
flight !

'Tis finish'd.—Their thunders are hush'd on the
moors ;

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ! Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, for-
lorn,

Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding, and
torn ?

Ah ! no ; for a darker departure is near ;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the
bier ;

His death-bell is tolling ; oh ! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
Life flutters, convuls'd in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accurs'd be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to
beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Lochiel.

Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale ;
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor—so foul with retreat.
Tho' his perishing ranks should be strow'd in
their gore,

Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten
shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight, or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the
foe!

And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of
fame. CAMPBELL.

[CURTAIN.]

TABLEAU.

A very pretty tableau may be quickly formed behind the curtain, and at the close of applause from the audience the curtain be raised, showing LOCHIEL standing proud and imperious, his clan gathered around him, and the old SEER upon his knees, head thrown back, with hands and face raised imploringly.

MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

(Adapted from Schiller, Scene II., Act III. Arranged for two ladies and two gentleman.

CHARACTERS:

MARY, *Queen of Scotland.*

ELIZABETH, *Queen of England.*

ROBERT, *Earl of Leicester.*

TALBOT, *a friend of Mary.*

COSTUMES.—*Elizabethan age of England and Scotland.*

Enter MARY and TALBOT.

Mary. Talbot, Elizabeth will soon be here. I cannot see her. Preserve me from this hateful interview.

Talbot. Reflect a while. Recall thy courage. The moment is come upon which everything depends. Incline thyself; submit to the necessity of the moment. She is the stronger. Thou must bend before her.

Mary. Before her? I cannot!

Tal. Thou must do so. Speak to her humbly; invoke the greatness of her generous heart; dwell not too much upon thy rights. But see first how she bears herself towards thee. I myself did witness her emotion on reading thy letter. The tears stood in her eyes. Her heart, 'tis sure, is not a stranger to compassion; therefore place more confidence in her, and prepare thyself for her reception.

Mary. (*Taking his hand.*) Thou wert ever my faithful friend. Oh, that I had always remained beneath thy kind guardianship, Talbot! Their care of me has indeed been harsh. Who attends her?

Tal. Leicester. You need not fear him; the earl doth not seek thy fall. Behold, the queen approaches. (*Retires.*)

Enter ELIZABETH and LEICESTER.

Mary. (*Aside.*) O heavens! Protect me! her features say she has no heart!

Elizabeth. (*To LEICESTER.*) Who is this woman? (*Feigning surprise.*) Robert, who has dared to—

Lei. Be not angry, queen, and since heaven has hither directed thee, suffer pity to triumph in thy noble heart.

Tal. (*Advancing.*) Deign, royal lady, to cast a look of compassion on the unhappy woman who prostrates herself at thy feet.

[*MARY, having attempted to approach ELIZABETH, stops short, overcome by repugnance, her gestures indicating internal struggle.*]

Eliz. (*Haughtily.*) Sirs, which of you spoke of humility and submission? I see nothing but a proud lady, whom misfortune has not succeeded in subduing.

Mary. (*Aside.*) I will undergo even this last degree of ignominy. My soul discards its noble but, alas! impotent pride. I will seek to forget who I am, what I have suffered, and will humble myself before her who has caused my disgrace. (*Turns to ELIZABETH.*) Heaven, O sister, has declared itself on thy side, and has graced thy happy head with the crown of victory. (*Kneeling.*) I worship the Deity who hath rendered thee so powerful. Show thyself noble in thy triumph, and leave me not overwhelmed by shame! Open thy arms, extend in mercy to me thy royal hand, and raise me from my fearful fall.

Eliz. (*Drawing back.*) Thy place, Stuart, is there, and I shall ever raise my hands in gratitude to heaven that it has not willed that I should kneel at thy feet, as thou now crouchest in the dust at mine.

Mary. (*With great emotion.*) Think of the vicissitudes of all things human! There is a Deity above who punisheth pride. Respect the Providence who now doth prostrate me at thy feet. Do not show thyself insensible and pitiless as the rock, to which the drowning man, with failing breath and outstretched arms, doth cling. My life, my entire destiny, depend upon my words and the power of my tears. Inspire my heart, teach me to move, to touch thine own. Thou turnest such icy looks upon me, that my soul doth sink within me, my grief parches my lips, and a cold shudder renders my entreaties mute. (*Rises.*)

Eliz. (*Coldly.*) What wouldst thou say to me? thou didst seek converse with me. Forgetting that I am an outraged sovereign, I honor thee with my royal presence. 'Tis in obedience to a generous impulse that I incur the reproach of having sacrificed my dignity.

Mary. How can I express myself? how shall I so choose every word that it may penetrate, without irritating, thy heart? God of mercy! aid my lips, and banish from them whatever may offend my sister! I cannot relate to thee my woes without appearing to accuse thee, and this is not my wish. Towards me thou hast been neither merciful nor just. I am thine equal, and yet thou hast made me a prisoner, a suppliant, and a fugitive. I turned to thee for aid, and thou, trampling on the rights of nations and of hospitality, hast immured me in a living tomb! Thou hast abandoned me to the most shameful need, and finally exposed me to the ignominy of a trial! But, no more of the past; we are now face to face. Display the goodness of thy heart! tell me the crimes of which I am accused! Wherefore didst thou not grant me this friendly audience when I so eagerly desired it? Years of misery would have been spared me, and this painful interview would not have occurred in this abode of gloom and horror.

Eliz. Accuse not fate, but thine own wayward soul and the unreasonable ambition of thy house. There was no quarrel between us until thy most worthy ally inspired thee with the mad and rash

desire to claim for thyself the royal titles and my throne! Not satisfied with this, he then urged thee to make war against me, to threaten my crown and my life. Amidst the peace which reigned in my dominions, he fraudulently excited my subjects to revolt. But heaven doth protect me, and the attempt was abandoned in despair. The blow was aimed at my head, but 'tis on thine that it will fall.

Mary. I am in the hand of my God, but thou wilt not exceed thy power by committing a deed so atrocious?

Eliz. What could prevent me? Thy kinsman has shown monarchs how to make peace with their enemies! Who would be surety for thee if, imprudently, I were to release thee? How can I rely on thy pledged faith? Nought but my power renders me secure. No! there can be no friendship with a race of vipers.

Mary. Are these thy dark suspicions? To thine eyes, then, I have ever seemed a stranger and an enemy. If thou hadst but recognized me as heiress to thy throne—as is my lawful right—love, friendship, would have made me thy friend—thy sister.

Eliz. What affection hast thou that is not feigned? I declare thee heiress to my throne! Insidious treachery! In order, forsooth, to overturn the state, and—wily Armida that thou art—entrap within thy snares all the youthful spirits of my kingdom, so that during my own lifetime all eyes would turn towards thee—the new constellation!

Mary. Reign on in peace! I renounce all right to thy sceptre. The wings of my ambition have long drooped, and greatness has no longer charms for me. 'Tis thou who hast it all; I am now only the shade of Mary Stuart! My pristine ardor has been subdued by the ignominy of my chains. Thou hast nipped my existence in the bud. But pronounce those magnanimous words for which thou cam'st hither; for I will not believe that thou art come to enjoy the base delight of insulting thy victim! Pronounce the words so longed for, and say, "Mary, thou art free! Till now thou hast known only my power;

now know my greatness." Woe to thee, shouldst thou not depart from me propitious, beneficent, like an invoked Deity. O sister! not for all England, not for all the lands the vast ocean embraces, would I present myself to thee with the inexorable aspect with which thou now regardest me!

Eliz. At length thou confessest thyself vanquished! Hast thou emptied thy quiver of the artifices it contained? Hast thou no more assassins? Does there not remain to thee one single hero to undertake in thy defence the duties of knight-errant? Gone, Mary, gone forever are those days. Thou canst no longer seduce a follower of mine; other causes now inflame men's hearts. In vain didst thou seek a fourth husband among my English subjects; they knew too well that thou murderest thy husbands, as thou dost thy lovers.

Mary. (*Shuddering.*) O heavens! sister! Grant me resignation.

Eliz. (*To LEICESTER, with contempt.*) Earl, are these the boasted features, on which no mortal eye could gaze with safety? Is this the beauty to which no other woman's could be compared? In sooth, the reputation appears to have been easily won. To be thus celebrated as the reigning beauty of the universe seems merely to infer that she has been universal in the distribution of her favors.

Mary. Ah, 'tis too much.

Eliz. (*With a smile of satisfaction.*) Now thou showest thyself in thine own form. Till now thou hast worn a mask.

Mary. (*With dignified pride.*) They were mere human errors that overcame my youth. My grandeur dazzled me. I have nought to conceal, nor deny my faults; my pride has ever disdained the base artifices of vile intriguers. The worst I ever did is known, and I may boast myself far better than my reputation. But woe to thee, thou malignant hypocrite, if thou ever lettest fall the mantle beneath which thou con-

cealest thy shameless amours! Thou, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, hast not inherited virtue! The causes that brought thy sinful mother to the block are known to all.

Tal. (*Stepping between them.*) Is this, O Mary, thine endurance? Is this thy humility?

Mary. Endurance? I have endured all that a mortal heart can bear. Hence, abject humility! Insulted patience, get ye from my heart! And thou, my long pent-up indignation, break thy bonds, and burst forth from thy lair! Oh, thou gavest to the angry serpent his deadly glance; arm my tongue with poisonous stings.

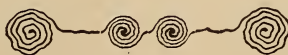
Tal. (*To ELIZABETH.*) Forgive the angry transports which thou hast thyself provoked.

Lei. (*Inducing ELIZABETH to withdraw.*) Hear not the ravings of a distracted woman. Leave this ill—

Mary. The throne of England is profaned by a base-born—the British nation is duped by a vile pretender! If right did prevail, thou wouldst be grovelling at my feet, for 'tis I who am thy sovereign. (*ELIZABETH retires. LEICESTER and TALBOT follow.*) She departs, burning with rage, and with bitterness of death at heart. Now happy I am! I have degraded her in Leicester's presence. At last! at last! After long years of insult and contumely, I have at least enjoyed a season of triumph. (*Sinks upon the floor.*) [CURTAIN.] SCHILLER.

TABLEAU.

Curtain rises. MARY reclines upon the floor, disheveled hair, face buried in hands, shaking with emotion. ELIZABETH stands glaring at her, face livid with anger, clenched fists. LEICESTER is restraining her; his hand is raised as if admonishing her not to yield to her rage and do an act unbecoming a queen. TALBOT leans over MARY, to whom he appears to offer words of hope and consolation, at the same time lifting his right hand imploringly to ELIZABETH.



A DEBATE.

Question: "Are the Mental Capacities of the Sexes Equal?"

(A debate arranged for *seventeen* male speakers, followed by a lady. There should be seats for all those who are to take part in the debate, the Chairman being distinguished from the others by being more elevated in his position, and having a table or desk before him. Should there not be room on the stage for all the debaters, some can sit grouped on the floor adjoining. Every speaker as he rises should try to catch the eye of the Chairman, and the latter should check every tendency to confusion by rapping on the table, and calling gentlemen to order. To give an air of spontaneity to the debate, several speakers may at times rise at once, crying "Mr. Chairman." The Chairman should be courteous and attentive to all, but prompt in his decisions, and energetic in maintaining them. Occasional applause, or indications of dissent, are allowable.)

The Chairman. Gentlemen: I feel very highly the honor you have done me by placing me in the chair. I will not waste your time, however, by inflicting a speech upon you, but will proceed at once to the proper business of the meeting. The question we are to discuss is as follows (*reads from a roll of paper*): "Are the mental capacities of the sexes equal?" I beg to call upon the Opener to commence the debate. I have only to add that I hope the discussion will be carried on in a manner befitting the importance and gravity of the subject. (*The CHAIRMAN resumes his seat amid applause, and the OPENER rises.*)

The Opener. Sir, in rising to open the question which has been put from the chair, I assure you that I feel the need of much indulgence, and I hope that I shall not be denied it. I expect no small amount of reproach and contumely for the part I mean to take in this debate; for I know the gallantry of many of my friends around me, and I fully make up my mind to smart under the weight of it. However, I will meet my fate boldly, at all events; I will declare, at once, that I am a believer in the mental inferiority of the ladies. ("O! O!" met by cries of "Hear! hear!") And, if my clamorous friends will let me, I will endeavor to prove that I am right. I will take my proofs from history. Which shines the brighter, the male sex or the female? Look among sovereigns—Where is the female Cæsar?—the female

Alfred?—the female Alexander?—the female Napoleon? Or take legislators—What woman have we to compare with Solon or Lycurgus? with Washington or Hamilton? Or take the glorious list of orators. Can you point to a female Demos'the-nēs, or Mirabeau, or Chatham, or Patrick Henry, or Webster? No, sir! The ladies may have the gift of the—I beg pardon—the gift of loquacity, but not of eloquence. Where are the female philosophers, moreover? Where is their Soc'ra-tēs, their Plato, their Newton, their Jonathan Edwards? Where is their great discoverer—their Columbus, their Franklin, their Herschel, their Daguerre? Where their great inventor—their Fulton, their Morse, their Whitney, their Edison? In literature, too, are the great names those of the fairer or the sterner sex? Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Campbell, Irving, Dickens—what lady writers equal these? (*Applause.*)

I shall not enter into the philosophical part of the question at all. Facts are the strongest arguments, and these I have produced. Besides, I dare say that some of my supporters will choose that view of the matter, and into their hands I am quite willing to resign it.

I feel that I should weaken my cause were I to say more. I therefore commit the question to your fair and full discussion, quite convinced that a just conclusion will at length be arrived at. (*Applause.*)

Second Speaker. Sir, my friend, who has just resumed his seat, has regarded this question as it is answered by history: I will view it by the light of reason and philosophy. I think, then, that women are *meant* to be inferior to men. The female of every kind of animal is weaker than the male, and why should a distinction be made with the human species? ("That's so.")

The sphere which the female is called upon to fill is the domestic one. To rule and to command is the sphere of man. He is here to govern and to guide. Now, the exercise of authority requires greater mental power than the duties of the other sex demand; and I think that man would not have been called upon to rule,

had not greater power been conferred upon him. Where would be the unutterable delight that now dwells in the magic word "HOME," if woman were more intellectually subtle than she is? All these true joys would be lost to us; and woman, instead of earning our gratitude and affection by creating them, would be studying metaphysics, diving into theology, or searching out new stars. It seems to me that the very happiness of the world depends upon the inequalities and differences existing in the minds of the sexes, and therefore I shall vote with my friend, the Opener. (*Applause.*)

Third Speaker. Sir, I rise to defend the ladies. (*Applause.*) I admit the ability of my two friends who have preceded me; but I dispute their arguments, and I utterly deny their conclusions. I shall deal with the Opener only, and leave the other gentleman to the tender mercies of the succeeding speakers.

Our friend referred us to history; very unfortunately, I think. He spoke of rulers. Where is the female Cæsar? said he, and the female Alexander? I am proud to reply—Nowhere. No, sir; the fair sex can claim no such murderers, no such usurpers, no such enemies of mankind. But I will tell my friend what the fair sex *can* boast: can boast an Elizabeth, and also a Victoria. (*Loud applause.*) While the ladies can claim such rulers as these, their male detractors may keep their Cæsars and Alexanders to themselves; and I, for one, shall never reclaim them from their keeping. (*Applause.*) I had more to say, sir, but I feel that other speakers would occupy your time more profitably, and so I will resume my seat.

Fourth Speaker. Sir, the speaker who has just sat down was scarcely justified in calling his opponents "detractors of the ladies;" such an epithet is scarcely fair, and he would prove his point better, by using more moderate language. He has spoken of Elizabeth and Victoria, and I agree in his admiration of at least the latter of those distinguished characters; but I would just remind him that history speaks of a Bloody Mary as well as an Elizabeth—of a Cleopatra as well as a Victoria. I am not determined, sir, upon

which side I shall vote. I wait to be convinced; and I assure my friends on both sides, that I am quite open to conviction. (*Applause.*)

Fifth Speaker. Then I, sir, will try to convince my friend. I will try to convince him that he should adopt the cause of the ladies. The fair sex have not yet had justice done them. What is the argument employed to prove their inferiority? Simply this—that they are not such strong rulers, such learned law-givers, or such great poets. But suppose I grant this; the sexes may be mentally equal, notwithstanding. For, if I can show that the female sex possess qualities which the male sex do not,—qualities which, though widely different from those named, are quite as valuable to the world,—I establish an argument in their favor quite as strong as that against them. And I can prove this. In affection, in constancy, in patience, in purity of sentiment, and in piety of life, they as far surpass men as men surpass them in mere bodily strength. (*Applause.*) And what qualities are superior to these? Is strength of intellect superior to strength of heart? Is the ability to make laws superior to the power that wins and keeps affection? Is a facility in making rhymes superior to sisterly love and maternal solicitude? I think, sir, that it is unwise and unfair to judge between the two. The spheres of the sexes are different, and require different powers; but, though different in degree, they may be, and I believe they are, fully equal in amount. (*Loud applause.*)

Sixth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, my speech shall consist of one question. Woman's brain is smaller than man's: now, if, as philosophers tell us, the size of the brain is the evidence of intellectual power, is not woman's intellect necessarily inferior to man's? ("Hear! hear!" and laughter.)

Seventh Speaker. Sir, my friend who has just sat down gave his speech in a question: I will give him another in reply. If the size of the brain is the proof of intellectual power, how is it that the calf is more stupid than the dog? (*Laughter and applause.*)

Eighth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, the last speaker's happy reply has saved me the necessity of answering the sagacious question of the gentleman who spoke before him. My friend, the opener of the debate, said, rather plausibly, that as the male sex can boast a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a Byron, and the other sex cannot, *therefore* the male sex must be superior. It is but a poor argument, sir, when plainly looked at. We should recollect that there is but *one* Shakespeare, but *one* Milton, but *one* Byron. Who can say that the female sex may not some day surpass these writers, famous though they be?

Another gentleman spoke of philosophers. Let me remind *him*—for he seems to have forgotten, or not to know—that the female sex can produce a De Staël, a Somerville, and a George Elliott. Not that I would claim for the ladies, for one moment, any merit on this ground. I think that scientific and literary excellence is by no means the choicest laurel for their gathering. Learning does not sit so gracefully on the female as on the masculine brow:—a blue-stocking is proverbially disagreeable. We can tolerate the spectacle of a Newton or a Locke so immersed in study that he plays the sloven; but the sight of a female—a lady—so abstracted as to play the—(*Cries of "Order! order!"*) I say, sir, the sight of a lady so abstracted as to forget that her hair is in papers, her dress untidy, or her fingers inky, is simply repulsive. No amount of beauty will reconcile us to the absence of the feminine attribute of *neatness*. Woman's office, sir, is to teach the heart, not the mind; and when she strives for intellectual superiority, she quits a higher throne than ever she can win. (*Applause.*)

Ninth Speaker. Sir, the gentleman who called this a question of *difference*, not *amount* of intellect, put the question, to my thinking, in its proper light. I quite agree with the opener of the debate, that in mere mental power, in mere clearness, force, and intensity of intellect, the male sex is unquestionably superior to the female. But, at the same time, I can by no means admit that this proves woman to be inferior to the

other sex. Much of what man has done results from his superior *physical* strength; and, moreover, if man has done great things visibly and mentally, woman has accomplished great things morally and silently. In every stage of society she has kept alive the conscience, refined the manners, and improved the taste; in barbarism and in civilization alike, she has gladdened the homes and purified the hearts of those she has gathered round her. Whilst, therefore, I admit that in mental strength woman is not, and can never be, equal to the other sex, I maintain that her superior morality makes the balance at least even. (*Applause.*)

Tenth Speaker. I am quite ready to concede, sir, with the last speaker, that in the private and domestic virtues the female sex is superior to the male: but I cannot go so far with him as to say that man is morally woman's inferior. For which are the highest moral virtues? Courage, fortitude, endurance, perseverance; and these, I think, man possesses far more prominently than woman. Let the field of battle test his courage: with what heroic boldness he faces certain death! His fortitude again: what shocks he bears, what bereavements he patiently sustains! Mark his endurance, too. Privation, hunger, cold, galling servitude, heavy labor, these he suffers oftentimes without a murmur. See also how he perseveres! He sets some plan before him. Days, months, years, find it still distant, still unwon: he continues his exertions, and at last he gains the prize. These, sir, I contend, are amongst the highest moral virtues, and I think I have shown that the male sex possesses them more abundantly than the other. (*Applause.*)

Eleventh Speaker. Sir, I quite agree with the gentleman who spoke last, that courage, endurance, and fortitude, are amongst the highest moral virtues; but I do *not* agree with him when he says that the female sex possesses them in an inferior degree to the male. True, man shows his courage in the battle-field. He faces death, and meets it unshrinkingly. But has not woman courage quiet as great. *She* fights battles,—not

a few: oftentimes with want, starvation, and ruin: and bravely indeed does she maintain her ground. Far more bravely than the man, in fact. The first shock overcomes *him* at once: when attacked by distress, he is in a moment laid prostrate. Then it is, sir, that woman's moral courage, endurance, and fortitude, shine out the most. She sustains, she cheers, she encourages, she soothes the other; nerves him by her example, invigorates him by her tenderness, and directs him by gentle counsel and affectionate encouragement, to put his shoulder to the wheel of his broken fortune, and restore himself to the position he has lost.

"O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou!"

Sir, gentlemen have boasted of their Alexanders and their Napoleons; so has woman to match them her Joan of Arc. But I can point them to a spectacle which sends a warmer thrill to the heart than the contemplation of Alexander crossing the Gran'icus, or of Napoleon heading the impetuous onset across the bridge of Lodi. I behold a woman quitting the comforts of an affluent home in England, and standing by the bedside of wounded and plague-stricken soldiers in the hospitals of Constantinople. Sir, if that was not courage, it was something nobler, braver, more divine; and the name of Florence Nightingale—(*interruption of loud applause*)—the name of Florence Nightingale, I say, sir, is to my mind crowned with a halo more luminous and admirable than any false glare that surrounds the fame of any conqueror or man-slayer that ever spread desolation through a land. With equal praise I might refer to her successor in our own land, Clara Barton, that heroic woman of the Red Cross.

Sir, let me quote one other instance. When that illustrious French woman and true friend of liberty, Madam Ro-land', in the bloody times of the French Revolution, for the crime of holding adverse political opinions, was dragged to the scaffold by—(Heaven save the mark!)—by *men*

—alas, sir! *men*—she, a pure, heroic, lovely, and *innocent* woman—there sat by her side in the victims' cart a man, a stranger, also a prisoner, and, like her, on his way to the guillotine. But, sir, the *man* wept bitterly with anguish and dismay; while the *woman* was calm, composed, intrepid. She devoted her last moments to cheering and comforting her male companion. She even made him smile. She seemed to forget her own great wrongs and sufferings in encouraging *him*. She saw his head fall under the guillotine, and then, stepping lightly up to the scaffold, she uttered those immortal words addressed to the statue of Liberty—"O! Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"—and told the executioner (the *man*, sir!) to do his duty. The next moment the fair head of this young, fearless, and highly-gifted woman was severed from the body, and *men* stood by to applaud the infernal act. Sir, let us hear no more, after this, of woman's inferiority to man in fortitude, courage, endurance, and all that ennoble humanity. (*Applause.*)

Twelfth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, I cannot help thinking that some of the last speakers have wandered a little from the true subject before us. The question was "Are the *Mental Capacities* of the Sexes Equal?" and the speakers are now hotly discussing whether the sexes are *morally* equal, with which point I submit we have nothing to do. To bring back the discussion, therefore, to its proper track, I beg to repeat that which has been yet unanswered, namely, That as the male sex have produced the more remarkable evidences of mental power, the palm of mental superiority is evidently theirs. Much has been said during this debate, but no one has disproved this assertion, or denied the deduction from it: till cause is shown, therefore, why the verdict should not be in favor of the male sex, I submit that we have the right to demand it. (*Applause.*)

Thirteenth Speaker. Sir, the last speaker has, in a taunting manner, challenged us to deny his assertion, and to disprove his argument. I will do both—at least, *attempt* to do so—and

I trust I shall succeed in convincing my bold friend that he has not quite so good a cause as he thinks. (*Applause.*) In the first place, sir, I will not admit that *mental* superiority does not involve *moral*. It is my conviction that it *does*. I maintain it, sir, there is something wanting in the intellectual mechanism of that man who, while he can write brilliant poetry, or discourse eloquently on philosophical subjects, is *morally* deficient and unsound.

But, I will not admit that the female sex is outdone by the male. True, the one sex has produced a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a Byron; but the other has a Sappho, a Barbauld, a Hemans, a Sigourney, and a George Elliott. I will not, however, pursue the intellectual comparison, for it would be an endless one. (*Applause.*) But suppose I were to grant what the last speaker claimed, namely, that the female sex *has* achieved less than the male—what then? I can show that woman's *education* has been neglected: if, then, woman has not possessed the advantages conferred upon the other sex, how can you say that she is not naturally man's equal? Till this is answered, nothing has been proved. And, thanks to Heaven, our colleges are now giving her that chance which was formerly denied her, and she is stepping bravely to the front in all great movements. She is writing our books and teaching our schools, and soon she will be helping to make our laws. (*Applause.*)

Sir, as bearing upon this subject, and eloquently embodying my own views, let me quote, if my memory will allow me, a little poem by Ebenezer Elliott:

"What highest prize hath woman won in science or in art?

What mightiest work, by woman done, boasts city, field, or mart?

'She hath no Raphael!' Painting saith; 'No Newton!' Learning cries;

'Show us her Steamship! her Macbeth! her thought-won victories!'

"Wait, boastful man! though worthy are *thy* deeds, when thou art true,

Things worthier still, and holier far, our sister yet will do;

For *this* the worth of woman shows, on every peopled shore,—

That still as man in wisdom grows, he honors *her* the more.

"O! not for wealth, or fame, or power, hath man's meek angel striven,

But, silent as the growing flower, to make of earth a heaven!

And in her garden of the sun heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;

For woman's best is unbegun! her advent yet to come!" (*Vociferous applause.*)

Fourteenth Speaker. Sir, I think that an answer may very easily be given to the objections raised by the last speaker. Great stress has been laid upon the fact that education has not been extended to woman, and therefore, it is said, she is not equal to man. The *fact*, then, of her inferiority is admitted; and now let us look at the excuse. I think it a very shallow one, sir. Was Shakespeare educated? Was Burns educated? Was James Watt educated? Was Benjamin Franklin educated? Was Henry Clay educated? No! They achieved their greatness *in spite* of the disadvantages of their position; and *this, sir, genius will always do*. Nothing can keep it down; it is superior to all human obstacles, and *will* mount. It is for want of *genius*, therefore, not for want of education, that woman has remained behind in the mental race. (*Applause.*)

Fifteenth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, in spite of the learned and eloquent speeches of the ladies' champions, I am still inclined to vote with the Opener. I think my conclusion rests on good authority. We find, from Scripture history, that man was created first, and that woman was formed from a *part* of man—from a rib, in fact. Now, I would humbly submit, that as man was first formed, he was *intended* to be superior to woman; and that woman, being made from a *part* of man only, cannot be looked upon as his equal. We find, too, in Scripture, that woman is constantly told to obey man; and I contend that this would not be the case, were she not inferior. (*Applause.*)

Besides, sir, as it has been ably argued, her

duties *do not require* such great intellect as man's. Now, nature never gives unnecessary strength: and as woman is not called upon to use great mental power, we may be sure she does not possess it.

Sixteenth Speaker. Sir, it seems to me that the remarks of the last speaker may be easily shown to be most inconclusive and inconsistent. In the first place, he says, that as Adam was created before Eve, Adam was intended to be superior. I think, sir, that this argument is singularly unhappy. Why, we read that the birds, beasts, and fishes, were created before Adam; and, if my friend's logic were sound, Adam must have been inferior to the said birds, beasts, and fishes, in consequence: an argument, as I take it, not *quite* supported by fact. (*Laughter and applause.*) Sir, so far as we can judge, the most important creatures seem to have been formed last, and therefore Eve must, according to *that*, be not inferior, but superior, to Adam. Then, as to the argument about the rib. Why, what was Adam formed out of? *The dust of the earth.* Now, it seems to me that a living rib is a much more dignified thing to be made out of than the lifeless dust of the ground: and if so, my friend's argument turns against himself rather than against the ladies.

I heard the gentleman say, too—and I confess I heard it with some impatience—that woman's sphere *does not require* so much intellect as man's. Where he got such an argument, I cannot imagine; and I think it by no means creditable either to his taste or to his discernment. Who has to rear the infant mind? to tend and instruct the growing child? to teach it truth, and goodness, and piety? Not impetuous, impatient man, but enduring, gentle, and considerate *woman*. What more important or more difficult task could mortal undertake? It requires the noblest intellect to teach a child, and that intellect being required in woman, I feel sure that she possesses it. Although, then, I own that there are great and inborn differences between the intellectual capacities of the sexes, I cannot for an instant imagine that the one is,

in the aggregate, at all inferior to the other. (*Loud applause.—A pause ensues.*)

The Chairman rises and says: If no other gentleman is inclined to speak, I will put the question.

Sixteenth Speaker. Perhaps our worthy Chairman would like to offer a few observations.

(*The Chairman then temporarily vacates the chair, calling one of the members to the same.*)

Chairman. Gentlemen, the subject has interested me so much, that I will act on my friend's suggestion, and venture upon a few remarks. I have reflected calmly and dispassionately upon the question before us, whilst I have been listening to the speeches made by my friends around me; and although I own that I was at first inclined to vote in the affirmative of this question, I am not ashamed to say that my views have undergone a material alteration during the debate, and that I have now made up my mind to defend and vote for the ladies. (*Applause.*)

In the first place, I think we are necessarily unfair judges; we are interested in the verdict, and therefore ought not to sit upon the judgment seat. It gratifies our pride to think that we are superior to the other sex; and reflection upon this point has convinced me, that upon the ground of good taste and modesty alone, we ought at once to give up the point, and admit woman's claims to be at least equal to our own.

Reason also moves me to adopt the same conclusion. I concede, at once, that there are great *differences* between the capacities of the sexes; but not greater than between various races of our own sex. The roving savage is inferior to the studious philosopher. Why? Because he has not been educated. So with woman. When you can show me that woman has received the same advantages as man, and has not then equaled him, why, then I will vote against her; but *not till then.* (*Applause.*)

In conclusion, I would say, that as the Creator formed woman to be a help *meet* for man, I cannot believe that she was made inferior. She was given to him as a companion

and friend, not as a slave and servant; and I think that we are displaying great arrogance and presumption, as well as a contemptuous depreciation of the Creator's best gifts, if we declare and decide that she who adorns and beautifies and delights our existence is inferior to ourselves in that intelligence which became a part of man's soul when God breathed into him the breath of life! (*Loud and continued applause.*)

(*The CHAIRMAN resumes his seat, and then says :*)

Will the opener of this debate have the goodness to reply?

The Opener (in reply). Mr. Chairman,—You have called on me to reply. Now, I beg at once, and frankly, to say, that I, like you, have undergone conviction during this debate, and that I mean to vote *against* the proposition which a short time ago I recommended. (*Loud cries of "Hear! hear!" and applause.*)

I was misled by *appearances*. I looked into history; but I did not examine it correctly. I looked at the surface only. I saw great deeds, and I saw that *men* had performed them; but I did not estimate what had been done silently.

I am not sorry, however, that I introduced the question. It has changed those who were wrong, it has confirmed those who were right, and it has caused all to think. Let me hope that all who spoke on my side of the question are, like their leader, converted; and let me, in conclusion, say, that I trust we shall take to our hearts the truth we adopt; and whilst we vote here that the mental capacity of the female sex is equal to our own, show, by our conduct toward that sex, that we feel their high value and dignity, and treat them in every respect as our full equals and as our best friends. (*Enthusiastic applause.*)

The Chairman. Those who think that the Mental Capacities of the Sexes are equal will please to signify the same in the usual manner. (*Loud cries of "All! all!"*) I am happy to see, gentlemen, that we are all of one way of thinking: there is no need for me to put the other side of the question. I do declare it,

then, decided by this meeting, that the Mental Capacities of the Sexes are equal.

A Lady (rising in the audience). Mr. Chairman, with your kind permission I should be pleased to offer a few words on this interesting occasion.

Chairman. If the gentleman of the society have no objection—

All. Let us hear from the lady. (*Applause as she walks upon the stage.*)

Lady. Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I have arisen to express my appreciation,—with that of all the ladies in this audience,—of the verdict you have so unanimously reached. Until this occasion I believe no body of men ever agreed in such a decision. (*Applause.*)

Imagine, then, our delight at last—after six thousand years of waiting—at last, by the magic wand of your eloquence, we have the precious boon of equality restored to us. (*Applause.*)

But seriously, Mr. Chairman, the great examples cited are convincing and inspiring. There was no man who could save France when Joan of Arc led her hosts to victory. The wisdom of Queen Elizabeth and Victoria, the heroism of Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton, the philosophy and wit of de Stael, the literature of George Eliott, the persuasive eloquence of Frances Willard—who has been offered thirty thousand dollars per annum to lecture—show the versatility and strength of the female mind, and what woman can do when she has the opportunity. When equal privileges are accorded her by the world, then, and not till then, will war and crime disappear and the great march of civilization, embodying education, temperance, morality, religion, and all the ennobling and elevating arts and sciences move with a dignity and beneficence which the world has never seen. I thank you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, for the courtesy extended, and suggest that when you have another debate, especially on a question of such vital importance, that you invite some of your now exalted sisters to take part in the discussion. (*Sits down, amid great applause.*)

HOW TO DRAFT CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS FOR THE ORGANIZATION AND CONDUCT OF LITERARY SOCIETIES.

ALL permanent associations formed for mutual benefit must have a Constitution by which they shall be governed.

Where it is intended to organize a society for the intellectual improvement or social enjoyment of its members, a number of persons meet together and select a name for the organization. The next step is to appoint a committee, whose duty it shall be to prepare a *Constitution* and code of *By-Laws* for the society. These must be reported to the society at its next meeting, and must be adopted by the votes of a majority of that body before they can take effect.

The Constitution consists of the rules which form the foundation upon which the organization is to rest. It should be brief and explicit. It should be considered and adopted section by section; should be recorded in a book for that purpose, and should be signed by all the members of the society.

Amendments to the Constitution should be adopted in the same way, and should be signed by each member of the society.

In addition to the Constitution, it is usual to adopt a series of minor rules, which should be explanatory of the principles of the Constitution. These are termed *By-Laws*, and should be recorded in the same book with the Constitution, and immediately after it. New by-laws may be added from time to time, as the necessity for them may arise. It is best to have as few as possible. They should be brief, and as clear that their meaning may be easily comprehended, and should govern the action of the body.

CONSTITUTION.

As growth and development of mind, together with readiness and fluency of speech, are the result of investigation and free discussion of religious, education, political, and other topics, the undersigned agree to form an association, and for its government, do hereby adopt the following Constitution:

ARTICLE I.—The name and title of this organization shall be

“The Philomathian Literary Society,” and its objects shall be the free discussion of any subject coming before the meeting for the purpose of diffusing knowledge among its members.

ARTICLE II.—The officers of the Association shall consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding Secretary, a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer and a Librarian, who shall be elected annually by ballot, on the first Monday in January of each year, said officers to hold their position until their successors are elected.

ARTICLE III.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all public meetings of the Society. The first Vice-President shall preside in the absence of the President, and in case of the absence of both President and Vice-President, it shall be the duty of the second Vice-President to preside.

The duty of the Secretary shall be to conduct the correspondence, keep the records of the Society, and read at each meeting a report of the work done at the preceding meeting.

The Treasurer shall keep the funds of the

Society, making an annual report of all moneys received, disbursed, and the amount on hand.

It shall be the duty of the Librarian to keep, in a careful manner, all books, records and manuscripts in the possession of the Society.

ARTICLE IV.—There shall be appointed by the President, at the first meeting after his election, the following standing committees, to consist of three members each, namely: On lectures, library, finance, and printing, whose duties shall be designated by the President.

The question for debate at the succeeding meeting shall be determined by a majority vote of the members present.

ARTICLE V.—Any lady or gentleman may become a member of this Society by the consent of the majority of the members present, the signing of the Constitution, and the payment of two dollars as membership fee. It shall be the privilege of the Society to elect any person whose presence may be advantageous to the Society, an honorary member who shall not be required to pay membership fees or dues.

ARTICLE VI. This Association shall meet weekly, and at such other times as a majority, consisting of at least five members of the Association, shall determine. The President shall be authorized to call special meetings upon the written request of any five members of the Society, at which meetings one-third of the members shall be sufficient to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE VII.—It shall be the duty of the Finance Committee to determine the amount of dues necessary to be collected from each member, and to inform the Treasurer of the amount, who shall promptly proceed to collect the same at such times as the committee may designate.

ARTICLE VIII.—The parliamentary rules and general form of conducting public meetings, as shown in "Cushing's Manual of Practice," shall be the standard authority in governing the deliberations of this Association.

ARTICLE IX.—Any member neglecting to pay dues, or who shall be guilty of improper conduct, calculated to bring this Association into

disrepute, shall be expelled from the membership of the Society by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting. No member shall be expelled, however, until he shall have had notice of such intention on the part of the Association, and has been given an opportunity of being heard in his own defense.

ARTICLE X.—By giving written notice of change at any regular meeting, this Constitution may be altered or amended at the next stated meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present*.

BY-LAWS.

RULE 1.—No question shall be stated unless moved by two members, nor be open for consideration until stated by the chair. When a question is before the Society, no motion shall be received, except to lay on the table, the previous question, to postpone, to refer, or to amend; and they shall have precedence in the order in which they are here arranged.

RULE 2.—When a member intends to speak on a question, he shall rise in his place, and respectfully address his remarks to the President, confine himself to the question, and avoid personality. Should more than one member rise to speak at the same time the President shall determine who is entitled to the floor.

RULE 3.—Every member shall have the privilege of speaking three times on any question under consideration, but not oftener, unless by the consent of the Society (determined by vote); and no member shall speak more than once, until every member wishing to speak shall have spoken.

RULE 4.—The President, while presiding, shall state every question coming before the Society; and immediately before putting it to vote shall ask: "Are you ready for the question?" Should no member rise to speak, he shall rise to put the question; and after he has risen no member shall speak upon it, unless by permission of the Society.

RULE 5.—The affirmative and negative of the question having been both put and answered, the President declares the number of legal votes cast, and whether the affirmative or negative have it.

RULE 6.—All questions, unless otherwise fixed by law, shall be decided by a majority of votes.

RULE 7.—After any question, except one of indefinite postponement, has been decided, any member may move a reconsideration thereof, if done in two weeks after the decision. A motion for reconsideration the second time, of the same question, shall not be in order at any time.

RULE 8.—Any two members may call for a division of a question, when the same will admit of it.

RULE 9.—The President, or any member, may call a member to order while speaking, when the debate must be suspended, and the member take his seat until the question of order is decided.

RULE 10.—The President shall preserve order and decorum; may speak to points of order in preference to other members; and shall decide all questions of order, subject to an appeal to the Society by any member, on which appeal no person shall speak but the President and the member called to order.

RULE 11.—No motion or proposition on a subject different from that under consideration shall be admitted under color of an amendment.

RULE 12.—No addition, alteration, or amendment to the Constitution, By-Laws, etc., shall be acted upon, except in accordance with the Constitution.

RULE 13.—No nomination shall be considered as made until seconded.

RULE 14.—The President shall sign all proceedings of the meetings.

RULE 15.—No member shall vote by proxy.

RULE 16.—No motion shall be withdrawn by the mover unless the second withdraw his second.

RULE 17.—No extract from any book shall be read consuming more than five minutes.

RULE 18.—No motion for adjournment shall be in order until after nine o'clock.

RULE 19.—Every motion shall be reduced to writing, should the officers of the society desire it.

RULE 20.—An amendment to an amendment is in order, but not to amend an amendment to an amendment of a main question.

RULE 21.—The previous question shall be put in this form, if seconded by a majority of the members present: "Shall the main question be put?" If decided in the affirmative, the main question is to be put immediately, and all further debate or amendment must be suspended.

RULE 22.—Members not voting shall be considered as voing in the affirmative, unless excused by the Society.

RULE 23.—Any member offering a protest against any of the proceedings of this Society may have the same, if, in respectful language, entered in full upon the minutes.

RULE 24. No subject laid on the table shall be taken up again on the same evening.

RULE 25.—No motion shall be debatable until seconded.

RULE 26.—Points of order are debatable to the Society.

RULE 27.—Appeals and motions to reconsider or adjourn are not debatable.

RULE 28.—When a very important motion or amendment shall be made and seconded, the mover thereof may be called upon to reduce the same to writing, and hand it in at the table, from which it shall be read, open to the Society for debate.

RULE 29.—The mover of a motion shall be at liberty to accept any amendment thereto; but if an amendment be offered and not accepted, yet duly seconded, the Society shall pass upon it before voting upon the original motion.

RULE 30.—Every officer, on leaving his office, shall give to his successor all papers, documents, books, or money belonging to the Society.

RULE 31.—No smoking, and no refreshments, except water, shall be allowed in the Society's hall.

RULE 32.—When a motion to adjourn is carried, no member shall leave his seat until the President has left his chair.

RULE 33.—No alteration can be made in these rules of order without a four-fifth vote of the society, and two weeks' notice; neither can they be suspended, but by a like vote, and then for the evening only.

1. Should there be a Board of Arbitration appointed by the Government for Settling Disputes between Employees and Employers?
2. Is England Rising or Falling as a Nation?
NOTE.—Compare the Elements of Modern with the Elements of Ancient Prosperity.
3. Has Nature or Education the Greater Influence in the Formation of Character?
4. From which does the Mind gain the more Knowledge, Reading or Observation?
5. Is the Character of Queen Elizabeth deserving of our Admiration?
6. Is an Advocate Justified in Defending a Man whom he Knows to be Guilty of the Crime with which he is Charged?
7. Which does the most to Produce Crime—Poverty, Wealth, or Ignorance?
8. Is a Limited Monarchy, like that of England, the Best Form of Government?
9. Is not Private Virtue essentially requisite to Greatness of Public Character?
10. Is Eloquence a Gift of Nature, or may it be Acquired?
11. Is Genius an Innate Capacity?
12. Is a Rude or a Refined Age the More Favorable to the Production of Works of Imagination?
13. Is the Shakespearian the Augustan Age of English Literature?
14. Ought Pope to Rank in the First Class of Poets?
15. Has the Introduction of Machinery been Generally Beneficial to Mankind?
16. Which Produce the Greater Happiness, the Pleasures of Hope or of Memory?
17. Is the Existence of Parties in the State Favorable to the Public Welfare?
18. Is there any Ground for Believing in the Ultimate Perfection and Universal Happiness of the Human Race?
19. Is Co-operation more Adapted to Promote the Virtue and Happiness of Mankind than Competition?
20. Was the Banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena a Justifiable Proceeding?
21. Ought Persons to be Excluded from the Civil Offices on Account of their Religious Opinions?
22. Which Exercises the Greater Influence on the Civilization and Happiness of the Human Race, the Male or the Female Mind?
23. Which did the Most to Produce the French Revolution, the Tyranny of the Government, the Excesses of the Higher Orders, or the Writings of Voltaire, Montesquieu and Rousseau?
24. Which was the Greater Poet, Byron or Burns?
25. Is there Reasonable Ground for Believing that the Character of Richard the Third was not so Atrocious as is Generally Supposed?
26. Does Happiness or Misery Preponderate in Life?
27. Should the Press be Totally Free?
28. Do Modern Geological Discoveries Agree with Holy Writ?
29. Did Circumstances Justify the First French Revolution?
30. Could not Arbitration be Made a Substitute for War?
31. Which Character is the More to be Admired, that of Loyola or Luther?
32. Are there Good Grounds for Applying the Term "Dark" to the Middle Ages?
33. Which was the Greater Poet, Chatterton or Cowper?
34. Are Public or Private Schools to be Preferred?
35. Is the System of Education Pursued at our Universities in Accordance with the Requirements of the Age?
36. Which is the More Healthful Exercise, Bicycle Riding or Walking?
37. Does the Game of Foot-Ball Produce more Evil than Beneficial Effects?
38. Would the Free and Unlimited Coinage of both Silver and Gold be better than the Single Gold Standard in America?
39. Should Women be Granted the Right to Vote on all State and National Questions?
40. Would Absolute Prohibition be a Benefit to the Country?

MANUAL

OF

PARLIAMENTARY RULES AND PRACTICE,

AS AUTHORIZED AND TAUGHT

BY CUSHING

AND OTHER STANDARD AUTHORITIES.

NOTE.—Charles Sumner declared Luther S. Cushing to be “The most authoritative expounder of American Parliamentary Law.” The justice of Mr. Sumner’s judgment has been thoroughly tested and approved. The remarkable accuracy, extended research, and great ability of the author have been everywhere acknowledged; and by common consent, Cushing’s Manual has become the authoritative guide in nearly all deliberative assemblies and Legislative bodies throughout the United States.

Mr. Cushing’s complete work, entitled “The Law and Practice of Legislative Assemblies,” is a large octavo volume of nearly 1200 pages, and is universally admitted to be the most elaborate, complete, and reliable presentation of Parliamentary Law ever published.

The present manual contains in a compact form all the essential points of this large work, simplified, revised, and adapted for quick and ready reference by a system of paragraphing and indexing, enabling the reader to refer immediately to the point desired.

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INTRODUCTION.

1. For whatever purpose a deliberative assembly or society of any kind be called together, it is necessary, in the first place, that it be properly constituted and organized; and, secondly, that it should conduct all proceedings according to certain rules, and agreeably to certain forms, which experience has shown to be the best adapted to the purpose.

2. Some deliberative assemblies, such as municipal and other corporations, are usually constituted by virtue of certain legal provisions; while others, such as conventions, political meetings, societies, etc., constitute and organize themselves upon their assembling together for the purpose of some definite object.

3. The most usual mode of organizing a deliberative assembly is the following: The members being assembled together, in the place, and at the time, appointed for their meeting, one of them, addressing himself to the others, requests them to come to order; the members thereupon seating themselves, and giving their attention to him, he suggests to the members to nominate some person to act as chairman of the meeting; a name or names being thereupon mentioned, he declares that such a person (whose name was first heard by him) is nominated for chairman, and puts a question that the person so named be requested to take the chair. When a chairman is elected, he takes the chair, and proceeds in the same manner to complete the organization of the assembly, by the choice of a secretary and such other officers, if any, as may be deemed necessary.

4. The presiding officer is usually denominated the *president*, and the recording officer the *secretary*; though sometimes these officers are designated respectively as the *chairman* and *clerk*. It is not unusual, besides a president, to have one or more vice-presidents, who take the chair occasionally, in the absence of the president from the assembly, or when he withdraws from the chair to take part in the proceedings as a member, but who at other times, though occupying seats with the president, act merely as members. It is frequently the case, also, that several persons are

appointed secretaries, in which case the first named is considered as the principal officer. The presiding officer does not usually engage in the debate, and votes only when the assembly is equally divided.

5. In all deliberative assemblies, the members of which are chosen or appointed to represent others, it is necessary, before proceeding to business, to ascertain who are duly elected and returned as members. The proper time for this investigation is after the temporary and before the permanent organization, or when the assembly is permanently organized, in the first instance, before it proceeds to the transaction of any other business; and the most convenient mode of conducting it is by the appointment of a committee to receive and report upon the credentials of the members.

6. When a question arises involving the right of a member to his seat, such member is entitled to be heard on the question, and he is then to withdraw from the assembly until it is decided; but if, by the indulgence of the assembly, he remains in his place during the discussion, he ought neither to take any further part in it, nor to vote when the question is proposed.

7. The place where an assembly is held being in its possession, and rightfully appropriated to its use, no person is entitled to be present therein but by the consent of the assembly.

8. Every deliberative assembly is perfectly competent to adopt, aside from general parliamentary rules, certain special rules for the regulation of its proceedings. Where this is the case, these latter supersede the ordinary parliamentary rules in reference to all points to which they relate, leaving what may be called the common parliamentary law in full force in all other respects.

9. The rules of parliamentary proceedings in this country are derived from, and essentially the same with, those of the British Parliament; though, in order to adapt these rules to the circumstances and wants of our legislative assemblies, they have in some few respects been changed, in others differently applied, and in others, again, extended beyond their original intention. To these rules, each legislative assembly

bly is accustomed to add a code of its own. The result is, that a system of parliamentary rules has been established in each State, different in some particulars from those of every other State, but yet, founded in and embracing all the essential rules of the common parliamentary law.

10. The judgment, opinion, sense, or will of a deliberative assembly, is expressed, according to the nature of the subject, either by a resolution, order, or vote. When it commands, it is by an *order*; but facts, principles, its own opinions or purposes, are most properly expressed in the form of a *resolution*; the term *vote* may be applied to the result of every question decided by the assembly. In whatever form, however, a question is proposed, or by whatever name it may be called, the mode of proceeding is the same.

11. The judgment or will of any number of persons considered as an aggregate body is that which is evidenced by the consent or agreement of the greater number of them; and the only mode by which this can be ascertained, in reference to any particular subject, is for some one of them to begin by submitting to the others a proposition expressed in such a form of words that, if assented to by the requisite number, it will purport to express the judgment or will of the assembly.

12. When a proposition is made, if it be not agreed to or rejected at once, the assembly may be unwilling to consider and act upon it at all; or it may wish to postpone the consideration of the subject to a future time; or it may be willing to adopt the proposition with certain modifications; or, lastly, approving the subject-matter, but finding it presented in so crude, imperfect, or objectionable a form that it cannot, in that state, be considered at all, the assembly may desire to have the proposition further examined and digested before being presented. In order to enable the assembly to take whichever of the courses above indicated it may think proper, and then to dispose of every proposition in a suitable manner, certain motions or forms of question have been invented, which are perfectly adapted for the purpose, and are in common use in all deliberative assemblies.

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary Matters.

SECTION I. QUORUM.

13. In all councils, and other collective bodies of the same kind, it is necessary that a certain number, called a quorum, of the members should meet and be present, in order to the transaction of business.

14. The number necessary to constitute a quorum of any assembly may be fixed by law, as is the case with most of our legislative assemblies; or by usage, as in the English House of Commons; or it may be fixed by the assembly itself: but if no rule is established on the subject, in any of these ways, a majority of the members composing the assembly is the requisite number.

15. No business can regularly be entered upon or transacted without a quorum is present; and if at any time, in the course of the proceedings, notice is taken that a quorum is not present, the assembly must be immediately adjourned.

SECT. II. RULES AND ORDERS.

16. Every deliberative assembly is subject to general rules of proceeding. It may also provide for itself such special rules as it may find necessary.

17. When a code of rules is adopted beforehand, it is usual also to provide therein as to the mode in which they may be amended, repealed, or dispensed with. Where there is no provision, it will be competent for the assembly to act at any time, and in the usual manner, upon questions of amendment or repeal; but in reference to dispensing with a rule or suspending it, in a particular case, if there is no express provision on the subject, it seems that it can only be done by general consent. (General consent usually means unanimous favor.)

18. When any of the rules, relative to the manner of proceeding, is disregarded or infringed, every member has the right to require that the presiding officer, or any other whose duty it is, shall carry such rule into execution; and in that case the rule must be enforced at once, without debate or delay. It is then too late to alter, re-

peal, or suspend the rule: so long as any one member insists upon its execution, it must be enforced.

SECT. III. TIME OF MEETING.

19. Every assembly which is not likely to finish its business at one sitting should come to some order or resolution beforehand, as to the time of re-assembling after an adjournment. Do not wait to arrange this in connection with the motion to adjourn.

SECT. IV. PRINCIPLE OF DECISION.

20. The principle upon which the decisions of all aggregate bodies, such as councils, corporations, and deliberative assemblies, are made, is that of the majority of votes, or suffrages; and this rule holds not only in reference to questions and subjects which admit only of an affirmative on one side and a negative on the other, but also in reference to elections in which more than two persons may receive the suffrages.

21. But this rule may be controlled by a special rule in reference to some particular subject or question, by which any less number than a majority may be admitted, or any greater number required, to express the will of the assembly. Thus it is frequently provided, in legislative assemblies, that one-third or one-fourth only of the members shall be sufficient to require the taking of a question by yeas and nays; and, on the other hand, that no alteration shall take place in any of the rules and orders, without the consent of at least two-thirds, or even a larger number.

CHAPTER II.

Officers.

22. The usual and necessary officers of a deliberative assembly are those already mentioned, namely, a presiding and a recording officer; both of whom are elected or appointed by the assembly itself, and removable at its pleasure. These officers are always to be elected by absolute majorities, even in those States in which elections are usually effected by a plurality.

SECTION I. THE PRESIDING OFFICER.

23. The principal duties of this officer are the following:—

To open the sitting at the time to which the assembly is adjourned, by taking the chair, and calling the members to order;

To announce the business before the assembly, in the order in which it is to be acted upon;

To receive and submit, in the proper manner, all motions and propositions presented by the members;

To put to vote all questions which are regularly moved, or necessarily arise in the course of the proceedings, and to announce the result;

To restrain the members, when engaged in debate, within the rules of order;

To enforce on all occasions the observance of order and decorum among the members;

To receive all messages and other communications, and announce them to the assembly;

To authenticate, by his signature, when necessary, all the acts, orders, and proceedings of the assembly;

To inform the assembly, when necessary or when referred to for the purpose, in a point of order or practice;

To name the members (when directed to do so in a particular case, or when it is made a part of his general duty by a rule) who are to serve on committees; and, in general,

To represent and stand for the assembly, declaring its will, and in all things obeying implicitly its commands.

24. If the assembly is organized by the choice of a president and vice-presidents, it is the duty of one of the latter to take the chair in case of the absence of the president from the assembly, or of his withdrawing from the chair for the purpose of participating in the proceedings.

25. Where but one presiding officer is appointed in the first instance, his place can only be supplied, in case of his absence, by the appointment of a president or chairman *pro tempore*; and in the choice of this officer, who ought to be elected before any other business is done, it is the duty of the secretary to conduct the proceedings.

26. The presiding officer may read sitting, but should rise to state a motion, or put a question to the assembly.

SECT. II. RECORDING OFFICER

(*Secretary or Clerk.*)

27. The principal duties of this officer consist in taking notes of all the proceedings, and in making true entries in his journal of all "the things done and passed" in the assembly; but he is not, in general, required to take minutes of "particular men's speeches," or to make entries of things merely proposed or moved without coming to a vote. He is to enter what is done and passed, but not what is said or moved. This is the rule in legislative assemblies. In others, though the spirit of the rule ought to be observed, it is generally expected of the secretary that his record shall be both a journal and in some sort a report of the proceedings.

28. It is also the duty of the secretary to read all papers, etc., which may be ordered to be read; to call the roll of the assembly, and take note of those who are absent, when a call is ordered; to call the roll, and note the answers of the members, when a question is taken by yeas and nays; to notify committees of their appointment and of the business referred to them, and to authenticate by his signature (sometimes alone and sometimes in conjunction with the president) all the acts, orders, and proceedings of the assembly.

29. The clerk is also charged with the custody of all the papers and documents of every description, belonging to the assembly, as well as the journal of its proceedings, and is to let none of them be taken from the table by any member or other person, without the leave or order of the assembly.

30. When but a single secretary or clerk is appointed, his place can only be supplied, during his absence, by the appointment of some one to act *pro tempore*. When several persons are appointed, this inconvenience is not likely to occur.

31. The clerk should stand while reading, or calling the assembly.

CHAPTER III.

Rights and Duties of the Members.

32. Every member, however humble he may be, has the same right with every other, to sub-

mit his propositions to the assembly, to explain and recommend them in discussion, and to have them patiently examined and deliberately decided upon by the assembly; and, on the other hand, it is the duty of every one so to conduct himself, both in debate and in his general deportment in the assembly, as not to obstruct any other member in the enjoyment of his equal rights. It may be stated generally, that no member is to disturb another or the assembly itself by hissing, coughing, or spitting; by speaking or whispering to other members; by standing up to the interruption of others; by passing between the presiding officer and a member speaking; going across the assembly-room, or walking up and down in it; taking books or papers from the table, or writing there. Assaults by one member upon another, threats, challenges, affrays, etc., are also high breaches of decorum. It is also a breach of decorum for a member to come into the assembly-room with his head covered.

33. In all instances of irregular and disorderly deportment, it is competent for every member, and is the special duty of the presiding officer, to complain to the assembly, or to take notice of the offence and call the attention of the assembly to it. The member who is thus charged with an offence against the assembly is entitled to be heard in his place in exculpation, and is then to withdraw. Being withdrawn, the assembly proceeds to consider of the degree and amount of punishment to be inflicted.

34. No member ought to be present in the assembly when any matter or business concerning himself is debating, and the assembly may compel him to withdraw, if he do not offer to do so of his own accord. If present by the indulgence of the assembly, he should not vote. If, notwithstanding, a member should remain in the assembly and vote, his vote may, and ought to be, disallowed. A man should not sit and act as a judge in his own case.

35. The only punishments which can be inflicted upon its members by a deliberative assembly of the kind now under consideration, consist of reprimanding, exclusion from the assembly, a prohibition to speak or vote for a specified time,

and expulsion; to which are to be added such other forms of punishment—as by apology, begging pardon, etc., as the assembly may see fit to impose, and to require the offender to submit to on pain of expulsion.

CHAPTER IV.

The Introduction of Business.

36. The proceedings of a deliberative assembly, in reference to any particular subject, are ordinarily set in motion, in the first instance, by some one of the members either presenting a communication from persons not members, or himself submitting a proposition to the assembly.

37. Propositions made by members are drawn up and introduced, by motion, in the form which they are intended by the mover to bear, as orders, resolutions, or votes, if they should be adopted by the assembly.

38. When a member has occasion to make any communication, motion, or statement whatever to the assembly, he must, in the first place, “obtain the floor” for the purpose he has in view. In order to do this he must rise in his place and, standing uncovered, address himself to the presiding officer by his title; the latter, on hearing himself thus addressed, calls to the member by his name; and the member may then, but not before, proceed with his business.

39. If two or more members rise and address themselves to the presiding officer at the same time, or nearly so, he should give the floor to the member whose voice he first heard. If his decision should not be satisfactory, any member may call it in question, saying that, in his opinion, such a member (not the one named) was first up; and have the sense of the assembly taken thereon, as to which of the members should be heard. In this case, the question should be first taken upon the name of the member announced by the presiding officer; and, if this question should be decided in the negative, then upon the name of the member for whom the floor was claimed in opposition to him.

40. A petition, in order to be received, should be subscribed by the petitioner himself, with his own hand, either by name or mark, except in

case of inability from sickness, or because the petitioner is attending in person; and should be presented or offered, not by the petitioner himself, but by some member to whom it is intrusted for that purpose.

41. The member who presents a petition should previously have informed himself of its contents, so as to be able to state the substance of it on offering it to the assembly, to answer all questions, and defend it.

42. Being thus prepared, the member rises in his place, with the petition in his hand, and informs the assembly that he has a certain petition, stating the substance of it, which he thereupon presents or offers to the assembly, and at the same time moves (which, however, may be done by any other member) that it be received; this motion being seconded, the question is put, whether the assembly will receive the petition or not.

43. If the question of reception is determined in the affirmative, the petition is brought up to the table by the member presenting it, and is there read, as of course by the clerk. It is then regularly before the assembly, to be dealt with as it thinks proper; the usual course being either to proceed to consider the subject of it immediately, or to assign some future time for its consideration, or to order it to lie on the table for the examination and consideration of the members individually.

44. Whenever a member introduces a proposition of his own, for the consideration of the assembly, he puts it into the form he desires it should have, and then moves that it be adopted as the resolution, order, or vote of the assembly. If this proposition so far meets the approbation of other members that one of them rises in his place and seconds it, it may then be put to the question; and the result, whether affirmative or negative, becomes the judgment of the assembly.

45. A motion must be submitted in writing; otherwise the presiding officer will be justified in refusing to receive it; he may do so, however, if he pleases, and is willing to take the trouble himself to reduce it to writing. This rule extends only to principal motions, which when adopted

become the act, and express the sense, of the assembly; but not to subsidiary or incidental motions,¹ which merely enable the assembly to dispose of the former in the manner it desires, and which are always in the same form. In the case of a motion to amend, which is a subsidiary motion, the rule admits of an exception, so far as regards the insertion of additional words, which, as well as the principal motion, must be in writing.

46. A motion must also be seconded, that is, approved by some one member, at least, expressing his approval by rising, and saying that he seconds the motion; and if a motion be not seconded, no notice whatever is to be taken of it by the presiding officer, though in practice very many motions, particularly those which occur in the ordinary routine of business, are admitted without being seconded. This rule applies as well to subsidiary as principal motions. The seconding of a motion seems to be required, on the ground that the time of the assembly ought not to be taken up by a question which, for anything that appears, has no one in its favor but the mover. There are some apparent exceptions to this rule, which will be stated hereafter, in those cases in which one member alone has the right of instituting or giving direction to a particular proceeding; and an actual exception is sometimes made by a special rule, requiring certain motions to be seconded by more than one member. An exception to the general rule requiring motions to be seconded occurs when it is proposed to proceed with, or to execute, or to enforce, an order of the assembly; as, for example, when it is moved to proceed with an order of the day, or when a member suggests or calls for the enforcement of some order relating to the observance of decorum, or the regularity of proceeding. Thus, in the English House of Commons, a single member may require the enforcement of the standing order for the exclusion of strangers; and so, when the second or other reading of a bill is made the order for a particu-

lar day, a motion on that day to read the bill according to the order need not be seconded.

47. When a motion has been made and seconded, it is then to be stated by the presiding officer to the assembly, and thus becomes a question for its decision; and, until so stated, it is not in order for any other motion to be made, or for any member to speak to it. When moved, seconded, and stated from the chair, a motion is in the possession of the assembly, and cannot be withdrawn by the mover, but by special leave of the assembly, which must be obtained by a motion made and seconded as in other cases, and requires a unanimous vote of the assembly, unless some special rule of the assembly provides to the contrary; but before a motion has been stated by the chair the mover may modify it, or withdraw it altogether, at his pleasure. As a matter of courtesy, he generally asks the consent of his second on doing so.

48. When a motion is regularly before the assembly, it is the duty of the presiding officer to state it, if it be not in writing, or to cause it to be read if it be, as often as any member desires to have it stated or read for his information.

49. When a motion or proposition is regularly before the assembly, no other motion can be received, unless it be one which is previous, in its nature, to the question under consideration, and consequently entitled to take its place for the time being, and be first decided.

CHAPTER V.

Motions in General.

50. When a proposition is made to a deliberative assembly, for its adoption, the assembly may be willing to come to a decision upon it at once; and, when this is the case, nothing more can be necessary than to take the votes of the members, and ascertain the result. But the assembly may prefer some other course of proceeding to an immediate decision of the question in the form in which it is presented. Certain forms of question have from time to time been invented, and are now in general use, for that purpose. These forms of question may properly

¹ Such as, to adjourn, lie on the table, for the previous question, for postponement, commitment, etc.

be called *subsidiary*, in order to distinguish them from the principal motion or question to which they relate.

51. The different states of mind in which a proposition may be received by a deliberative assembly, and the corresponding forms of proceeding, or subsidiary motions to which they give rise, in order to ascertain the sense of the assembly, are the following:—

First. The assembly may look upon the proposition as useless or inexpedient, and may therefore desire to suppress it either for a time or altogether. The subsidiary motions for this purpose are the previous question and indefinite postponement.

Second. The assembly may be willing to entertain and consider a proposition, but not at the time when it is made. The usual motions, under such circumstances, are postponement to some future day or time, and to lie on the table.

Third. The subject-matter of a proposition may be regarded with favor, but the form in which it is introduced may be defective. In this case it is most proper to refer the proposition to a committee.

Fourth. The proposition may be acceptable, but certain alterations and amendments may be thought proper. The motion adapted to this case is to amend.

52. It is not to be supposed that the subsidiary motions above specified are the only ones that have at any time been adopted or used; but they are the forms in most common use, and are entirely sufficient for all practical purposes.

CHAPTER VI.

Motions to Suppress.

53. When a proposition is moved which it is supposed may be regarded by the assembly as useless or inexpedient, and which it may therefore be desirous to get rid of, such proposition may be suppressed for a time by means of the previous question, or altogether by a motion for indefinite postponement.

SECTION I. PREVIOUS QUESTION.

54. The original use of the previous question was the suppression of a main question, but in

this country it has been perverted to a wholly different use, namely, the suppression of debate. When first made use of, in the House of Commons, two centuries ago, the form of the motion was, *Shall the main question be put?* and the effect of a decision of it in the negative was to suppress the main question for the whole session. The form of it was afterwards changed to that which it has at present, namely, *Shall the main question be now put?* and the effect of a negative decision of it now is to suppress the main question for the residue of the day only.

55. But the previous question may be decided in the affirmative, as well as the negative; that is, that the main question shall now be put: in which case, that question is to be put immediately, without any further debate, and in the form in which it then exists. This operation of the previous question, when decided affirmatively, has led to the use of it for the purpose of suppressing debate on a principal question, and coming to a vote upon it immediately; and this is ordinarily the only object of the previous question, as made use of in the legislative assemblies of the United States.

56. In England the previous question is used only for suppressing a main question; the object of the mover is to obtain a decision of it in the negative; and the effect of such a decision is, practically and by parliamentary usage, to dispose of the subject altogether. In this country the previous question is used chiefly for suppressing debate on a main question; the object of the mover is to obtain a decision of it in the affirmative; and the effect of a decision the other way is, in general, merely to suspend the taking of the question for that day. The operation of an affirmative decision is the same in both countries; namely, the putting of the main question immediately, and without further debate, delay, or consideration.

SECT. II. INDEFINITE POSTPONEMENT.

57. In order to suppress a question altogether, without coming to a direct vote upon it, in such a manner that it cannot be renewed, the proper motion is for indefinite postponement; that is, a

postponement or adjournment of the question, without fixing any day for resuming it. The effect of this motion, if decided in the affirmative, is to quash the proposition entirely; as an indefinite adjournment is equivalent to a dissolution, or the continuance of a suit without day is a discontinuance of it. A negative decision has no effect whatever.

CHAPTER VII.

Motions to Postpone.

58. If the assembly is willing to entertain and consider a question, but not at the time when it is moved, the proper course is either to postpone the subject to another day, or to order it to lie on the table.

59. When the members individually want more information than they possess at the time a question is moved, or desire further time for reflection and examination, the proper motion is, to postpone the subject to such future day as will answer the views of the assembly.

60. If the assembly has something else before it, which claims its present attention, and is therefore desirous to postpone a particular proposition until that subject is disposed of, such postponement may be effected by means of a motion that the matter in question lie on the table until the other topic or subject is disposed of. The proper motion for proceeding with a matter that has been ordered to lie on the table is, that the assembly do now proceed to consider that matter or subject, or that the subject be taken up for consideration.

61. A motion to lay on the table is sometimes made use of for the final disposition of a subject; and it always has that effect, when no motion is afterwards made to take it up.

CHAPTER VIII.

Motions to Commit.

62. When the subject-matter of a proposition is regarded with favor; but revision or consideration is necessary that cannot conveniently be given to it in the assembly itself, the course of proceeding then is, to refer the subject to a committee.

63. If there is a standing committee of the assembly, whose functions embrace the subject in question, the motion should be to refer it to that committee; if there is no such committee, then the motion should be to refer to a select committee.

64. When a subject is referred or recommended, the committee may be instructed or ordered by the assembly, as to any part or the whole of the duties assigned them; or the subject may be left with them without instructions. The committee can only consider the matter referred to it; and consequently is not at liberty, like the assembly itself, to change the subject under consideration by means of an amendment. This rule is equally applicable to committees of the whole.

65. A part only of a subject may be committed, without the residue; or different parts may be committed to different committees.

66. A commitment with instructions is sometimes made use of, as a convenient mode of procuring further information, and, at the same time, of postponing the consideration of a subject to a future though uncertain day.

CHAPTER IX.

Motions to Amend.

67. When the assembly is satisfied with the subject-matter of a proposition, but desires to make some addition to it, or change in its form, the course of proceeding then is to make its details satisfactory by means of amendments having the same general purpose in view. The amendment will be first considered when taking the vote.

SECTION I. DIVISION OF A QUESTION.

68. When a proposition or motion is complicated, that is, composed of two or more parts which are so far independent of each other as to be susceptible of division into several questions, and it is supposed that the assembly may approve of some, but not of all these parts, it is a compendious mode of amendment to divide the motion into separate questions, to be separately voted upon and decided by the assembly. This

division may take place by the order of the assembly, or a motion regularly made and seconded for the purpose.

69. When a motion is thus divided, it becomes a series of questions to be considered and treated each by itself, as an independent proposition in the order in which they stand. A complicated question can only be separated by moving amendments to it in the usual manner, or by moving to a division of it in the manner above stated.

70. It is usually the province of the presiding officer (subject, of course, to the revision of the assembly) to decide, when the division of a motion is demanded, first, whether the proposition is susceptible of division; and, secondly, into how many and what parts it may be divided.

71. A proposition, in order to be divisible, must comprehend points so distinct and entire that if one or more of them be taken away, the others may stand entire and by themselves.

SECT. II. FILLING BLANKS.

72. It often happens that a proposition is introduced with blanks purposely left by the mover to be filled by the assembly, either with times and numbers, or with provisions analogous to those of the proposition itself. In the latter case, blanks are filled in the same way that other amendments by the insertion of words are made. In the former, propositions to fill blanks are not considered as amendments to the question, but as original motions, to be made and decided before the principal question.

73. In determining upon the order to be adopted, the object is not to begin at that extreme, which and more, being within every man's wish, no one can vote against it, and yet, if it should be carried in the affirmative, every question for more would be precluded; but at that extreme which will be likely to unite the fewest, and then to advance or recede until a number or time is reached which will unite a majority.

SECT. III. ADDITION, SEPARATION, TRANSPOSITION.

74. When the matters contained in two separate propositions might be better put into one,

the mode of proceeding is to reject one of them, and then to incorporate the substance of it with the other by way of amendment. A better mode, however, if the business of the assembly will admit of its being adopted, is to refer both propositions to a committee, with instructions to incorporate them together in one.

75. If the matter of one proposition would be more properly distributed into two, any part of it may be struck out by way of amendment, and put into the form of a new and distinct proposition. But in this, as in the former case, a better mode would generally be to refer the subject to a committee.

76. In like manner, if a paragraph or section requires to be transposed, a question must be put on striking it out where it stands, and another for inserting it in the place desired.

SECT. IV. WITHDRAWAL, MODIFICATION OR AMENDMENT BY THE MOVER.

77. The mover of a proposition, after it has been stated as a question by the presiding officer, must obtain the permission of the assembly, by a motion and question for the purpose, in order to enable him to modify or withdraw his proposition. A withdrawal requires unanimous consent of the members present.

78. So, too, when an amendment has been regularly moved, seconded and stated, its relation is the same with that described in the preceding paragraph, it of course rests upon the same foundation, and is subject to the same rule.

Before a motion has been stated, the mover may modify or withdraw it at his pleasure; after it has been stated, he can only withdraw or modify it by general consent; he may, however, like any other member, move to amend.

SECTION V. GENERAL RULES RELATING TO AMENDMENTS.

79. All amendments of which a proposition is susceptible, so far as form is concerned, may be effected in one of three ways, namely: either by inserting or adding certain words; or by striking out certain words; or by striking out certain words and inserting or adding others. These

several forms of amendment are subject to certain general rules, which, being equally applicable to them all, require to be stated beforehand.

80. First Rule. When a proposition consists of several sections, paragraphs, or resolutions, the natural order of considering and amending it is to begin at the beginning, and to proceed through it in course by paragraphs; and, when a latter part has been amended, it is not in order to recur back, and make any alteration or amendment of a former part.

81. Second Rule. Every amendment which can be proposed, whether by striking out, or inserting, or striking out and inserting, is itself susceptible of amendment; but there can be no amendment of an amendment to an amendment.

82. Thus, if a proposition consist of A B, and it is proposed to amend by inserting C D, it may be moved to amend the amendment by inserting E F; but it cannot be moved to amend this amendment, as, for example, by inserting G. The only mode by which this can be reached is to reject the amendment in the form in which it is presented, namely, to insert E F, and to move it in the form in which it is desired to be amended, namely, to insert E F G.

83. Third Rule. Whatever is agreed to by the assembly, on a vote, either adopting or rejecting a proposed amendment, cannot be afterwards altered or amended.

Thus, if a proposition consist of A B, and it is moved to insert C, if the amendment prevail, C cannot be afterwards amended, because it has been agreed to in that form; and so, if it is moved to strike out B, and the amendment is rejected, B cannot afterwards be amended, because a vote against striking it out is equivalent to a vote agreeing to it as it stands.

84. Fourth Rule. Whatever is disagreed to by the assembly, on a vote, cannot be afterwards moved again. This rule is the converse of the preceding, and may be illustrated in the same manner.

85. Fifth Rule. The inconsistency or incompatibility of a proposed amendment with one which has already been adopted is a fit ground for its rejection by the assembly, but not for the

suppression of it by the presiding officer, as against order.

SECTION VI. AMENDMENTS BY STRIKING OUT.

86. If an amendment is proposed by striking out a particular paragraph or certain words, and the amendment is rejected, it cannot be again moved to strike out the same words or a part of them; but it may be moved to strike out the same words with others, or to strike out a part of the same words with others, provided the coherence to be struck out be so substantial as to make these, in fact, different propositions from the former.

87. If an amendment by striking out is agreed to, it cannot be afterwards moved to insert the same words struck out, or a part of them; but it may be moved to insert the same words with others, or a part of the same words with others, provided the coherence to be inserted make these propositions substantially different from the first.

88. When it is proposed to amend by striking out a particular paragraph, it may be moved to amend this amendment in three different ways, namely: either by striking out a part only of the paragraph, or by inserting or adding words, or by striking out and inserting.

89. As an amendment must necessarily be put to the question before the principal motion, so the question must be put on an amendment to an amendment before it is put on the amendment.

90. When a motion for striking out words is put to the question, the parliamentary form always is, whether the words *shall stand as part* of the principal motion, and not whether they *shall be struck out*.

91. On a motion to amend by striking out certain words, the manner of stating the question is, first to read the passage proposed to be amended, as it stands; then the words proposed to be struck out; and, lastly, the whole passage as it will stand if the amendment is adopted.

SECT. VII. AMENDMENTS BY INSERTING.

92. If an amendment is proposed by inserting or adding a paragraph or words, and the amend-

ment is rejected, it cannot be moved again to insert the same words or a part of them; but it may be moved to insert the same words with others or a part of the same words with others, provided the coherence really make them different propositions.

93. If it is proposed to amend by inserting a paragraph, and the amendment prevails, it cannot be afterwards moved to strike out the same words or a part of them; but it may be moved to strike out the same words with others,¹ or a part of the same words with others, provided the coherence be such as make the proposition really different from the first.

94. When it is proposed to amend by inserting a paragraph, this amendment may be amended in three different ways; namely, either by striking out a part of the paragraph, or by inserting something into it, or by striking out and inserting.

95. When it is proposed to amend by inserting a paragraph, those who are in favor of the amendment should amend it, if necessary, before the question is taken, because, if it is rejected, it cannot be moved again, and if received, it cannot be amended.

96. On a motion to amend by inserting a paragraph, the manner of stating the question is first to read the passage to be amended, as it stands; then the words proposed to be inserted; and lastly, the whole passage as it will stand if the amendment prevails.

SECT. VIII. AMENDMENT BY STRIKING OUT AND INSERTING.

97. The third form of amending a proposition, namely, by striking out certain words and inserting others in their place, is, in fact, a combination of the other two forms, and may accordingly be divided into those two forms, either by a vote of the assembly, or on the demand of a member under a special rule to that effect. When the parliamentary form of putting the question, on a motion to strike or leave out words, is adopted, the question is first stated that

¹ This is the common case of striking out a paragraph, after having amended it by inserting words.

the words proposed to be struck out stand as part of the motion. If this question passes in the negative, a question is then to be stated on inserting the words proposed, which may be amended like any other motion to insert or add words. If the question on the standing of the words passes in the affirmative, the residue of the motion to strike out and insert falls without a question. According to the parliamentary form, therefore, a motion to strike out and insert is necessarily divided.

98. When the motion is divided, the question is first to be taken on striking out, and if that is decided in the affirmative, then on inserting; but if the former is decided in the negative, the latter falls, of course. On a division, the proceedings are the same in reference to each branch of the question, beginning with the striking out, as if each branch had been moved by itself.

99. If the motion to strike out and insert is put to the question undivided, and is decided in the negative, the same motion cannot be made again: but it may be moved to strike out the same words, and, 1, insert nothing; 2, insert other words; 3, insert the same words with others; 4, insert a part of the same words with others; 5, strike out the same words with others, and insert the same; 6, strike out a part of the same words with others, and insert the same; 7, strike out other words, and insert the same; and, 8, insert the same words, without striking out anything.

100. If the motion to strike out and insert is decided in the affirmative, it cannot be then moved to insert the words struck out or a part of them, or to strike out the words inserted or a part of them: but it may be moved, 1, to insert the same words with others; 2, to insert a part of the same words with others; 3, to strike out the same words with others; or, 4, to strike out a part of the same words with others.

101. When it is proposed to amend by striking out and inserting, this amendment may be amended in three different ways in the paragraph proposed to be struck out, and also in the paragraph proposed to be inserted; namely, by striking out, or inserting, or striking out and

inserting. And those who are in favor of either paragraph must amend it before the question is taken, for the reasons that, if decided in the affirmative, the part struck out cannot be restored, nor can the part inserted be amended; and, if decided in the negative, the part proposed to be struck out cannot be amended, nor can the paragraph proposed to be inserted be moved again.

102. On a motion to amend by striking out certain words and inserting others, the manner of stating the question is, first to read the whole passage to be amended, as it stands; then the words proposed to be struck out; next, those to be inserted; and, lastly, the whole passage as it will stand when amended.

[NOTE.—It is essential to any tolerably rapid transaction of business, that no proposition should by a simple change of form be brought twice before the assembly. If it desires further to consider the matter, it can always do so by a vote to reconsider, although it might be necessary in some cases to suspend a general rule for that purpose.]

SEC. IX. AMENDMENTS CHANGING THE NATURE OF A QUESTION.

103. The term “amendment” is in strictness applicable only to those changes of a proposition by which it is improved. Hence it seems proper, that those only should undertake to amend a proposition who are friendly to it; but this is by no means the rule: when a proposition is regularly moved, seconded and stated, it is in the possession of the assembly, and may be put into any shape, and turned to any purpose, that the assembly may think proper.

104. It is consequently allowable to amend a proposition in such a manner as entirely to alter its nature, and to make it bear a sense different from what it was originally intended to bear; so that the friends of it, as it was first introduced, may themselves be forced to vote against it in its amended form.

105. This mode of proceeding is sometimes adopted for the purpose of defeating a proposition, by compelling its original friends to unite with those who are opposed to it, in voting for

its rejection. But sometimes the nature of a proposition is changed by means of amendments, with a view to its adoption in a sense the very opposite of what it was originally intended to bear.

106. Another mode of defeating a proposition is to carry out or extend the principle of it, by means of amendments, so as to show the inconvenience, absurdity, or danger of its adoption, with such evident clearness that it becomes impossible for the assembly to agree to it. Thus, a motion having been made in the House of Commons, “for copies of all the letters written by the lords of the admiralty to a certain officer in the navy,” it was moved to amend the motion by adding these words: “which letters may contain orders, or be relative to orders not executed and still subsisting.” This amendment being adopted, the motion as amended was unanimously rejected.

107. It will be seen, from the foregoing, that, as the mover of a proposition is under no restriction as to embracing incongruous matters under the same motion, so, on the other hand, the assembly may ingraft upon a motion, by way of amendment, matter which is not only incongruous with, but entirely opposed to, the motion as originally introduced; and in legislative assemblies it is not unusual to amend a bill by striking out all after the enacting clause, and inserting an entirely new bill; or, to amend a resolution by striking out all after the words, “Resolved that,” and inserting a proposition of a wholly different tenor.

CHAPTER X.

The Order and Succession of Questions.

108. It is a general rule that when a proposition is regularly before a deliberative assembly, for its consideration, no other proposition or motion can regularly be made or arise so as to take the place of the former, and be first acted upon, unless it be either, *first*, a privileged question; *secondly*, a subsidiary question; or, *thirdly*, an incidental question or motion.

109. All these motions take the place of the principal motion, or main question, as it is usually

called, and are to be first put to the question; and among themselves, also, there are some which, in like manner, take the place of all the others. Some of these questions merely supersede the principal question, until they have been decided, and when decided, whether affirmatively or negatively, leave that question as before. Others of them also supersede the principal question until they are decided; and, when decided one way, dispose of the principal question, but, if decided the other way, leave it as before.

SECTION I. PRIVILEGED QUESTIONS.

110. There are certain motions or questions which, on account of the superior importance attributed to them, either in consequence of a vote of the assembly, or in themselves considered, or of the necessity of the proceedings to which they lead, are entitled to take the place of any other subject or proposition which may then be under consideration, and to be first acted upon and decided by the assembly. These are called privileged questions, because they are entitled to precedence over other questions, though they are of different degrees among themselves. Questions of this nature are of three kinds: namely, *first*, motions to adjourn; *secondly*, motions or questions relating to the rights and privileges of the assembly, or of its members individually; and, *thirdly*, motions for the orders of the day.

ADJOURNMENT.

111. A motion to adjourn takes the place of all other questions whatsoever (but it may not immediately follow a motion to adjourn, before another motion or business has been considered); for otherwise the assembly might be kept sitting against its will, and for an indefinite time; but, in order to entitle this motion to precedence, it must be simply to "adjourn," without the addition of any particular day or time; though, if a motion to adjourn is made when no other business is before the assembly, it may be amended like other questions.

112. A motion to adjourn is merely, "that this assembly do now adjourn;" and, if it is carried in the affirmative, the assembly is adjourned to

the next sitting day; unless it has previously come to a resolution, that, on rising, it will adjourn to a particular day; in which case, it is adjourned to that day.

113. An adjournment without day, that is, without any time being fixed for re-assembling, would, in the case of any other than a legislative assembly, be equivalent to a dissolution. A better form would be a motion to dissolve, where the organization is not to meet again.

114. When a question is interrupted by an adjournment before any vote or question has been taken upon it, it is thereby removed from before the assembly, and will not stand before it, as a matter of course, at its next meeting, but must be brought forward in the usual way.

QUESTIONS OF PRIVILEGE.

115. The questions next in relative importance, and which supersede all others for the time being, except that of adjournment, are those which concern the rights and privileges of the assembly or of its individual members; as, for example, when the proceedings of the assembly are disturbed or interrupted, whether by strangers or members, or where a quarrel arises between two members; and, in these cases, the matter of privilege supersedes the question pending at the time, together with all subsidiary and incidental ones, and must be first disposed of. When settled, the question interrupted by it is to be resumed at the point where it was suspended.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

116. When the consideration of a subject has been assigned for a particular day, by an order of the assembly, the matter so assigned is called the order of the day for that day. If, in the course of business, as commonly happens in legislative assemblies, there are several subjects assigned for the same day, they are called the orders of the day.

117. A question which is thus made the subject of an order for its consideration on a particular day is thereby made a privileged question for that day; the order being a repeal, as to this special case, of the general rule as to business.

If, therefore, any other proposition (with the exception of the two preceding) is moved, or arises, on the day assigned for the consideration of a particular subject, a motion for the order of the day will supersede the question first made, together with all subsidiary and incidental questions connected with it, and must be first put and decided; for, if the debate or consideration of that subject were allowed to proceed, it might continue through the day, and thus defeat the order.

118. But this motion, to entitle it to precedence, must be for the orders generally, if there is more than one, and not for any particular one; and if decided in the affirmative, that is, that the assembly will now proceed to the orders of the day, they must then be read and gone through with in the order in which they stand; priority of order being considered to give priority of right.

119. If the consideration of a subject is assigned for a particular hour on the day named, a motion to proceed to it is not a privileged motion, until that hour has arrived; but, if no hour is fixed, the order is for the entire day and every part of it.

120. Where there are several orders of the day, and one of them is fixed for a particular hour, if the orders are taken up before that hour, they are to be proceeded with as they stand; until that hour, and then the subject assigned for that hour is the next in order; but, if the orders are taken up at that time or afterwards, that particular subject must be considered as the first in order.

121. If the motion for the orders of the day is decided in the affirmative, the original question is removed from before the assembly, in the same manner as if it had been interrupted by an adjournment, and does not stand before the assembly, as a matter of course, at its next meeting, but must be renewed in the usual way.

122. If the motion is decided in the negative, the vote of the assembly is a discharge of the orders, so far as they interfere with the consideration of the subject then before it, and entitles that subject to be first disposed of.

123. Orders of the day, unless proceeded in and disposed of on the day assigned, fall, of course, and must be renewed for some other day. It may be provided, however, by a special rule, as in the legislative assemblies of Massachusetts, that the orders for a particular day shall hold for every succeeding day, until disposed of.

SECT. II. INCIDENTAL QUESTIONS.

124. Incidental questions are such as arise out of other questions, and are consequently to be decided before the questions which give rise to them. Of this nature are, *first*, questions of order; *second*, motions for the reading of papers, etc.; *third*, leave to withdraw a motion; *fourth*, suspension of a rule; and, *fifth*, amendment of an amendment.

QUESTIONS OF ORDER.

125. It is the duty of the presiding officer of a deliberative assembly to enforce the rules and orders of the body over which he presides, in all its proceedings; and this without question, debate, or delay, in all cases in which the breach of order, or the departure from rule, is manifest. It is also the right of every member, taking notice of the breach of a rule, to insist upon the enforcement of it in the same manner.

126. But though no question can be made as to the enforcement of the rules, when there is a breach or manifest departure from them, so long as any member insists upon their enforcement, yet questions may and do frequently arise as to the fact of their being a breach of order, or a violation of the rules, in a particular proceeding; and these questions must be decided before a case can arise for the enforcement of the rules. Questions of this kind are denominated questions of order.

127. When any question of this nature arises in the course of any other proceeding, it necessarily supersedes the further consideration of the subject out of which it arises, until that question is disposed of; then the original motion or proceeding revives, and resumes its former position, unless it has been itself disposed of by the question of order.

128. When a question of order is raised, it is decided, in the first instance, by the presiding officer, without any previous debate or discussion by the assembly. The presiding officer may, before giving his opinion, if he pleases, ask the opinions of others, but when he is ready to give his opinion he may do so at once without hearing further from any member. If the decision of the presiding officer is not satisfactory, any one member may object to it, and have the question decided by the assembly. This is called *appealing* from the decision of the chair. The question is then stated by the presiding officer, on the appeal; namely, *Shall the decision of the chair stand as the decision of the assembly?* and it is thereupon debated and decided by the assembly in the same manner as any other question; except that the presiding officer is allowed to take a part in the debate, which, on ordinary occasions, he is prohibited from doing.

READING PAPERS.

129. It is, for obvious reasons, a general rule, that where papers are laid before a deliberative assembly for its action, every member has a right to have them once read at the table, before he can be compelled to vote on them; and consequently, when the reading of any paper relative to a question before the assembly is called for under this rule, no question need be made as to the reading: the paper is read by the clerk, under the direction of the presiding officer, as a matter of course.

130. But, with the exception of papers coming under this rule, it is not the right of any member to read himself, or to have read, any paper, book, or document whatever, without the leave of the assembly, upon a motion made and a question put for the purpose. The delay and interruption which would otherwise ensue from reading every paper that might be called for show the absolute necessity of restricting the rule within the narrowest possible limits, consistently with permitting every member to have as much information as possible on the subjects in reference to which he is about to vote.

131. When, therefore, a member desires that

any paper, book, or document, on the table, whether printed or written (except as above mentioned), should be read for his own information, or that of the assembly; or desires to read any such paper, book, or document, in his place, in the course of a debate or otherwise, or even to read his own speech which he has prepared beforehand, and committed to writing,—in all these cases, if any objection is made, he must obtain leave of the assembly for the reading, by a motion and vote for the purpose.

132. When the reading of a paper is evidently for information, and not for delay, it is the usual practice for the presiding officer to allow it, unless objection is made, in which case leave must be asked; and this is seldom refused, where there is no intentional or gross abuse of the time and patience of the assembly.

133. It is not now the practice, as it once was, in legislative assemblies, to read all papers that are presented, especially when they are referred to committees immediately on their presentation; though the right of every member to insist upon one reading is still admitted. It would be impossible, with the amount of business done by legislative bodies at the present day, to devote much of their time to the reading of papers.

134. When, in the course of a debate or other proceeding, the reading of a paper is called for, and a question is made upon it, this question is incidental to the former, and must be first decided.

SUSPENSION OF A RULE.

135. When any contemplated motion or proceeding is rendered impracticable, by reason of the existence of some special rule by which it is prohibited, it has become an established practice in this country, to suspend or dispense with the rule, for the purpose of admitting the proceeding or motion which is desired. This can only be done by a motion and question; usually requiring, by special rule, a majority of two-thirds to three-fourths to carry; where this is not provided, there is no other mode of suspending or dispensing with a rule than by general consent. A motion to suspend the rule supersedes the orig-

inal question for the time being, and is first to be decided.

SECTION III. SUBSIDIARY QUESTIONS.

136. Subsidiary or secondary questions or motions are those which relate to a principal motion, and are made use of to enable the assembly to dispose of it in the most appropriate manner. These motions have the effect to supersede, and in some cases, when decided one way, to dispose of, the principal question.

137. The subsidiary motions in common use are the following, namely: lie on the table, the previous question, postponement either indefinite or to a day certain, commitment, and amendment. All of which have already been considered, consequently are but briefly treated here.

LIE ON THE TABLE.

138. The motion to lay on the table takes precedence of and supersedes all other subsidiary motions. If decided in the affirmative, the principal motion, together with all the other motions, subsidiary and incidental, connected with it, is removed from before the assembly, until it is again taken up; which it may be by motion and vote, at any time when the assembly pleases. If decided in the negative, the business proceeds in the same manner as if the motion had never been made.

PREVIOUS QUESTION.

139. This motion stands in an equal degree with all the other subsidiary motions, except the motion to lie on the table; and consequently, if first moved, is not subject to be superseded by a motion to postpone, commit, or amend.

140. If the previous question is moved before the others above mentioned, and put to the question, it has the effect to prevent those motions from being made at all. The same rule holds good for motions to postpone, commit, or amend. The motion first made takes precedence of all other subsidiary motions, except to lie on the table.

POSTPONEMENT.

141. The motion to postpone is either indefinite or to a day certain, and, in both these forms,

may be amended,—in the former, by making it to a day certain; in the latter, by substituting one day for another.

142. If, therefore, a motion is made for an indefinite postponement, it may be moved to amend the motion by making it to a day certain. If a motion is made for a postponement to a day certain, it may be amended by the substitution of a different day.

143. If a motion for postponement is decided affirmatively, the proposition to which it is applied is removed from before the assembly, with all its appendages and incidents, and consequently there is no ground for either of the other subsidiary motions; if decided negatively, that the proposition shall not be postponed, that question may then be suppressed by the previous question, or committed, or amended.

COMMITMENT.

144. A motion to commit, or recommit (which is the term used when the proposition has already been once committed), may be amended by the substitution of one kind of committee for another, or by enlarging or diminishing the number of the members of the committee as originally proposed, or by instructions to the committee.

145. If decided affirmatively, the proposition is removed from before the assembly, and consequently there is no ground for the previous question or for postponement or amendment; if negatively, to wit, that the principal question shall not be committed, that question may then be suppressed by the previous question, or postponed, or amended.

AMENDMENT.

146. A motion to amend, as has been seen, may be itself amended. This motion is liable to be superseded by a motion to postpone to a day certain; so that, amendment and postponement competing, the latter is to be first put. The reason is, that a question for amendment is not suppressed by postponing or adjourning the principal question, but remains before the assembly whenever the main question is resumed.

147. A motion to amend may also be superseded by a motion to commit; so that the latter, though subsequently moved, is to be first put, because, "in truth, it facilitates and befriends the motion to amend."

148. The effect of both a negative and an affirmative decision of amendments has already been considered. (79 to 102.)

CHAPTER XI.

The Order of Proceeding.

149. When several subjects are before the assembly, that is, on their table for consideration (for there can be but a single subject *under* consideration at any one time), and no priority has been given to any one over another, the presiding officer is not precisely bound to any order as to what matters shall be first taken up; but is left to his own discretion, unless the assembly on a question decide to take up a particular subject.

150. A settled order of business, however, is useful if not necessary for the government of the presiding officer, and to restrain individual members from calling up favorite measures. The order of business may be established in virtue of some general rule, or by special orders relating to each particular subject, and must, of course, necessarily depend upon the nature and amount of the matters before the assembly.

151. The natural order in considering and amending any paper which consists of several distinct propositions is, to begin at the beginning, and proceed through it by paragraphs. To this natural order of beginning at the beginning, there is one exception according to parliamentary usage, where a resolution or series of resolutions, or other paper, has a preamble or title; in which case, the preamble or title is postponed until the residue of the paper is gone through with.

152. In considering a proposition consisting of several paragraphs, the course is, for the whole paper to be read entirely through, in the first place, by the clerk; then a second time, by the presiding officer, by paragraphs; pausing at the end of each, and putting questions for amending, if amendments are proposed; and, when the whole paper has been gone through with in this

manner, the presiding officer puts the final question on agreeing to or adopting the whole paper, as amended or unamended.

153. When a paper which has been referred to a committee, and reported back to the assembly, is taken up for consideration, the amendments only are first read, in course, by the clerk. The presiding officer then reads the first, and puts it to the question, and so on until the whole are adopted or rejected, before any other amendment is admitted, with the exception of an amendment to an amendment, afterwards giving opportunity for the assembly to offer amendments; and, when through the whole, he puts the question on agreeing to or adopting the paper, as the resolution, order, etc., of the assembly. If carried, the resolution or order is then to be entered in the journal as the resolution, etc., of the assembly, and not as the report of the committee accepted.

154. When the paper referred to a committee is reported back, as amended, in a new draft (which may be and often is done, where the amendments are numerous and comparatively unimportant), the new draft is to be considered as an amendment, and it is to be first amended, if necessary, and then put to the question as an amendment reported by the committee; or, the course may be first to accept the new draft as a substitute for the original paper, and then to treat it as such.

155. It often happens, that, besides a principal question, there are several others connected with it, pending at the same time, which are to be taken in their order: as, for example, suppose, *first*, a principal motion; *second*, a motion to amend; *third*, a motion to commit; *fourth*, the preceding motions being pending, a question of order arises in the debate, which gives occasion, *fifth*, to a question of privilege; and this leads, *sixth*, to a subsidiary motion, as, to lie on the table. The regular course of proceeding requires the motion to lie on the table to be first put; if this is negatived, the question of privilege is then settled; after that comes the question of order; then the question of commitment; if that is negatived, the question of amendment is

taken; and, lastly, the main question. This example will sufficiently illustrate the manner in which questions may grow out of one another, and in what order they are to be decided.¹

156. It is a most unparliamentary and abusive proceeding to allow a principal motion, and a subsidiary one relating to it, to be proposed and stated together, and to be put to the question in their order; as is done when a member moves a principal question—a resolution, for example—and, at the same time, the previous question, or that the resolution lie on the table. In such a case the presiding officer should take no notice whatever of the subsidiary motion, but should propose the principal one by itself in the usual manner, before allowing any other to be made. Other members then would not be deprived of their rights in debate, etc., in relation to the subject moved.

157. When a member has obtained the floor, he cannot be cut off from addressing the assembly on the one question before it; nor, when speaking, can he be interrupted in his speech by any other member rising, and moving an adjournment, or for the orders of the day, or by making any other privileged motion of the same kind: it being a general rule that a member in possession of the floor, or proceeding with his speech, cannot be taken down or interrupted but by a call to order; and the question of order being decided, he is still to be heard through. A call for an adjournment, or for the orders of the day, or for the question, by gentlemen in their seats, is not a motion; as no motion can be made without rising and addressing the chair, and being called to by the presiding officer. Such calls for the question are themselves breaches of order, which, though the member who has risen may respect them as an expression of the impatience of the assembly at further debate, do not prevent him from going on if he pleases. When, therefore, a member rises whilst another is speaking, and addresses the chair, he should inform the presiding officer that he rises to a point of order, or to the orders of the assembly, or to a matter of

privilege. It will then be the duty of the presiding officer to direct the member speaking to suspend his remarks, or to resume his seat, and the member rising to proceed with the statement of his point or other matter of order or of privilege. If the latter, on proceeding, discloses matter which shows that the interruption was proper, the subject so introduced must first be disposed of; and then the member who was interrupted is to be directed to proceed with his speech. If it appears that there was no sufficient ground for the interruption, the member rising is to be directed to resume his seat; and the member interrupted to proceed with his speech. Any matter of privilege affecting the assembly itself, or any of its members, of which the assembly ought to have instant information, furnishes an occasion for interruption; as, for example, where access to the place of sitting of the assembly is obstructed, or the person of a member is attacked; or where something connected with the proceeding of the assembly requires instant attention, as where it becomes necessary to have lights; or where something occurs relative to the member himself who is speaking, as where he is annoyed and disturbed by noise and disorder, or where, in consequence of his strength failing him, it becomes necessary that he should finish his speech sitting.

CHAPTER XII.

Order in Debate.

158. It is a general rule, in all deliberative assemblies, that the presiding officer shall not participate in the debate or other proceedings, in any other capacity than as such officer. He is only allowed, therefore, to state matters of fact within his knowledge; to inform the assembly on points of order or the course of proceeding, when called upon for that purpose, or when he finds it necessary to do so; and, on appeals from his decision on questions of order, to address the assembly in debate.

SECTION I. AS TO THE MANNER OF SPEAKING.

159. When a member desires to address the assembly on any subject before it (as well as to make a motion), he is to rise and stand up in his

¹ The order of motions, for the disposal of any question, is usually fixed by a special rule, in legislative assemblies,

place, uncovered, and to address himself not to the assembly or any particular member, but to the presiding officer, who, on hearing him, calls to him by his name, that the assembly may take notice who it is that speaks, and give their attention accordingly. If any question arises, as to who shall be entitled to the floor where several members rise at or nearly at the same time, it is decided in the manner already described (38), as to obtaining the floor to make a motion.

160. It is customary, indeed, for the presiding officer, after a motion has been made, seconded, and proposed, to give the floor to the mover,¹ in preference to others, if he rises to speak; or, on resuming a debate after an adjournment, to give the floor, if he desires it, to the mover of the adjournment, in preference to other members; or, where two or more members claim the floor, to prefer him who is opposed to the measure in question; but, in all these cases, the determination of the presiding officer may be overruled by the assembly.

161. No person, in speaking, is to mention a member then present by his name; but to describe him by his seat in the assembly, or as the member who spoke last, or last but one, or on the other side of the question, or by some other equivalent expression. The purpose of this rule is to guard as much as possible against the excitement of all personal feeling, by separating, as it were, the official from the personal character of each member.

162. If the presiding officer rises up to speak, any other member who may have risen for the same purpose ought to sit down, in order that the former may be first heard; but this rule does not authorize the presiding officer to interrupt a member whilst speaking, or to cut off one to whom he has given the floor; he must wait like other members, until such member has done speaking,

¹ Sometimes a member, instead of proposing his motion at first, proceeds with his speech; but in such a case he is liable to be taken down to order, unless he states that he intends to conclude with a motion, and informs the assembly what that motion is; and then he may be allowed to proceed.

except when the member himself is guilty of a breach of order.

163. A member, whilst speaking, must remain standing in his place, uncovered; and, when he has finished his speech, he ought to resume his seat; but if unable to stand without pain or inconvenience, in consequence of age, sickness, or other infirmity, he may be indulged to speak sitting.

SECT. II. AS TO THE MATTER IN SPEAKING.

164. Every question that can be made in a deliberative assembly is susceptible of being debated² according to its nature; that is, every member has the right of expressing his opinion upon it. Hence it is a general rule, and the principal one relating to this matter, that, in debate, those who speak are to confine themselves to the question, and not to speak impertinently or beside the subject. So long as a member has the floor, and keeps within the rule, he may speak for as long a time as he pleases.

165. It is also a rule, that no person, in speaking, is to use indecent language against the proceedings of the assembly, or to reflect upon any of its prior determinations, unless he means to conclude his remarks with a motion to rescind such determination; but while a proposition under consideration is still pending, and not adopted, though it may have been reported by a committee, reflections on it are no reflections on the assembly. The rule applies equally to the proceedings of committees; which are, indeed, the proceedings of the assembly.

166. Another rule in speaking is, that no member is at liberty to digress from the matter of the question, to fall upon the person of another, and to speak reviling, nipping, or unmannerly words of or to him. The nature or consequences of a measure may be reprobated in strong terms; but to arraign the motives of those who advocate it, is a personality and against order.

² In legislative bodies, it is usual to provide that certain questions, as, for example, to adjourn, to lie on the table, for the previous question, or as to the order of business, shall be decided without debate.

167. It often happens, in the consideration of a subject, that, whilst the general question remains the same, the particular question before the assembly is constantly changing: thus while, for example, the general question is on the adoption of a series of resolutions, the particular question may, at one moment, be on an amendment; at another, on postponement; and, again, on the previous question. In all these cases, the particular question supersedes, for the time, the main question; and those who speak to it must confine their remarks accordingly. The enforcement of order in this respect requires the closest attention on the part of the presiding officer.

168. When a member is interrupted by the presiding officer, or called to order by a member, for irrelevancy or departing from the question, he is still to be allowed to proceed in order, that is, abandoning the objectionable course of remark.

SECT. III. AS TO TIMES OF SPEAKING.

169. The general rule in all deliberative assemblies, unless it is otherwise specially provided, is, that no member shall speak more than once to the same question;¹ but when all members who desire to speak have spoken, a member may speak a second time by leave of the assembly.

170. If a resolution is moved and debated, and then referred to a committee, those who speak on the introduction of the motion may speak again on the question presented by the report of the committee, though it is substantially the same question with the former; and so a member who has spoken on the principal or main question may speak again on all the subsidiary or incidental questions arising in the course of the debate. That is, he may speak to the same subject as often as it is presented in the form of a different question.

171. A member may also be permitted to speak a second time in the same debate, in order to clear a matter of fact, or merely to explain himself in some material part of his speech; or

¹ The mover and seconder, if they do not speak to the question at the time when the motion is made and seconded, have the same right with other members to address the assembly.

to the orders of the assembly, if they be transgressed (although no question may be made), but carefully keeping within that line, and not falling into the matter itself.

172. It is sometimes supposed that because a member has a right to explain himself, he therefore has a right to interrupt another member whilst speaking, in order to make the explanation, but this is a mistake; he should wait until the member speaking has finished; and if a member, on being requested, yields the floor for an explanation, he relinquishes it altogether.

SECT. IV. AS TO STOPPING DEBATE.

173. The only mode in use in this country, until recently, for the purpose of putting an end to an unprofitable or tiresome debate, was by moving the previous question; the effect of which motion has already been explained.

174. The other mode of putting an end to debate, which has recently been introduced into use, is for the assembly to adopt beforehand, a special order in reference to a particular subject, that at such a time specified, all debate upon it shall cease, and all motions or questions pending in relation to it shall be decided.

175. Another rule, which has lately been introduced for the purpose of shortening rather than stopping debate, is that no member shall be permitted to speak more than a certain specified time on any question; so that when the time allotted has expired, the presiding officer announces the fact, and the member speaking resumes his seat.

SECT. V. AS TO DECORUM IN DEBATE.

176. Every member having the right to be heard, every other member is bound to conduct himself in such a manner that this right may be effectual. Hence it is a rule of order, as well as of decency, that no member is to disturb another in his speech by any disorderly deportment which tends to disturb or disconcert a member who is speaking. (See 32.)

177. But if a member speaking finds that he is not regarded with that respectful attention which his equal right demands,—that it is not the

inclination of the assembly to hear him, and that by conversation or any other noise they endeavor to drown his voice,—it is his most prudent course to submit himself to the pleasure of the assembly, and to sit down.

178. It is the duty of the presiding officer, in such a case, to endeavor to reduce the assembly to order and decorum ; but if his repeated calls to order, and his appeals to the good sense and decency of the members prove ineffectual, it then becomes his duty to call by name any member who obstinately persists in irregularity and to try him before the assembly as already provided. (33 and 34.)

179. If, on repeated trials, the presiding officer finds that the assembly will not support him in the exercise of his authority, he will then be justified, but not till then, in permitting without censure every kind of disorder.

SECT VI. AS TO DISORDERLY WORDS.

180. If a member, in speaking, makes use of language which is personally offensive to another or insulting to the assembly, and the member offended, or any other, thinks proper to complain of it to the assembly, the course of proceeding is as follows :

181. The member speaking is immediately interrupted in the course of his speech, by another or several members rising and calling to order ; and the member who objects or complains of the words is then called upon by the presiding officer to state the words which he complains of, repeating them exactly as he conceives them to have been spoken, in order that they may be reduced to writing by the clerk ; or the member complaining, without being so called upon, may proceed at once to state the words either verbally or in writing and desire that the clerk may take them down at the table. The presiding officer may then direct the clerk to take them down ; but if he sees the objection to be a trivial one, and thinks there is no foundation for their being thought disorderly, he will prudently delay giving any such directions, in order not unnecessarily to interrupt the proceedings ; though if the members generally seem to be in favor of having

the words taken down, by calling out to that effect, or by a vote which the assembly may doubtless pass, the presiding officer should certainly order the clerk to take them down in the form and manner in which they are stated by the member who objects.

182. The words objected to being thus written down, and forming a part of the minutes in the clerk's book, they are next to be read to the member who was speaking, who may deny that those are the words which he spoke ; in which case the assembly must decide by a question, whether they are the words or not.¹ If he does not deny that he spoke those words, or when the assembly has itself determined what the words are, then the member may either justify them, or explain the sense in which he used them, so as to remove the objection to their being disorderly ; or he may make an apology for them.

183. If the justification or explanation or apology of the member is thought sufficient by the assembly, no further proceeding is necessary ; the member may resume and go on with his speech, the assembly being presumed, unless some further motion is made, to be satisfied ; but if any two members think it necessary, then the sense of the assembly must be taken by vote, the member withdrawing, and such further proceedings had in relation to punishing the member, as may be thought necessary and proper.

184. If offensive words are not taken notice of at the time they are spoken, but the member is allowed to finish his speech, and then any other person speaks, or any other matter of business intervenes, before notice is taken of the words which gave offense, the words are not to be written down, or the member using them censured.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Question.

185. When any proposition is made to a deliberative assembly, it is called a *motion* ; when it is stated or propounded to the assembly for their acceptance or rejection, it is denominated a *ques-*

¹ The words, as written down, may be amended so as to conform to what the assembly thinks to be the truth.

tion; and, when adopted, it becomes the *order*, *resolution*, or *vote*, of the assembly.

186. When any proposition, whether principal, subsidiary, or incidental, or of whatever nature it may be, is made, seconded, and stated, if no alteration is proposed, or if it admits of none, or if it is amended, and the debate upon it, if any, appears to be brought to a close, the presiding officer then inquires whether the assembly is ready for the question; and, if no person rises, the question is then stated, and the votes of the assembly taken upon it. Strictly speaking, no question can arise in a deliberative assembly without a motion being first made and seconded.

187. The question is not always stated to the assembly in the precise form in which it arises or is introduced; thus, for example, when a member presents a petition, or the chairman of a committee offers a report, the question which arises, if no motion is made, is, *Shall the petition or the report be received?* and so, when the previous question is moved, it is stated in this form, *Shall the main question be now put?* the question being stated, in all cases, in the form in which it will appear on the journal, if it passes in the affirmative.

188. In matters of trifling importance, or which are generally of course, such as receiving petitions and reports, withdrawing motions, reading papers, etc., the presiding officer most commonly supposes or takes for granted the consent of the assembly, where no objection is expressed, and does not go through the formality of taking the question by a vote. But if, after a vote has been taken in this informal way and declared, any member rises to object, the presiding officer should consider everything that has passed as nothing, and at once go back and pursue the regular course of proceeding.

189. The question being stated by the presiding officer, he first puts it in the affirmative, namely: *As many as are of the opinion that* [repeating the words of the question] *say Aye*; and immediately all the members who are of that opinion answer *Aye*. The presiding officer then puts the question negatively: *As many as are of a different opinion, say No*; and thereupon all

the members who are of that opinion answer *No*. The presiding officer judges by his ear which side has "the more voices," and decides accordingly that *the ayes have it*, or *the noes have it*, as the case may be. If the presiding officer is doubtful as to the majority of voices, he may put the question a second time; and if he is still unable to decide, or if, having decided according to his judgment, any member rises and declares that he believes the *ayes* or the *noes* (whichever it may be) *have it*, contrary to the declaration of the presiding officer,¹ then the presiding officer directs the assembly to divide, in order that the members on the one side and the other may be counted. All divisions, if called at all, must be called and taken immediately after the announcement from the chair.

190. In some of our legislative assemblies, and especially in those of the New England States, the votes are given by the members holding up their right hands, first those in the affirmative, and then those in the negative, of the question.

191. When a division of the assembly takes place, the presiding officer sometimes directs the members to range themselves on different sides of the assembly-room, and either counts them himself, or they are counted by tellers appointed by him for the purpose, or by monitors permanently appointed for that and other purposes; or the members rise in their seats, first on the affirmative and then on the negative, and (standing uncovered) are counted in the same manner. When the members are counted by the presiding officer, he announces the numbers, and declares the result. When they are counted by tellers or monitors, the tellers must first agree among themselves, and then the one who has told for the majority reports the numbers to the presiding officer, who thereupon declares the result.

192. If the members are equally divided, it then becomes the duty of the presiding officer to give the casting vote; in doing which he may, if he pleases, give his reasons.

193. It is a general rule, that every member who is in the assembly-room at the time when

¹ The most common expression is, "I doubt the vote;" or, "That vote is doubted."

the question is stated has not only the right, but is bound, to vote; and, on the other hand, that no member can vote who was not in the room at that time.

194. Another form of taking the question, which is peculiar to the legislative bodies of the United States, is called taking the question by yeas and nays. In order to take a question in this manner, it is stated on both sides at once: namely, *As many as are of opinion that, etc., will, when their names are called, answer Yes;* and, *As many as are of a different opinion will, when their names are called, answer No.* The roll of the assembly is then called over by the clerk; and each member, as his name is called, rises in his place, and answers *yes* or *no*, and the clerk notes the answer as the roll is called.¹ When the roll has been gone through, the clerk reads over first the names of those who have answered in the affirmative, and then the names of those who have answered in the negative, in order that if he has made any mistake in noting the answer, or if any member has made a mistake in his answer, the mistake of either may be corrected. The names having been thus read over, and the mistakes, if any, corrected, the clerk counts the numbers on each side or announces the last figures representing them, and reports them to the presiding officer, who declares the result to the assembly.

195. In any of the modes of taking a question, in which it is first put on one side and then on the other, it is no full question until the negative as well as the affirmative has been put. Consequently, until the negative has been put, it is in order for any member, in the same manner as if the division had not commenced, to rise and speak, make motions for amendment or otherwise, and thus renew the debate; and this whether such member was in the assembly-room, or not, when the question was put and partly taken. In such a case, the question must be put over again on the affirmative, as well as the nega-

tive side; but when a question is taken by yeas and nays, and the negative as well as the affirmative of the question is stated, and the voting on each side begins and proceeds at the same time, the question cannot be opened and the debate renewed after the voting has commenced.

196. If any question arises in a point of order, as, for example, as to the right or the duty of a member to vote during a division, the presiding officer must decide it peremptorily, subject to the revision and correction of the assembly after the division is over. In a case of this kind, there can be no debate, though the presiding officer may if he pleases receive the assistance of members with their advice, which they are to give sitting, in order to avoid even the appearance of a debate; but this can only be with the leave of the presiding officer, as otherwise the division might be prolonged to an inconvenient length; nor can any question be taken, for otherwise there might be division upon division without end.

197. When, from counting the assembly on a division, it appears that there is not a quorum present, there is no decision; but the matter in question continues in the same state in which it was before the division; and when afterwards resumed, whether on the same or on some future day, it must be taken up at that precise point.

CHAPTER XIV.

Reconsideration.

198. It is a principle of parliamentary law, upon which many of the rules and proceedings previously stated are founded, that when a question has been once put to a deliberative assembly and decided, whether in the affirmative or negative, that decision is the judgment of the assembly, and cannot again be brought into question.

199. This principle holds equally, although the question proposed is not the identical question which has already been decided, but only its equivalent; as, for example, where the negative of one question amounts to the affirmative of the other, and leaves no other alternative, these questions are the equivalent of one another, and a

¹ Sometimes the clerk places a figure in pencil opposite the name, at left or right according as the answer is *yes* or *no*. The last two numbers or figures represent the respective number of affirmative and negative votes.

decision of the one necessarily concludes the other.

200. The inconvenience of this rule, which is still maintained in all its strictness in the British Parliament (though divers expedients are there resorted to, to counteract or evade it), has led to the introduction into the parliamentary practice of this country of the motion for *reconsideration*; which, while it recognizes and upholds the rule in all its ancient strictness, yet allows a deliberative assembly, for sufficient reasons, to relieve itself from the embarrassment and inconvenience which would occasionally result from a strict enforcement of the rule in a particular case.

201. It has now come to be a common practice in all our deliberative assemblies, and may consequently be considered as a principle of the common parliamentary law of this country, to reconsider a vote already passed, whether affirmatively or negatively, when so desired.

202. For this purpose a motion is made and seconded, in the usual manner, that such a vote be reconsidered; and if this motion prevails, the matter stands before the assembly in precisely the same state and condition, and the same questions are to be put in relation to it, as if the vote reconsidered had never been passed. Thus, if an amendment by inserting words is moved and rejected, the same amendment cannot be moved again, but the assembly may reconsider the vote by which it was rejected; and then the question will recur on the amendment, precisely as if the former vote had never been passed.

203. It is usual in legislative bodies to regulate by a special rule the time, manner, and by whom a motion to reconsider may be made; but where there is no special rule on the subject, a motion to reconsider must be considered in the same light as any other motion, and as subject to no other rules. On the motion to reconsider, the whole subject is as much open for debate as if it had not been discussed at all; and, if the motion prevail, the subject is again open for debate on the original motion, in the same manner as if that motion had never been put to the question.

CHAPTER XV.

Committees.

SECTION I. THEIR NATURE AND FUNCTIONS.

204. It is usual in all deliberative assemblies to prepare matters to be acted upon in the assembly, by means of committees composed either of members specially selected for the particular occasion, or appointed beforehand for all matters of the same nature. Committees of the first kind are usually called *select*, the others *standing committees*. A committee which is composed of all the members of the assembly is denominated a *committee of the whole*.

205. The advantages of proceeding in this mode are manifold. It enables a deliberative assembly to do many things which, from its numbers, it would otherwise be unable to do; to accomplish a much greater quantity of business, by dividing it among the members, than could possibly be accomplished if the whole body were obliged to devote itself to each particular subject.

206. The powers and functions of committees depend chiefly upon the general authority and particular instructions given them by the assembly at the time of their appointment; but they may also be, and very often are, further instructed whilst they are in the exercise of their functions; and sometimes it even happens that these additional instructions wholly change the nature of a committee, by charging it with inquiries quite different from those for which it was originally established.

SECT. II. THEIR APPOINTMENT.

207. In the appointment of select committees, the first thing to be done is to fix upon the number. This is usually effected in the same manner that blanks are filled; namely, by members proposing, without the formality of a motion, such numbers as they please, which are then separately put to the question, beginning with the largest, and going regularly through to the smallest, until the assembly comes to a vote.

208. The number being settled, there are three modes of selecting the members; to wit, by the appointment of the presiding officer, by

ballot, and by nomination and vote of the assembly.

209. In deliberative assemblies whose sittings are of considerable length, as legislative bodies, it is usual to provide by a standing rule, that, unless otherwise ordered in a particular case, all committees shall be named by the presiding officer. Sometimes also the rule fixes the number of which, unless otherwise ordered, committees shall consist.

210. When a committee is ordered to be appointed by ballot, the members are chosen by the assembly, either singly or all together, as may be ordered, in the same manner that other elections are made.

211. When a committee is directed to be appointed by nomination and vote, the names of the members proposed are put to the question singly, and approved or rejected by the assembly by a vote taken in the usual manner. When the nomination is directed to be made at large, the presiding officer calls upon the assembly to nominate; and, names being mentioned accordingly, he puts to vote the first name he hears.

212. It is also a compendious mode of appointing a committee, to revive one which has already discharged itself by a report; or by charging a committee appointed for one purpose, with some additional duty of the same or a different character.

213. In regard to the appointment of committees, so far as the selection of the members is concerned, it is a general rule in legislative bodies, when a bill is to be referred, that none who speak directly against the body of it are to be of the committee, for the reason that he who would totally destroy will not amend; but that, for the opposite reason, those who only take exceptions to some particulars in the bill are to be of the committee.

214. It is customary, in all deliberative assemblies, to constitute a committee of such persons (the mover and seconder of a measure being of course appointed), a majority of whom, at least, are favorably inclined to the measure proposed.

215. When a committee has been appointed in reference to a particular subject, it is the duty

of the secretary of the assembly to make out a list of the members, together with a certified copy of the authority or instructions under which they are to act, and to give the papers to the member first named on the list of the committee, if convenient; but, otherwise, to any other member of the committee.

SECT. III. THEIR ORGANIZATION AND MANNER OF PROCEEDING.

216. The person first named on a committee acts as its chairman, or presiding officer, so far as relates to the preliminary steps to be taken, and is usually permitted to do so through the whole proceedings; but this is a matter of courtesy, every committee having a right to elect its own chairman, who presides over it, and makes the report of its proceedings to the assembly.

217. A committee is properly to receive directions from the assembly, as to the time and place of its meeting, and cannot regularly sit at any other time or place; and it may be ordered to sit immediately, whilst the assembly is sitting, and make its report forthwith.

218. When no directions are given, a committee may select its own time and place of meeting; but, without a special order to that effect, it is not at liberty to sit whilst the assembly sits; and, if a committee is sitting when the assembly comes to order after an adjournment, it is the duty of the chairman to rise instantly, on being certified of it, and, with the other members, to attend the service of the assembly.

219. In regard to its forms of proceeding, a committee is essentially a miniature assembly: a majority of the members is necessary to constitute a quorum for business, unless a larger or smaller number has been fixed by the assembly itself; and a committee has full power over whatever may be committed to it, except that it is not at liberty to change the title or subject.

220. When a committee is ordered to meet at a particular time, and it fails of doing so for any cause, the committee is closed, and cannot act without being newly directed to sit.

221. Disorderly words spoken in a committee must be written down in the same manner as in

the assembly; but the committee, as such, can do nothing more than report them to the assembly for its animadversion; neither can a committee punish disorderly conduct of any other kind, but must report it to the assembly.

222. When any paper is before a committee to be considered, the course for it is the same as if it were before the assembly; but the same strictness in adhering to rules does not seem so necessary in a committee as in the assembly.

223. If the paper before a committee is one which has originated with the committee, questions are put on amendments proposed, but not on agreeing to the several paragraphs of which it is composed, separately, as they are gone through with; this being reserved for the close, when a question is to be put on the whole, for agreeing to the paper as amended or unamended.

224. If the paper be one which has been referred to the committee, they proceed as in the other case to put questions of amendment, if proposed, but no final question on the whole; because all parts of the paper, having been passed upon if not adopted by the assembly as the basis of its action, stand of course, unless altered or struck out by a vote of the assembly.

225. In the case of a paper originating with a committee, they may erase or interline it as much as they please; though, when finally agreed to, it ought to be reported in a clear draft, fairly written, without erasure or interlineation.

226. But, in the case of a paper referred to a committee, they are not at liberty to erase, interline, blot, disfigure, or tear it in any manner; but they must in a separate paper set down the amendments they have agreed to report, stating the words which are to be inserted or omitted, and the places where the amendments are to be made, by references to the paragraph or section, line, and word.

227. If the amendments agreed to are very numerous and minute, the committee may report them altogether, in the form of a new and amended draft.

228. When a committee has gone through the paper, or agreed upon a report on the subject which has been referred to them, it is then moved

by some member, and thereupon voted, that the committee rise, and that the chairman or some other member make their report to the assembly

SECT. IV. THEIR REPORT.

229. When the report of a committee is to be made, the chairman, or member appointed to make the report, standing in his place, informs the assembly that the committee to whom was referred such a subject or paper have, according to order, had the same under consideration, and have directed him to make a report thereon, or to report the same with sundry amendments, or without amendment, as the case may be, which he is ready to do when the assembly shall please; and he or any other member may then move that the report be now received. On this motion being made, the question is put whether the assembly will receive the report at that time; and a vote passes accordingly, either to receive it then, or fixing upon some future time for its reception.

230. A minority report is not recognized as a report of the committee, or acted upon as such: it is received by courtesy, and allowed to accompany the report, as representing the opinions of the minority; and, in order to its being adopted by the assembly, it must be moved as an amendment to the report, when that comes to be considered.

231. At the time the report is to be received, the chairman reads it in his place, and then delivers it, together with all the papers connected with it, to the clerk at the table; where it is again read, and then lies on the table until the time assigned, or until it suits the convenience of the assembly to take it up for consideration. In practice, however, a report, if of any considerable length, is seldom read, either by the chairman in his place or by the clerk at the table, until it is taken up for consideration. In legislative assemblies, the printing of reports generally renders the reading of them unnecessary.

232. The report of a committee being made and received, the committee is dissolved, and can act no more without a new power, and the report becomes the basis of future proceedings of the assembly; but their authority may be revived

by a vote, and the same matter recommitted to them. If a report, when offered to the assembly, is not received, the committee is not thereby discharged, but may be ordered to sit again, and a time and place appointed accordingly; or the assembly may recommit to a different committee.

233. At the time assigned for the consideration of a report, it may be treated and disposed of precisely like any other proposition (48 to 66); and may be amended in the same manner (67 to 107), both in the preliminary statement, reasoning, or opinion, if it contain any, and in the resolutions or other propositions with which it concludes.

234. The final question on a report, whatever form it may have, is usually stated on its acceptance; and, when accepted, the whole report is adopted by the assembly, becoming the act of the assembly, in the same manner as if done originally by the assembly itself, without the intervention of a committee.

SECT. V. COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

235. When a subject has been ordered to be referred to a committee of the whole, the form of going from the assembly into committee is, for the presiding officer, at the time appointed for the committee to sit, on motion made and seconded for the purpose, to put the question that the assembly do now resolve itself into a committee of the whole, to take under consideration such a matter, naming it. If this question is determined in the affirmative, the result is declared by the presiding officer, who, naming some member to act as chairman of the committee, then leaves the chair, and takes a seat elsewhere like any other member; and the person appointed chairman seats himself, not in the chair of the assembly, but at the clerk's table.

236. The chairman named by the presiding officer is generally acquiesced in by the committee; though, like all other committees, a committee of the whole have a right to elect a chairman for themselves; some member, by general consent, putting the question.

237. The same number of members is neces-

sary to constitute a quorum of a committee of the whole, as of the assembly; and, if the members present fall below a quorum at any time in the course of the proceedings, the chairman on a motion and question rises; the presiding officer thereupon resumes the chair; and the chairman informs the assembly (he can make no other report) of the cause of the dissolution of the committee.

238. When the assembly is in committee of the whole, it is the duty of the presiding officer to remain in the assembly-room, in order to be at hand to resume the chair in case the committee should be broken up by some disorder or for want of a quorum, or should rise, either to report progress, or to make their final report upon the matter committed to them.

239. The clerk of the assembly does not act as clerk of the committee (this is the duty of the assistant clerk in legislative bodies), or record in his journal any of the proceedings or votes of the committee, but only their report as made to the assembly.

240. The proceedings in a committee of the whole, though in general similar to those in the assembly itself and in other committees, are yet different in some respects, the principal of which are the following:—

241. First. The previous question cannot be moved in a committee of the whole. The only means of avoiding an improper discussion is, to move that the committee rise; and, if it is apprehended that the same discussion will be attempted on returning again into committee, the assembly can discharge the committee, and proceed itself with the business, keeping down any improper discussion by means of the previous question.

242. Second. A committee of the whole cannot adjourn, like other committees, to some other time or place, for the purpose of going on with and completing the consideration of the subject referred to them; but, if their business is unfinished at the usual time for the assembly to adjourn, or for any other reason they wish to proceed no further at a particular time, the form of proceeding is, for some member to move that the committee rise, report progress, and ask leave to

sit again. If leave to sit again is not granted, the committee is of course dissolved.

243. *Third.* In a committee of the whole, every member may speak as often as he pleases, provided he can obtain the floor; whereas, in the assembly itself, no member can speak more than once on the same question.

244. *Fourth.* A committee of the whole cannot refer any matter to another committee; but other committees may and do frequently exercise their functions, and expedite their business, by means of sub-committees of their own members.

245. *Fifth.* In a committee of the whole, the presiding officer of the assembly has a right to take a part in the debate and proceedings in the same manner as any other member.

246. *Sixth.* A committee of the whole, like a select committee, has no authority to punish a breach of order, whether of a member or stranger; but can only rise and report the matter to the

assembly, who may proceed to punish the offender.

247. When a committee of the whole have gone through with the matter referred to them, a member moves that the committee rise, and that the chairman (or some other member) report their proceedings to the assembly; which being resolved, the chairman rises and goes to his place, the presiding officer resumes the chair of the assembly, and the chairman informs him that the committee have gone through with the business referred to them, and that he is ready to make their report when the assembly shall think proper to receive it.

248. If the assembly are ready to receive it at the time, they cry out, "Now, now," whereupon the chairman proceeds; if not then ready, some other time is mentioned, as "to-morrow" or "Monday," and that time is fixed by vote or by general consent.

PROGRAMMES

AND

HOW TO MAKE THEM FROM THE CONTENTS OF THIS VOLUME.

THE selections in this volume have been made with a special view to supplying appropriate material for all varieties of literary entertainments. With this end always before him, the compiler has inserted, in perhaps hundreds of instances, suggestions just before the text of selections, advising not only as to how they should be rendered, but to what special entertainment they are particularly adapted.

The LITTLE FOLKS' DEPARTMENT of the volume is a great children's programme—a complete storehouse of the brightest and best things for little folks—with instructions and suggestions so frequent that it is unnecessary to give a sample children's programme. It will be but a few minutes' work to make up from this department any and every sort of programme for children's parties, picnic, Sunday-school, day-school, holiday and all sorts of entertainments.

DIALOGUES, like the recitations and readings, have been graded to suit different ages—little tots, schoolboys and girls, and mature men and women; and for the special benefit of lyceums there are a number of heavy dialogues and *Amateur Plays*, appealing to the most cultivated tastes and commanding the highest order of tragic and dramatic talent. Shakespeare, Addison, Sheridan, Gilbert and other noted playwrights have been put under tribute for these selections.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS in this volume will furnish a number of suggestions for tableaux, with ideas for costuming, as well as for attitudes and expression.

THE PROGRAMMES printed on the following pages may be used either as they are written or changed to suit local requirements. Many more programmes on the same subjects and for every other occasion may be prepared from the ample contents of the book. These are intended as outlines. It would be impossible for us to make out and publish here programmes for the various general and special entertainments that are continually being given; but, with these as guides, any intelligent person may quickly select the material from this book, and prepare an appropriate and highly instructive and entertaining programme for any occasion.

The above suggestions and the following sample programmes, if properly observed, will develop a proficiency in the “getting up” and arrangement of entertainments that will have as great a bearing upon the success of the occasion as the execution of the individual parts.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Programme for Washington's Birthday Entertainment.

MUSIC—*Hail to the Chief* By band or orchestra.

MARCH Boys and girls bearing U. S. flags.

DECLAMATION—*The Birthday of Washington* Page 264.
(To be spoken by man or large boy as if an original oration.)

MALE QUARTETTE. *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean* (or any patriotic song).

PROSE RECITATION—*Christopher Columbus* Page 182.
(A humorous dialectic account by an Italian of the great discoverer. Should be spoken by one who can imitate the Italian accent and hurried, nervous manner.)

MUSIC. Vocal solo by a lady.

DECLAMATION—*Washington* Page 344.
(A character sketch of our hero, suited to oratorical gentleman or boy.)

MUSIC By band.

SPEECHES OF GREAT WARRIORS COMPARED. Let them appear as called out, each dressed in fitting costume, if such can be procured.	{	1. Alexander the Great to His Men	Page 290.
		2. Darius of Persia to His Army	" 291.
		3. Leonidas to His Three Hundred	" 293.
		4. Hannibal to His Army	" 296.
		5. Scipio to His Army	" 297.
		6. Alfred the Great to His Men	" 298.
		7. Napoleon to the Army of Italy	" 308.
		8. Washington to His Soldiers	" 310.

MUSIC—*A medley of national airs* By band.

TABLEAU *The Heroes of the Nations*.
(Composed of the eight speakers (great warriors) in costume, Washington arranged in centre and elevated above the others, who are grouped around, looking up. Above his head is an arch or banner, inscribed, "THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL.")

MUSIC—*My Country, 'tis of Thee* By band, and song by audience.

NOTE.—Other selections may be added or substituted as occasion may require. Suggestions preceding many selections will prove an easy guide in choosing them. In Little Folks' Department (pages 43 to 90) will be found many children's parts if it is desirable to introduce children, as it will be when the entertainment is held at school or church.

Programme for 4th of July Entertainment.

- MUSIC By band or orchestra.
- READING *The Declaration of Independence.*
- SONG *My Country, 'tis of Thee.*
(By special choir or by the whole company.)
- ORIGINAL ORATION *The Causes which Led to the Declaration.*
(Five minutes long.)
- MUSIC Vocal solo by lady.
- DECLAMATION—*Repeal Claimed by Americans as a Right* Page 236.
(An earnest declamation from friendly English standpoint, by Chatham. The effect will be enhanced if speaker dress as English Earl in Chatham's time. The succeeding speakers should also dress in costume, if possible.)
- DECLAMATION—*The American War Denounced* Page 238.
(For a young man, impersonating William Pitt.)
- MARCH *British Redcoats.*
(Six to twelve dressed as English soldiers.)
- MUSIC—*Revolutionary tunes or modern patriotic airs* By band.
- RECITATION—*The Old Canteen* Page 201.
(Suited to man in soldier costume. For this particular occasion a revolutionary costume, if available, will be desirable.)
- MUSIC Cornet solo.
- DECLAMATION—*Resistance to British Aggression* Page 261.
- DECLAMATION—*The War Inevitable* " 262.
(The above two are from Patrick Henry, and may be spoken by same person at same time, or one omitted.)
- DECLAMATION—*For Independence* Page 262.
- MUSIC—*Columbia the Gem of the Ocean* By band
- MARCH Revolutionary soldiers.
(Six to twelve, in Continental soldiers' uniforms.)
- TABLEAU *The Foes.*
(May be made by representing a British and a revolutionary soldier engaged in the act of combat, the Briton dressed in red coat, the American as a revolutionary soldier, as in the marches. In the background those speakers which have represented Pitt, Chatham, Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, if in costume, may show themselves, as if witnessing the contest.)

NOTE.—Numerous selections of a miscellaneous character may be introduced, either interspersed or added at the close.

Programme for Church Entertainment.

- MUSIC Organ or piano recital.
- OPENING REMARKS By the Pastor.
(May consist of a prayer, followed by telling briefly any incidents of the church history that he deems appropriate. Should not exceed five or ten minutes, and by no means a sermonette.)
- SONG Familiar hymn.
(The audience invited to stand and unite in singing.)
- SALUTATORY ADDRESS—By a boy Page 145.
(The wording of this declamation may be changed to suit any special feature or object of the meeting.)
- MUSIC Violin solo—sacred air.
- RECITATION—*No Sects in Heaven* Page 367.
(May be recited by lady or gentleman.)
- HEMOROUS READING—*Counting Eggs* Page 184
(Suited to gentleman who can imitate the Negro dialect. The counting and dialogue should be done well. The speaker should practice the shrewd, droll part of the old Negro, and the innocent, unsuspecting part of the lady. The gestures and facial expressions of the Negro in counting the eggs, and his forced interest in the lady's family, to distract attention from the correct count, are the points which need particular study and practice. Very funny when well done.)
- RECITATION.—*Washing Dolly's Clothes* Page 76.
(For a bright little girl of six years, with washtub, etc. See instructions.)
- SONG Solo by lady or gentleman.
- RECITATION—*The Quality of Mercy* Page 376.
(Suited to any good reciter. Should be spoken deliberately, and the meaning well interpreted by proper emphasis and inflection.)
- RECITATION—*Oh! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?* Page 374.
(This poem is suited to either gentleman or lady. Some elderly person—good elocutionist—would be most appropriate, since the reflective character of the piece is thereby better personified. Before rendering the selection the speaker might repeat the reference to President Lincoln's fondness for the poem, which is printed just before the text.)
- SONG By the audience.
(The audience is invited to rise. This is always restful. "Sweet Bye-and-Bye" or any popular and familiar song will suit.)
- HUMOROUS RECITATION—*Yawcob Strauss* Page 378.
(A funny German character poem in dialect. If the gentleman will dress himself in German style and look fat and jolly it will add to the innocent merriment. No one should attempt this except one who can imitate the German accent.)
- RECITATION—*Things I Do Not Like to See* Page 69.
(For boy or girl of eight or nine years.)
- RECITATION FOR TWO GENTLEMEN—*Differences of Opinion* Page 98.
(See instructions.)
- MUSIC Vocal quartette.
- READING—*Good-night, Papa* Page 363.
(Pathetic reading, for a lady.)
- DECLAMATION—*Union of Church and State* Page 224.
(Suited to gentleman. Should be delivered in an earnest oratorical style, with a desire to impress the errors of a national religion.)
- MUSIC Cornet or violin solo.
- TABLEAU 1st. *Three Graces of Religion* (Faith, Hope and Charity).
(Should be dressed in Grecian costume. Three tall, graceful ladies. As the curtain is raised, a voice from behind scene may read the Scripture quotation, closing with "the greatest of these is charity.")
- TABLEAU 2d. *Rock of Ages*.
(Cross, with handsome girl in white robe, bare arms, long flowing hair hanging gracefully. The face should be raised, and a deep devotional expression of countenance should be maintained.
One stanza of song sung softly from behind the scenery.)
- CLOSING SONG—*God be with You till we Meet Again* By the audience.

Programme for Labor Day Entertainment.

- MUSIC Selection by the band.
- OPENING ADDRESS By Chairman or invited orator.
(Five to ten minutes.)
- SONG Vocal solo by lady.
- DECLAMATION—*The Nobility of Labor* Page 414.
(Suited to young man or bright boy.)
- HUMOROUS READING—*Too Late for the Train* Page 410.
(Suited to a lady. A very humorous narrative when well rendered.)
- MUSIC Cornet solo.
- DECLAMATION—*What a Common Man May Say* Page 192.
(May be recited by a man dressed as a laborer, and accompanied by others similarly dressed and carrying spades, picks, hammers, etc.)
- RECITATION—*Socrates Snooks* Page 343.
(Humorous. Suited to a man who can imitate the voice of a woman at the points required.)
- MUSIC Patriotic selections by the band.
- NARRATIVE RECITATION OR READING—*The Fireman's Prayer* Page 350
(May be rendered by either lady or gentleman. The dramatic parts should be carefully studied and rendered so as to make the fire scene as realistic as possible.)
- SONG Male quartette.
- DECLAMATION—*Devotion to Duty* Page 201.
(Earnest style, the object being to show there is nothing so noble as standing to the post of duty.)
- RECITATION—*De Pint wid Old Pete* Page 133.
(Humorous selection. Adapted to one who can imitate the Negro dialect and act the Negro character.)
- REMARKS—*Was it Right?* Page 413.
(A bit of dry humor. The narrator must appear unconscious of the fact that he is making fun, and keep his countenance straight.)
- VOCAL DUET Lady and gentleman.
- DECLAMATION—*Success in Life* Page 188.
(Should be spoken with force and earnestness, as if an original address.)
- DIALOGUE—*How the Money Goes* Page 394.
(A selection for several characters, the object being to impress a lesson of economy and warn men against drink and play which consumes their money. It also suggests important domestic truths.)
- TABLEAU *The Army of Labor*.
(Let fifteen or twenty persons be arranged on the stage, representing different pursuits: 1. Shoemaker at his last. 2. Blacksmith at his anvil. 3. Farmer with his plow. 4. Carpenter at his bench.
5. Paddy with his spade. 6. Printer at his case. 7. Weaver at his loom, etc.
The number may be increased to suit, and made as elaborate as circumstances will permit.)

NOTE.—For special children's and young people's parts, consult pages 43 to 208. Humorous, dramatic and other selections may also be added indefinitely, by consulting Miscellaneous Selections, pages 300 to 425.

Programme for School Entertainment.

- MUSIC School glee club or orchestra.
- OPENING REMARKS By Superintendent or Principal.
- DECLAMATION—*The Salutatorian's Difficulties* Page 395.
(Funny medley for several boys. If well acted, will appear quite realistic to the audience.)
- HUMOROUS RECITATION—*Betty and the Bear* Page 325.
(For bright girl.)
- MUSIC Piano duet by two girls.
- DIALOGUE—*Handy Andy and the Squire* Page 150.
(For two bright boys. One to play the Irishman, the other a gentleman.)
- DECLAMATION—*Eloquence of Action* Page 197.
(For a large boy.)
- HUMOROUS READING—*A Model Love Letter* Page 200.
(For young lady of fourteen to eighteen years. See instructions.)
- MUSIC Vocal solo, with chorus.
- DIALOGUE—*The Hunter and the Child* Page 132.
(Big boy and little girl. See instructions.)
- RECITATION—*Joe* Page 136.
(Pathetic and dramatic. Suited to large girl or young lady.)
- HUMOROUS READING—*Judge Brown's Watermelon Story* Page 93.
(Adapted to large boy. who can control himself and tell a funny story without laughing.)
- MUSIC Violin and piano duet by boy and girl.
- RECITATION—*Kentucky Philosophy* Page 342.
(Negro dialect piece for bright girl or boy, impersonating an old Negro woman.)
- RECITATION—*The Gambler's Wife* Page 360.
(For young lady.)
- HUMOROUS RECITATION—*Mollie's Little Ram* Page 342.
(For boy or girl.)
- DRILL Calisthenics, fan or broom drill, with music.

NOTE.—Numerous other selections found in Parts III., IV., V. and VI. of this volume.

Programme for Thanksgiving Day Entertainment.

- MUSIC Organ or piano recital.
- READING The 23d Psalm—"The Lord is My Shepherd."
- PRAYER By Minister or Chaplain.
- MUSIC National airs by band.
- RECITATION—*Tom's Thanksgiving* Page 359
(Suited to lady of maternal appearance)
- RECITATION—*Grandfather's Barn* Page 94.
(Parody on "Old Oaken Bucket." Should be spoken by a gentleman in a tone of pleasant recollection,
with regret that the happy days are gone.)
- MUSIC Vocal quartette.
- RECITATION—*The Dressed Turkey* Page 102
(Suited to male or female.)
- HUMOROUS READING—*Putting Up o' the Stove* Page 334.
(Very funny when well rendered.)
- MUSIC Cornet solo.
- DRAMATIC RECITATION—*The Thief on the Cross* Page 366.
(Strongly dramatic. Should be spoken by one who fully comprehends and can interpret the scenes.)
- PATHETIC READING—*Broken Hearts* Page 368.
(For lady or gentleman.)
- MUSIC Band or glee club of several instruments.
- HUMOROUS READING—*Bill Nye on Hornets* Page 197.
(For very droll gentleman.)
- DIALECTIC RECITATION—*Biddy's Trouble* Page 182.
(For lady who can speak with Irish accent.)
- MUSIC Vocal duet, lady or gentleman.
- TABLEAU *Harvest Home*.
(Handsome lady, representing Ceres, surrounded by baskets or shocks of grain, wheat, corn, etc., with
farmers in attitudes of gathering or binding the crops.)

Programme for Lyceum Entertainment.

MUSIC Overture by orchestra or band.

OPENING REMARKS By President or Chairman.

VOCAL SOLO Lady or gentleman.

RECITATION—*Rizpah* Page 355.
(Dramatic selection for lady.)

MUSIC Violin, cornet or flute solo.

CHARACTER DECLAMATIONS	{	1. R. Y. Hayne, of South Carolina :	
		<i>Reply to Mr. Webster</i>	Page 274.
		2. Daniel Webster :	
		<i>South Carolina and Massachusetts</i>	Page 272.

(The speakers should be dressed in the fashionable style of 1830. The effect will be enhanced if representatives are chosen who resemble the portraits of Hayne and Webster.)

MUSIC Quartette song or band rendition of *My Country, 'tis of Thee*.

DRAMATIC RECITATION—*The Ship on Fire* Page 105.
(For lady.)

HUMOROUS READING—*Sewing on a Button* Page 180.
(For gentleman who is a good comedian.)

FARCE (comic song and chorus)—*Arkansaw Pete's Adventure* Page 108.
(For three gentlemen. See instructions.)

AMATEUR THEATRICAL—*Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland* Page 429.
(For two ladies and two gentlemen. See instructions.)

MUSIC By banjo, guitar or mandolin glee club.

A DEBATE—Question: *Are the Mental Capacities of the Sexes Equal?* Page 432.
(Arranged for seventeen speakers. Where there is an original debate, this selection will be omitted.)

ORIGINAL DEBATE See subjects for debate on page 442.

NOTE.—The debate or amateur theatrical will need to be omitted to reduce the time to proper limits. For other selections, see Part VI.

Programme for Parlor Entertainment

MUSIC	Piano or organ solo.
RECITATION— <i>I'm Getting Too Big to Kiss</i>	Page 114
(By young lady of fourteen or fifteen years.)	
SONG	Solo by young lady.
RECITATION— <i>Mrs. Piper</i>	Page 98.
(For lady dressed in widow's weeds. See instructions with selection for recitation.)	
READING— <i>Mr. Pickwick in the Wrong Room</i>	Page 338.
(Very humorous when read by a gentleman who can interpret it properly.)	
VOCAL DUET	Gentleman and lady.
RECITATION— <i>The Unbolted Door</i>	Page 104.
(Pathetic portrayal of a mother's love. Adapted to a lady.)	
VOCAL QUARTETTE	Male or mixed voices.
RECITATION— <i>Searching for the Slain</i>	Page 356.
(Pathetic and very dramatic selection for lady.)	
MUSIC	Violin or mandolin solo.
HUMOROUS READING— <i>Jim Smiley's Frog</i>	Page 417.
(Very droll and humorous. Suited to gentleman who is familiar with Western frontier "swagger.")	
RECITATION— <i>Gone with a Handsomer Man</i>	Page 401.
(Dramatic narrative with a happy ending. May be recited by lady or gentleman.)	
MUSIC	Song with guitar accompaniment.
RECITATION— <i>The Polish Boy</i>	Page 376.
(Very Dramatic. For lady.)	
CHARADES and TABLEAU . .	Selected to suit company, and adapted to room and furnishings.
NOTE.—If desirable to introduce children, see Little Folks' Department, pages 43 to 90, for appropriate selections.)	

OTHER PROGRAMMES,

Such as those for TEMPERANCE OCCASIONS, SUNDAY-SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS, CHILDREN'S PARTIES, ETC., CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS, DECORATION DAY, SOLDIERS' REUNIONS, ETC., may all be more easily made than the eight which are printed on the foregoing pages, from the fact that the selections suited to these are more generally designated in the introductory notes printed just before the text of the selections. *The foregoing are quite sufficient* to serve as guides in preparing a programme for any occasion.







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